



Mahmut the Turkish Spy W. Wotton Sculp
Etatis Suae 72



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Must be kept in the Turkish Spy

THE
EIGHT VOLUMES
OF
LETTERS

Writ by a

Turkish Spy,

Who lived FIVE and FORTY YEARS
Undiscovered at

P A R I S:

Giving an Impartial ACCOUNT to the *Divan* at
Constantinople, of the most remarkable Transactions of
Europe: And discovering several *Intrigues* and *Secrets*
of the *Christian Courts*, (especially of that of *France*)
continued from the Year 1637, to the Year 1682.

Written Originally in ARABICK.

Translated into ITALIAN, and from thence into ENGLISH:

And now Published

With a large Historical Preface and Index, to Illustrate
the Whole. By the TRANSLATOR of the first Volume.

THE TWENTY-FOURTH EDITION.

D U, B L I N:

Printed for G. and A. EWING, W. SMITH,
G. FAULKNER, and R. JAMES.

MDCCLIV.

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GENERAL PREFACE

To the WHOLE.

BESIDES the *PREFACES* already affixed to each single Volume of these Letters, which contain particular Answers to the Objections and Cavils of some, with Solutions of the Scruples and Doubts made by others; as likewise Critical Explanations of Passages, seeming obscure to all, in the *English* Translation of our *SPY*: It is thought necessary to prefix something more, by Way of General Preface, not so much regarding the Translation, as the seeming Original Abruptness and Obscurity of our *Arabian* Author himself in some Places, with his frequent Change of Subjects, his Digressions, and Startings from Matter of Fact, the then present Wars, Transactions, and Intrigues, of *Christian* Courts, States, and Kingdoms, (for which he was chiefly sent to *Paris*) and his immethodical fall-
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ing upon Philosophical, Divine, and Moral Contemplations, and even to ancient obsolete Histories, which some think altogether Foreign to his Business.

That the Ingenious Reader therefore may not henceforward be left in the Dark, as to any Thing exhibited in the whole Series of these Letters; it will not be amiss to begin regularly at the first Volume, and say something of the Wars in which our *SPY* found several Nations of *Europe* engaged, at his first coming to *Paris*; especially *France*, *Spain*, and the *Empire*.

After the barbarous Regicide of *Henry the Great*, the Name, and Malice, of what they call the holy League, seemed to be quite extinguished; as if that deplorable Tragedy had fully satisfied the cruel and bitter Zeal of the Factioned Catholicks. *France* seemed to enjoy a serene Quiet, and halycon Days, from the Year 1610, to 1614; Fortune smiling on the Greener Years of *Lewis XIII.* as loth to disturb and ruffle the tender Passions of the Royal Child, with the harsh Sound of War, foreseeing that he would quickly have enough of that, even in his early Youth, before he could write Man, unless he had been a King.

During this Minority of his, the Guardianship of him, and the Regency of the Kingdom, were committed to the Queen-Mother, *Mary de Medicis*, Daughter to the Great Duke of *Tuscany*. This Princess had brought into *France*, a Favourite of hers, a *Florentine* by Birth and Extraction, whom she exalted afterwards to great Dignities, procuring him to be made a Marshal of the Kingdom, and to be invested with so exorbitant a Power at the Court, that the Princes of the Blood, with the other Grandees of *France*, began to look with an ill Eye on him, being quite disgusted at the too portentous Authority of a Stranger.

Therefore, in the Year 1614, they openly shewed their Discontent, by taking up Arms, raising Seditious Tumults and Insurrections, which lasted till the Year 1616, at which Time the King was married to *Ann*, the Daughter of *Philip III.* King of *Spain*, whilst an inter-

interchangeable Match was made between the Young Prince of *Spain*, Son to the said *Philip*, and *Elizabeth*, Sister to *Lewis XIII.* Thus, these two Potent Monarchs bound themselves to each other, (as the World judged,) in stricter Obligations of Peace and Friendship, by the sacred Bonds of Matrimony, and a reciprocal Union of their Blood: Which was also accompanied with the Blessings of an Universal Domestick Tranquillity, and Cessation from Civil Broils in *France*; *Henry de Bourbon*, Prince of *Conde*, and the rest of the Confederate Princes, being reconciled, in all outward Appearance, to the King their Sovereign. But on a sudden, new Jealousies arising, about the Beginning of *September 1616*, the Prince of *Conde* was seized and clapped up, and Declarations of War published against the Princes, his Confederates. Yet all this was hushed up again, and a Peace made the following Year, upon the Death of the Marshal *d'Ancre*, the before-mentioned *Florentine*, and a Favourite of the Queen, who was killed in the *Louvre*, by the King's own Command; in that, when they were going to arrest him, he offered to draw his Sword in his Defence.

The Fall of this *Italian* seemed now to pacify all Mal-contents. But the Queen, taking it to Heart, retired from the Court: Which gave Occasion to the King to assume the publick Administration of the Government into his own Hands. And a while after he released the Prince of *Conde* from his Confinement.

Much about the same Time, there broke forth Civil Wars among the *Grisons*, upon the Account of Religion. For the Catholics and Protestants continually vexed one another with mutual Injuries; and engaged the Kings of *France* and *Spain* in their Quarrel: So that the Arms of these two Kingdoms were employed against each other on a Foreign Account, for many Years.

In the mean while, the Duke of *Luynes* succeeding the Marshal *d'Ancre* in the Prime Ministry of *France*, the Princes and Nobles conceived as great a Dislike and Hatred of his Power at the Court, as they had before

done, of others. So that, in short, they took up Arms also, and gave the King no small Trouble, who was at the same Time molested by the Factious Attempts of the Queen Mother's Party. But by the Assistance and Counsel of the Prince of *Conde*, who now proved faithful and serviceable to him, he suppressed all his Domestick Enemies, and restored Quietness in *France*; the Queen-Mother also, and her Party, being reconciled to him.

Things remained in this Posture, till the Duke of *Roban*, and his Brother Monsieur *Soubize*, raised new Commotions in the Kingdom. The *Rochellers*, at the same Time, took up Arms in Defence of their Religion, and called in the *English* to their Assistance; who sent a Navy of a hundred and twenty Ships, under the Command of the Duke of *Buckingham*; but all to no Effect: For though the *English* landed in the Isle of *Rhee*, after many sharp Conflicts, yet they were soon expelled again, and a long Siege laid to *Rochel*, under the Conduct of Cardinal *Richlieu*, and the Marshal *de Schomberg*, who reduced that City to the King's Obedience, razed the Walls, and left it as open as a Village; that it might be a Terror and Example to others; teaching them, rather to confide in the Clemency and Faith of their Sovereign, than to try the Force of his Arms. This was done in the Year 1628. From which Time, the Rebels, as it were by Strife, returned to their Duty, seeking who should be most forward in testifying their Obedience to the King, and their Repentance for what was past. Thus was Peace once more restored to *France* at Home; that the King might have the more Leisure to prosecute the War in *Italy*: Whither he led his Victorious Army, taking many Towns in his Way to *Cazal*, which he hastened to relieve, it being at this Time besieged by *Spinola*, the *Spanish* General. In a Word: He came within Sight of the very Walls, and so near to the *Spaniards*, that both Armies were ready to engage, when *Mazarini* (afterwards made Cardinal) ran between, and induced them to Terms of Peace.

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A while after this, a Peace was concluded between the Emperor and the Duke of *Mantua*; the latter having the Possession of *Mantua*, *Monferrat*, and other Places, confirmed to him by an imperial Decree. But as if Fate had ordained that the Arms of *France* should not rust, or be long idle; but they should be constantly kept in Exercise by equal Vicissitudes of Foreign and Domestick Wars, no sooner was this Peace concluded which gave some Respite to the *French* Abroad, when new Stirs arose at Home; occasioned, first, through some Mis-understandings between the Queen-Mother and Cardinal *Richlieu*, which afterwards were improved into open Hatred and Enmity; the Queen-Mother having drawn into her Party the Duke of *Orleans*, Brother to the King; a Man who had conceived an irreconcilable Aversion for that Potent Minister. Till at length, Things coming to an inevitable Rupture at the Court; the Queen-Mother fled privately into *Flanders*, and the Duke of *Orleans* into *Lorrain*; from whence he afterwards followed her into *Flanders* also.

The next Year, he rushed into *Dauphiny* with a confused Army, and the Duke of *Montmorency* came over to his Side: Who, being Governor of that Province, brought great Forces with him, and gave new Courage to the Invaders. Infomuch, as they entered Battle with the Mareschal *de Schomberg*, General of the King's Army. The Fight was short and bloody, wherein the Rebels were routed, having lost many of their principal Leaders on the Spot; whilst the Duke of *Montmorency* was taken Prisoner, and afterwards beheaded, by Sentence of the Parliament. This concluded the Year 1632. But the Duke of *Orleans* did not return to his Duty, till the Year 1634. From which Time, the Kingdom of *France* was still by various Turns kept in active Posture, either of Defence, or Offence; partly by Domestick Factions, and partly by Foreign Engagements of Allies or Enemies, even to the Time of the *Turkish* SPY's Arrival at *Paris*, which was in the Year 1637.

I pass over these three last Years, before his coming to *Paris*, with the more Brevity, that there may be Room to say something of the other Wars in which *Europe* had all along been equally engaged from the Murder of *Henry IV.* or thereabouts, to the same Year 1637; and this shall be done as concisely as may be, that so the Reader may have the clearer Idea and Understanding of what our *SPY* entertains him with, in the Course of his first Letters, to the Year 1643, when *Lewis XIV.* the present King of *France*, began his Reign: Whose Life and Actions gave an immediate Turn to all Affairs, both in his own Dominions, and the other Nations of *Europe*.

In the Year 1610, the Town of *Gulick*, in the *Netherlands*, was surrendered to Prince *Maurice of Nassau*, after many Princes had claimed it, upon the Death of Duke *John William*, who left no Heirs of his Body: And Prince *Maurice* himself was obliged to the *French* for their Aid in obtaining it. About the same Time, the *Moors* were expelled out of *Spain*, to the Number of nine Hundred Thousand: Of which our *SPY* takes Notice in some of his Letters.

In the Year 1611, *Sigismund*, King of *Poland*, took *Smolensko*, a very strong Town of the *Muscovites*, after two Years Siege: Whose Son *Uladislaus* the *Muscovites* chose for their Duke or Czar, of which repenting in a little Time, there broke forth a Bloody War in those Parts.

The same Year, died *Charles*, the King of *Swedeland*, being succeeded by his Son *Gustavus*; though some endeavoured to transfer the Crown to *Sigismund*, King of *Poland*.

In the Year 1612 died *Rodolph*, Emperor of *Germany*, who was succeeded by *Matthias* his Brother. A while after this, the *Venetians* made War upon *Ferdinand*, Arch-Duke of *Austria*. Son of the Arch-Duke *Charles*, who was Brother to the Emperor *Maximilian II.* This War lasted to the Year 1618, at which Time it was finished.

In the mean while, the War between the Dukes of *Mantua* and *Savoy* broke forth, about the Principality of *Montferrat*. It was occasioned by the Death of *Francis* Duke of *Mantua*, who leaving no Male Issue behind him, Cardinal *Ferdinand*, his Brother, under the Protection of the King of *Spain*, took Possession of that Principality, which he defended by Arms, against *Charles Philibert*, Duke of *Savoy*. This War also lasted to the Year 1618, at which Time it was ended, by the Powerful Intervention of the *French* King.

About this Time there broke out a most cruel War in *Germany*, on this Occasion. *Ferdinand*, Arch-Duke of *Austria*, and King of *Bohemia*, received also from the Emperor *Matthias* the Kingdom of *Hungary* on certain Conditions. Which Conditions seeming disadvantageous to the Protestants, they made an Insurrection, first, at *Prague* in *Bohemia*, where they killed the Magistrates, and then they were soon followed by all *Bohemia*, and the adjoining Provinces, who took up Arms against the King, under the Conduct of *Ernest Mansfel*, and other Grantees.

In the Year 1619, *Matthias* the Emperor died, whom *Ferdinand*, the aforesaid King of *Bohemia* and *Hungary*, succeeding, prosecuted the War very vigorously against the Rebels. In the mean while they chose for King of *Bohemia* *Frederick*, Elector Palatine of the *Rhine*, who had married the Lady *Elizabeth*, Daughter to *James I.* King of *England*. He, with his new Queen, were the same Year solemnly crowned at *Prague*: And the Year following, their Forces being routed by the Emperor, they themselves were forced to flee into *Holland*, where they led a private Life ever afterwards. In the mean while *Bohemia*, with the other revolting Provinces, returned to their Obedience: And this was thought to be a leading Card to the Religious War, which about the same Time was raised among the *Grisons*; of which mention is made above. Nay, and the same is supposed to have had Influence on the Commotions raised by the *Hugonots* inhabiting the Foot of the *Pyrenees*,
against.

against whom *Lewis XII.* made a successful Expedition in the Year 1620, reducing the greatest Part of that Province to their Duty and Allegiance; though the following Year gave him some fresh Trouble, and the Loss of many great Nobles, among whom were the Duke of *Mayne*, Governor of *Guienne*; and the Duke of *Luines*, first Minister of State.

About the same Time died Pope *Paul V.* being succeeded by *Gregory XV.* who sat in the Chair but two Years, and a few Months, when dying, he left it to *Urban III.*

In the Year 1624, *Breda* was besieged by *Spinola*, the Spanish General, and surrendered in 1625. In the mean while, Count *Mansfelt* infested Germany with frequent Excursions, being got at the Head of a bold Army of Freebooters; but at length he was defeated by *Tilly*, a brave and expert General on the Imperial Side. Then he was forced to flee for Sanctuary into *Transylvania*; and from thence going to *Venice*, he died in the Year 1626.

All these Things our *SPY* glances at in his Letters, but with some Abruptness and Obscurity; which renders him scarcely intelligible in those Places, to such as know not the History. It is for this Reason we are at the Pains of giving a compendious View of the Wars and Transactions in Europe, before his coming to *Paris*.

Therefore to proceed: *Gustavus*, King of *Swedeland* came out of his Territories in the Year 1630, and entered *Pomerania* with a mighty Army. From whence, and from all the adjacent Provinces, he drove the Imperialists. In the Year 1631, he entered the more inferior Parts of the Empire, taking innumerable Towns, and filling all Places with Terror. And this he did, under Pretext of vindicating the Evangelicks, or Protestants. In vain did *Tilly*, the General of the Catholics, oppose him. All that he could do, was to burn *Magdeburgh* to Ashes.

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After which, the Protestant Princes held a Dyet or Assembly at *Leipsick*, where they entered into a Confederacy against the Emperor, joining their Forces with those of *Gustavus*. Against these *Tilly* marched with General *Papenheim*, and laid close Siege to *Leipsick*, which they were forced to surrender upon Conditions.

After this, the King of *Swedeland*, the Duke of *Saxony*, with the other Confederate Princes, took the Field; and there was a terrible Fight between them and the Imperialists at *Leipsick*, whose Consequence proved fatal to the latter: For *Tilly*, having lost Ten Thousand of his Men, was forced to flee himself; whilst *Leipsick* fell into the Hands of the Duke of *Saxony*. This Victory opened a clear Way for the King of *Swedeland* to over-run all *Germany*. So that, having taken *Wirtzberg*, he soon reduced all *Franconia* or *Frankenland*; after that, *Mentz*, with other Provinces, spreading like a Fire, or a Deluge of Water. In the mean while, the Duke of *Saxony* invaded *Bohemia*, and took *Prague*, the capital City of that Kingdom: In a Word: So general was the Consternation throughout the Empire, that some Princes, to divert the Storm which they saw hanging over their Heads, had recourse to the Protection of the King of *France*, who, accordingly, by his Mediation, screened them from Violence, especially the Archbishop of *Triers*, or *Treves*.

In the Year 1632, the King of *Swedeland* pursued the Course of his Victories, ravaging, without Stop or Opposition, through *Alsatia*, *Bavaria*, and other Parts, still taking Towns and strong Holds, filling all Places also with Ruin and Desolation. At length, passing the *Danube*, he routed *Tilly* once more, with all his Army, who died soon after of a Wound he received in the Battle.

Wallestein was streight substituted in his Place, who recovered *Prague* in *Bohemia* from the Saxons. Then, after many Conflicts and Skirmishes, he encountered the King of *Swedeland* at *Lutzen*, a Town not far from *Leipsick*. This Battle proved fatal to *Gustavus*, for in
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it he lost his Life, and, not long after him, General *Papenheim* on the German Side.

The same Year, *Sigismund*, King of Poland, dying, his Son *Uladislaus* succeeded him in the Throne. The *Swedes* were not in the least discouraged from prosecuting the War by the Death of their King; but whereas before they fought for Conquest and Liberty, now they seemed to fight for Revenge. *Christina*, the Daughter of *Gustavus Adolphus*, was soon set upon the Throne of Sweden. After this, there was a Dyet held at *Francfort*, consisting of *Swedes* and *Saxons*. Then there was another assembled at *Hailbrun*. And in the Year 1634, the States of *Saxony* met at *Helberstadt*, to consult about their own Safety. Much about the same Time, happened the Sieges of *Ratisbonne* and *Norlingen*. This Year was noted with Tragical Characters, on the Account of the great Desolation made in the Provinces lying on the *Rhine*, by War, Pestilence, and Famine: Where People were reduced to those Streights, as to feed on Human Flesh, and to do other Things, which will scarce now seem Credible.

The next Year 1635 seemed to give a new Turn to the Affairs in Germany. For the Dukes of *Saxony*, *Brandenburgh*, and *Luxemburgh*, having had a Treaty at *Prague* in *Bobemia*, came over to the Emperor's Party. Yet the *Swedes* still pursued the War.

The Two following Years were Remarkable for the Election of *Ferdinand III.* who was chosen King of the *Romans* 1636, and succeeded his Father in the Empire 1637; as also for the Irruption made by *Galassio*, General of the German Forces into *France*: Which was attended with various Events on both Sides; till at length, towards the End of 1637, *Galassio* returned with his Army into the Empire again. The same Year before, there was a notable Sea-Fight between the *Spaniards* and *Hollanders*. Prince *Maurice* overcame the *Portuguese* in *Brasil*, and took from them immense Riches. The Prince of *Orange* besieged *Breda*, and took it. The same Year died *Belissaus*, the last Duke

General P R E F A C E.

Duke of *Pomerania*. Much about the same Time, the Pope earnestly exhorted the Princes of *Europe* to establish a General Peace.

Such was the Face of Things in Christendom, when this *Turk* came first to *Paris*. And it is evident, that the Scenes were often changed in the Course of those former Years which I have here recounted; And so they have been ever since; which was the true Reason of that Variety of Subjects, with which our Author abounds; in some Letters giving an Account of Battles, Sieges, and other Events of Campaigns; glossing also, and descanting on the good Conduct, or Oversights of great Generals; on the Valour of famous Captains; and, in general, on the Fortune of War. In others, he treats of Court-Intrigues, Juntos of Politicians, and subtle Proposals of Statelmen.

Again, when he writes to his intimate Friends, he either entertains them with melancholy Complaints of his long Absence from *Constantinople*, and his native Country; with the Inconveniencies, Miseries, Hazards, and Hardships, that attend it; or else diverts them with some trifling Discourse, comical Story, or something very Unusual, Surprising, and Strange.

In the Time of War, He seems to be a curious Engrosser of the earliest and choicest News. In Time of Peace, He watches the Motions of Cardinal *Richlieu*, *Mazarini*, *Olivarez*, and other great Ministers of State. For this End, he had his Agents about in every Corner of the Court of *France*, besides his Intelligencers of *Vienna*, *Venice*, or some other City of *Europe*.

But give him Leave, sometimes, to lay aside the Cares, and busy Toils of Life; and wonder not, If he seem, in some of his Letters, very Melancholy; in others, of a contrary Humour, Chearful and Frolicksome: For these Unevennesses of Temper happen to every Man.

You shall hear him, sometimes, Wishing himself amongst the Pyramids of *Egypt*, confined and enclosed within those antique Piles, a Companion of Ghosts and Devils;

Devils, rather than lead the Life he did in *Paris*. When, at another Season, you shall find him all over Content, and Resignation itself, in the Abstract.

Besides, The Difference of his Years ought to be considered; which, at the Climacterical Periods, are observed to alter Mens Spirits, as well as their Bodies. So that it is no Wonder, if, in the Course of five and forty Years, which he passed away at *Paris*, both his Genius, and Conversation, may seem to vary at some critical Seasons, through the natural Force of Time, and the Change of the Elements of which his Body was compounded; as he himself, in his Letters, makes the same Apology.

Add to all this, His daily Improvements by Observation, Experience, Reading, Meditating, Converse, and habitual Engagements in the World. For which Reason alone it would be unequal to expect the same Method of Writing from him, either as to Sense or Style, Matter or Form, when he was but Thirty, or Forty Years Old, as when he was Threescore, or Threescore and Ten. Most of the famous Writers in the World have not only changed the Opinions which they harboured in their greener Years, but, before they came to the Age of our *S P Y*, some of them have publicly Recanted them, both with their Tongue and Pen. Neither is it a Shame to any Man, so long as the old Axiom is true: *Humanum est errare; at, feliciter Errores retrahere, verè Divinum.*

Neither could our *S P Y*, considering his Education in the *Mahometan* Religion, take a properer Method in my Opinion, to disengage himself from the Legends of the Nursery, and the Fables of the Schools, (as a great Man calls our Infant Ideas of Things) than to follow the Counsel of his beloved *des Cartes*, the *French* Philosopher, whom he so much admired; and who desires every one that would perfect his Reason, and arrive at the Knowledge of undisguised Truth, to shake off the Prepossessions and Prejudices of his Infancy and Youth; to wipe, brush,

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or sweep his Soul clean of the very Dust and Relicks left behind on our Faculties, by those first Foreign Invasions and Encroachments on our Minds. Having thus cleansed and polished the Soul, it becomes a pure *Tabula Rasa*, fit for the best, or worst Impressions. And here is the first start of the Free Will: For, before this, a Man is a perfect Slave, driven up and down by every Spirit that blows strongest on him. Whereas, now, he begins to feel some Strength and Consistence in himself, being able to say, with interior and solid Reason, *Cogito ergo sum*. Fixing therefore on this Foundation, he builds a Fortress, or strong Hold; from whence he defies all the Attempts of open Enemies, or sly secret Interlopers; neither permitting himself to be debauched by the Prophaneness of Libertines and Atheists, nor by the ridiculous Enthusiasms of Fanaticks and Zealots. This is the Course which our *Turk* seems to have taken with himself, when he once arrived to those Years wherein Men usually begin to examine the Grounds of Religion, and bring the Documents and Traditions of their Fathers, to the Test of Sense and Reason. It is no Wonder, therefore, if in some Letters to his familiar and intimate Friends, he discourses of such Matters with more Freedom, than when he writes to the *Musti*, the *Musti's* Vicar, the Preacher of the Seraglio, or any of the *Grandeess*. Yet even to these he makes bold, sometimes, to propose Queries, and start Scruples; which plainly discover, That he was not fully satisfied in many Principles and Practices of the *Mahometans*.

On the other Hand, When he writes to the *Jew*, his Correspondent at *Vienna*, he endeavours to reclaim him from a too fond and implicit Confidence in the *Hebrew Rabbies*, whom he calls Religious Triflers, ridiculing their Fables, and vain Institutions, and persuading his Friend not to be over-pious, but to attend the Affairs of his Employment with Alacrity, and to be Zealous in the *Grand Signior's* Service.

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He likewise frequently explodes the Vanity and Superstition of some sort of *Christians*, with some Tartness indeed, but free from all Ill-Nature and Bitterness, every where speaking honourably of *Christ Jesus*, our Blessed Saviour; only condemning the Vices and Errors of his Followers. Which last is no more than what would become a *Christian* Divine; whose Duty it is, To reprove and correct whatsoever he sees amiss in those that profess the *Christian* Faith.

In general, He appears a Man void of Superstition and Bigottry. And, if he seems partial, or byassed any ways, it is in the Point of Abstinence from Flesh, and, The Doctrine of Transmigration. Whereby we may conclude, He was a *Pythagorean*; which is no new, or uncommon Thing, among the *Turks*, there being a particular Sect of *Mahometans* wholly devoted to the Rules of that Philosopher; and it is well known, That *Pythagorism* is in great Reputation all over the *East*.

Hence we need not wonder that he appears so much enamoured with the *Italian* Gentiles, who are the strictest Observers of Abstinence, and of the whole *Pythagorean* Discipline, of any People in the World, as all our modern Travellers can testify.

Though he cannot be called an Antiquary, yet he appears a great Lover of Antiquities, and no less an Admirer of new Discoveries, provided they be both of them Matters of Importance, and worth a wise Man's Regard. For it does not belong to either of these Characters, that a Man is a curious Collector of Medals, Images, Pictures, and a Thousand other insignificant Trifles, which can neither serve to illustrate History, regulate Chronology, nor adjust any momentous Difficulty in the Records of Time, but are only revered for their Rustiness, illegible Characters, and exotick Figure: Nor, that he is fond of every little Improvement in Arts or Sciences, which perhaps has no other Tendency than the Advantage of some particular Trade or Profession among Men, and serves only to divert the Mind from more solid Objects. Whereas
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our *Arabian* aspires at higher Things: He loves Antiquities, but it is only such as draw the Veil from off the Infancy of Time, and uncover the Cradle of the World. This makes him insist with so much Zeal and Passion on the Records of the *Chinese* and *Indians*. He admires New Discoveries, but only such as shall either conduct us to the yet unknown Parts of the Earth, or present us with a truer, and more perfect Scheme of the Heavens, than what was before Extant; as may be seen by his Letters to *Osman Adroonib*, Astrologer to the Sultan, Vol. VIII. Book IV. Page 268. and to *Abdelmelec Muli Omer*, President of the College of Sciences at *Fex*, Vol. VIII. Book IV. Page 336.

He often Praises, and recommends the Reading of History to his Friends: And throughout the Course of these Letters gives sufficient Proofs, that he is no Stranger to it. Which yet need not be laid to his Charge, as if he affected to be thought a knowing Man; or that he spent his Time in Studies foreign to his Employment. For he began to read Histories, as he himself declares, long before he came to *Paris*, as soon as he was released from his Captivity in *Palermo* in *Sicily*, and had Access to the Academies. Which makes it no Wonder, that he should employ his vacant Hours in the Libraries of *Paris*, after he came thither; being a very inquisitive Man, and greedy of Knowledge. Besides, he was commanded by his Superiors thus to improve himself, and to transmit the Abstracts of what he read to *Constantinople*: Which is a sufficient Excuse for all.

It only remains now, that we touch upon some Transactions of the *East*, as we have already done upon those in the *West*: That so the Reader, who, perhaps, has not the Leisure to peruse the *Turkish* History, may the better understand some Passages in these Letters relating thereto.

Our *SPY* was born in the Reign of Sultan *Achmet*; during whose Life, he being but a Youth, it will be to

no Purpose to recount what happened in those Parts, or between that Monarch and the *Christians*.

Achmet, dying, was succeeded by *Mustapha* his Brother: Of whom our Author makes some Mention, as, Of his throwing Gold to the Fishes of the Sea, and Of the Cruelty of Sultan *Amurath* IV. in causing him to be strangled. Indeed, he was a Prince, who made so small and contemptible a Figure in the World, that few Historians take any other Notice of him, than as a Man more fit for a Convent, than for a Royal Palace.

Therefore he being deposed, and remanded to his former Prison, where he had spent his Youth, *Osmán*, the Son of *Achmet*, was placed in the Throne of his Fathers. He renewed the ancient Leagues, which had been made between his Ancestors and several *Christian* Princes; wrote Letters to *James* I, King of *England*, and *Lewis* XIII. King of *France*; aided the Emperor of *Germany* against the *Hungarians*, *Bohemians*, and other Rebels. But at length, entering into a War with *Poland*, his Army was beaten, from which Time his Affairs began to decline. And the next Year, giving out that he would make a Pilgrimage to *Mecha*, he was strangled by the Janizaries, who suspected that he designed to abolish their Order, and alter the Constitution of the Empire.

Then *Mustapha* was taken out of his Prison again, and the second Time placed on the Throne: Who soon after experienced the Mutability of Fortune, in that he was again laid aside; and *Amurath*, the Brother of *Osmán*, established in his Stead.

This *Amurath* was a very Warlike Prince, and esteemed the stoutest Man of his Age. He had not long swayed the *Ottoman* Scepter, when the *Persians* came and besieged *Bagdat*, or *Babylon*, which they took from the *Turks*. Then the *Cossacks*, with the Inhabitants of the *Ukrain*, gave him some Diversi-
on, making violent Incursions into the *Turkish* Territories, and laying all waste where-ever they came.
However,

However, the Sultan regarded the *Persian War* with most Concern. He sent an Army toward *Babylon*, in the Year 1626, who were defeated by the *Persians*; twenty thousand *Turks* being killed on the Spot. This was revenged afterwards by the Slaughter of Thirty Thousand *Persians*. Then followed the Siege, or rather Blockade of *Babylon* by the *Turks*. A while after this, happened that dreadful Fire at *Constantinople*, which consumed a third Part of the City; of which our *SPY* makes mention in some of his Letters; especially to his Friend *Dgner Oglay*, who had suffered great Losses in the Conflagration.

Not long after this, There was a Rebellion raised in the *Holy Land* by *Facardine*, the brave and famous Emir of *Sidon*; with whom joined some other discontented Bassas and Beys of *Egypt*. But *Amurath*, sending powerful Forces against them, reduced them to their Duty. Afterwards enticing *Facardine* to *Constantinople*, the old Emir went accordingly with forty thousand Men at his Heels; who encamped at a Distance from the City: But at length, trusting too much to Sultan *Amurath's* Allurements, and fair Promises, he ventured so far into the *Grand Signior's* Clutches, that he was strangled. This our *SPY* descants upon in several Letters.

Next followed, The Taking of *Ravan* by the *Persians*, which was accompanied by the Rebellion of the Beglerbeg of *Greece*: At which Time there raged a destructive Plague at *Constantinople*. In this Year our *SPY* came to *Paris*. Much about the same Time, the *Persians* routed the *Turks* before *Babylon*, and forced them to raise the Siege.

Amurath was enraged with these reiterated ill Successes, that, collecting together a mighty Army, he led them in Person to the Walls of *Babylon*, and laid close Siege to that City, resolving never to return to *Constantinople*, till he had won that important Place: Which he accordingly did, with an infinite Slaughter of the *Persians*. Our *SPY* speaks much of this Siege, some-

sometimes extolling the Bravery of *Schach Abbas*, King of the *Persians*; at other Times magnifying the Valour of *Amurath*.

The *Grand Signior*, returning from this successful Campaign, entered *Constantinople* in Triumph; and, being puffed up with his Victories, gave the Reins to his Passion, committing a thousand Exorbitancies and Cruelties. At length he died of a Fever, which he got by excessive drinking of Wine and Spirits, to which he had much addicted himself.

Ibrahim, Brother to *Amurath*, succeeded in the Throne; a Prince wholly given over to the Amours of Women. Yet he commenced that long and tedious War with the *Venetians*, which cost so much Money and Blood on both Sides; which lasted above twenty Years, and which was not ended till the Surrender of *Candia*, the chief City of the Island bearing that Name, which consummated the Conquest of the whole Isle.

The Occasion of this War is related variously. Our Histories affirm, That it was begun on the Account of Sultan *Ibrahim's* Son being taken Captive by the Knights of *Malta*; who was afterwards educated in that Island, became a Monk, and for Distinction Sake, in regard of his supposed Extraction, was called *Padre Ottomanno*, or *Ottoman Father*. Our *S P T* contradicts all this, and says, He was only the Son of a Female Slave, belonging to the *Serail*; there being no Account to be had of his Father.

Ibrahim being transported with an extravagant Lust after Women; and having debauched the *Mufti's* Daughter; the *Mufti*, with the *Grand Vizir*, and some other *Bassa's*, conspired against him, drawing his own Mother into the Plot. At length, he was seized, deposed, and, after some Days Confinement, growing mad, he was strangled in his Prison, and his Son *Mahomet IV.* ascended the Throne; a Prince addicted more to Hunting, and the Pleasures of a Country Life, than to War, or Love of Women. Whence it was, That he spent most of his Summers in some delightful Solitude,

Solitude, where the agreeable Shades of the Trees, the purling Streams, and Harmony of Birds, invited him, as to an earthly *Paradise*. Yet this hindered not the Grand Vizir from prosecuting the Wars in *Hungary*, *Dalmatia*, *Candia*, and elsewhere, as there was Occasion. Of all which Things, our *SPY* gives Hints in his Letters, according to their proper Seasons.

To draw towards a Conclusion. The Reader of these Letters may observe, That our *SPY* in some of them, makes mention of several Papers and Journals which came to his Hands; and of One which he wrote himself in the Academies, wherein is contained the History of his Youth, with the most memorable Adventures which befel him in that Part of his Life.

But among Foreign Journals, he seems to put the most Value on those of *Carcoa*, *Pesteli Hali* his Brother, and *Isauf* his Cousin. The first of these was a private Agent for the Grand Signior at *Vienna*. who lived some Years there after our *SPY* came to *Paris*, and held a strict Correspondence with him, by Order of the *Turkish Divan*, as appears by several Letters in the First and Second Volumes. But at length dying, his Journal, and other Papers, were sent by his Successor to our *SPY*, with a Ring, which *Carcoa* had bequeathed him as a Legacy and Token of his inviolable Friendship, even to Death.

This Journal, as we may gather from some of our *SPY*'s Letters, contains Copies of all the Dispatches which *Carcoa* sent to the Ministers of the *Porte*, during his Residence at *Vienna*; with some of their Letters to him. In these, as we may farther collect, is couched a History of all the most remarkable Transactions in *Europe*, with parallel Occurrences and Events in the *East*, from the Year 1600, or thereabouts, to the Year 1652, at which Time *Carcoa* died. Our *SPY*, besides other Commendations which he gives this Journal of *Carcoa*, particularly celebrates it in one of his last Letters to *Nathan Ben Saddi*, a Jew at *Vienna*. At the first Receipt of that Journal, he sent an Answer to *Nathan*, which begins

begins thus: [*Thy Letter, with Carcoa's Journal, is come safe to my Hands, and the Ring which he bequeathed me &c.*] And a little after he says, [*His Memoirs will be of great Service to me; containing a more accurate History of the German Court, from the Year 1600, to the Time of his Death, than I have yet seen extant. I am not unacquainted with Relations of this kind, &c.*] Vol. II. Book I. Letter XXX. Page 107. But in the very last Letter he wrote to that Jew, he gives this Journal yet far higher Encomiums, praising the Elegance and Succinctness of the Style, the Solidity of the Matter, and the great Usefulness as well as Delightfulness of both; as may be seen at large in Vol. VIII. Book IV. Letter XVI. Page 350.

The second Journal is that of *Pesteli Hali*, Brother to our *S P Y*, and a great Traveller in *Asia*. At his Return to *Constantinople*, he was made Master of the Customs, and Superintendant of the Arsenal there. His Journal contains an accurate Account of his Travels through *Syria, Arabia, Persia, India, China, Tartary, Georgia, Circassia, Mingrelia, &c.* with choice Remarks and Observations on the divers Religions, Laws, Customs, and Forms of Government, which he found among so many People of different Nations: As also several strange and pleasant Adventures that happened to him on the Roads, and in Cities; the Escapes he made from Robbers, and his Intrigues with the *Persian* and *Indian* Ladies. All which our *S P Y* professes he took great Delight to read. In a Word, according to the Character which he gives of this Journal, we may believe, that it contains many useful and pleasant Memoirs, in History, Philosophy, Morality, and the Politicks.

As for the Journal of *Isouf*, his Cousin, we may conclude from several Letters in our *S P Y*, that it deserves much the same Character, only with this Advantage: That besides his Travels through all, or most of the forementioned Countries in the *East*, he adds an Account of his Journeys through the *South*, having visited the chiefest Regions of *Africk*. And *Mahmut* appears particu-

particularly pleased with this last Part of his Journal, as containing Narratives of Countries, to which he was wholly then a Stranger. In a Word, upon the Reading of this Journal, he conceived so great an Affection for his Cousin *Isouf*, the Author of it, that he recommends him to his Brother *Pesteli Hali*, and to one of the *Bassas*, as a Man deserving the Sultan's Favour, and some Preferments suitable to his Abilities; which may be a sufficient Ground for us to believe, That this Journal was not stuffed with vain romantick Fables; but that it had something in it Extraordinary and Illustrious.

If therefore the Publisher of these Volumes, who has been at great Expence and Pains in endeavouring to retrieve the said Journals, he promises himself, That the Publication of the said Journals, will be a Work both Useful and Acceptable to the World.

The End of the P R E F A C E

INTERPRETATION

OF SOME

TURKISH and ARABICK Words.

WHICH

May seem *Obscure*, and *Unintelligible*,

EITHER

In these **LETTERS**, or in their **TITLES**.

A

A*ARAF*, A Place of Prisons; Purgatory, or, A
Mid-Receptacle of Souls between Paradise and
Hell, according to the Doctrine of the *Turks*.
Allah, The Name of God.

B

Bassa, A Title of Honour given to Governors of Pro-
vinces, and Privy Counsellors of the *Grand Signior*.
Berber Aga, The *Grand Signior's* Barber.
Bey, A Lord.
Beglerbeg, Lord of Lords. A Title Equivalent to our
Dukes and Princes.
Bostangi, A Gardener.

C

Cadilesquier, A Lord Chief Justice.
Cadi, A Judge, or, Justice of the Peace.

Caliph,

I N D E X.

Caliph, A Prince or High Priest.
Chan, A Duke.
Cheik, A Lawyer.
Cheriff, A Prince.
Chiaus, A Bailiff, or, Serjeant.
Corvan, A Mahometan Sacrifice of Sheep, which, being killed and cut in Pieces, are distributed to the Poor.

D

Dervise, A Religious Man.
Dey, A Governour.
Divan, The Grand Signior's Privy Council: Also a raised Ground in a Hall, or any other Room of a House.
Dunalma, A Festival, or Royal Holy-Day.

E

Emir, A Lord.

F

Festa, The Sentence which the Musti gives in the Determination of any Cause brought before him.

H

Harna, The Treasury.
Hacoda, The Royal Chamber.
Hafnadar Bassa, Chief Treasurer to the Grand Signior.
Hagin, A Doctor of Laws.
Halvagi, A Confectioner.

I

Jamaum, A Minister, or Clerk of a Church.
Janisar Aga, General of the Janisaries.

K

Kaimacham, A Deputy-Lieutenant, or Governor of a City. The Grand Vizir's Vicegerent. By Way of Excellency, it is appropriated to him who governs Constantinople in the Grand Vizir's Absence.
Kinza Dey, Lord-Lieutenant of the Janizaries.

M

Mandarin, A Governor of a Province; or, A Lord.
Minaret, A Turret, or Steeple of a Mosque.

I N D E X

Mirzab, A General.

Mollab, A Doctor or Preacher.

Murcerman, A Carrier or Muleteer.

Mussulman, or Moselman, A True Believer, one resigned to God. This Title the Mahometans arrogate to themselves, as the only Elect of God, in their own Conceits.

N

Nabob, A Lord.

O

Omrah, A Colonel, or Lord.

R

Reis Effendi, A Secretary of State.

S

Santone, A Holy Man.

Selisher Aga, The Sword-Bearer to the Sultan.

Serasquier, A General of an Army.

Solack, and Paick, Footmen.

Sultan, A King or Emperor.

T

Tefterdar, Lord-Treasurer.

V

Vizir Akem, The First Minister of State.

I

M

T H B

TO THE
READER.

I Here offer you a Book written by a *Turk*, whose Matter is as Instructive and Delightful, as the Manner of finding it was Strange and Surprizing. I do not doubt, but you would know where it was written; and, perhaps, whether the Author be living; and whether you must expect a Romance, or a real History. Hear then in short what will fully satisfy you.

The Curiosity of seeing *Paris* made a Man of Letters leave *Italy* in the Year 1682; where being arrived, he found such Diversions, as caused his Stay longer than he intended.

Scarce had he been two Months in *Paris*, when, by changing his Lodging, he discovered, by meer Chance, in a Corner of his Chamber, a great Heap of Papers; which seemed more spoiled by Dust, than Time.

He was at first surprized to see nothing but barbarous Characters, and was upon the Point of leaving them without any farther Search; if a Latin Sentence, which he perceived on the Top of a Leaf, had not detained him:

*Ubi amatur, non laboratur; & si
Laboratur, Labor amatur.*

The Surprize of the *Italian* was yet greater, when after having considered these Characters with more Attention, he found them to be *Arabick*; which Language was not altogether unknown to him; which made him look narrowlier into them, where he found, That they
treated

treated of Affairs of State: That they contained Relations of War and Peace; and discoursed not only of the Affairs of *France*, but of those of all Christendom, till the Year 1682.

The curious *Italian* was in no small Impatience, to know how and where these Memorials had been writ, and by what Adventure they came to lie so neglected in a Corner of his Chamber. But, before he further informed himself, he thought it expedient to transport these Manuscripts into another House, as a Place of greater Security.

He afterwards questioned his Landlord, with great Precaution, concerning the Papers; and he informed him even in the least Circumstances.

He told him, That a Stranger, who said he was a Native of *Moldavia*, habited like an Ecclesiastick, greatly Studious, of small Stature, of a very coarse Countenance, but of surprizing Goodness of Life, had lived long at his House. That he came to lodge there in the Year 1664, and had staid eighteen Years with him; that being gone abroad one Day, he returned no more, and they had no certain News of him since. He was about Seventy Years old, had left some Manuscripts which no Body understood, and some Monies, which was an Argument, that his Departure was not premeditated.

He added, that he had always a Lamp, Day and Night, burning in his Chamber; had but few Moveables, only some Books, a small Tome of St. *Austin*, *Tacitus*, and the *Alcoran*, with the Picture of *Massaniello*, whom he praised very much, calling him the *Moses* of *Naples*. He said farther, That this Stranger's greatest Friend, and whom he saw often, was a Man which most People took for a Saint, some for a *Jew*, and others suspected to be a *Turk*. According to the Landlords Report, he came to *Paris* in the Year 1637, being then but 28 Years of Age. At first, he had lodged with a *Flemming*; he went oft to Court; Monies never failed him; he had Friends, and passed for very Learned. As for his End, this Man thinks he died miserably: It being suspected, that he had been thrown into the River.

The

The *Italian*, being sufficiently instructed by what he had heard, applied himself to the Study of the *Arabian* Language; and as he had already some Knowledge in it, he quickly learned enough to Translate these Manuscripts, which he undertook a while after; and he examined with Care the Truth of what the *Moldavian* had writ, confronting the Events he met, with the Histories of those Times; and, to succeed the better, searched the most approved Memorials, having had Access into the Cabinets of Princes and their Ministers.

These Letters contain the most considerable Intrigues of the Court of *France*, and the most remarkable Transactions of *Christendom*, which have been sent to several Officers of the *Ottoman* Court.

By these may be known the Perspicacity of this Agent of the *Turks*; and by him the Prudence of those that command in that Nation, who chose (the better to penetrate into the Affairs of *Christians*) a Man who could not be suspected by his Exterior; who was deformed, but prudent and advised; and, for the better concealing him, destined his ordinary Abode in one of the greatest and most peopled Cities of Europe.

During his being at *Paris*, which was Forty Five Years, he has been Eye witness of many great Changes; hath seen the Death of two Great Ministers of State; hath seen that Kingdom involved in War, without and within. He was scarce settled in *Paris*, but he was Witness to the Birth of a King, who surpassed those that preceded him; in a Time, when the Queen's Barrenness caused the King, her Husband, to despair of ever having a Son that should succeed him.

During the Course of so many Years, he hath seen Cities revolt, and return again to the Obedience of their Sovereign; Princes of the Blood make War against their King; and Queen *Mary de Medicis*, Wife, Mother, and Mother-in-Law to some of the greatest Kings in *Europe*, die in Exile in *Cologne*.

He speaks frankly of the Princes of *Christendom*, and explains his Sentiments with Liberty. He saith, The *Emperor* commands Princes, the King of *Spain* Men, and

and the King of *France* sees Men, and even Kings obey his Orders. He adds, That the First commands and prays, the Second sees oft times more effected than he commanded, and that the Third commands many brave Soldiers, and is well nigh obeyed by Crowned Heads. There appears no Heat or Animosity in him, in what he writes against the Pope. In discoursing of the Emperor and King of *Spain*, he says, That both of them having Provinces of such vast Extent, they are not much concerned at the Losses they sustain.

He believed that *England* was more powerful than the Empire and *Spain* at Sea. He apprehended more the Counsels of the *Republick* at *Venice* than their Arms. He magnifies what passed in the Wars of *Candy*, which the *Venetians* supported with so much Bravery against the Forces of the *Ottoman* Empire. The *Genoeses* with him are perfect Chymists. He speaks of the last Plague, and last War that this Commonwealth had been afflicted with; he touches something of the late Conspiracy against the State by *Raggi* and *Torne*; and to shew that he understood their History, he says somewhat of *Vachero* and *Balbi*.

Thou wilt see, Reader, by the Progress of the Work, what this secret Envoy of the *Ottoman Porte* thought of the other Princes of *Italy*, and those of the *North*. And I have drawn his Picture, because thou mayest understand better what I give thee of him.

This *Arabian* (for he declares himself in his Writings to have been of that Nation) having been taken and made a Slave by the *Christians*, was brought into *Sicily*, where he applied himself unto Learning. He studied Logick in his Captivity, and applied himself much to History; he overcame them by suffering with Patience the Blows of his Master, who often beat him for endeavouring to acquire those Lights, which this Brute had not. And finally, after much Labour, great Assiduity, and long Watchings, he came, as he writes himself, to understand *Greek* and *Latin* Authors; he had Commerce afterwards with the best Masters; and, during his sojourning in the *French* Court, he joined Experience to the Knowledge he had acquired.

He

To the READER.

He explains himself neatly, and speaks of Things with great Frankness. His Style shews a great Liberty of Spirit, and not Passion; and if it appear that he accommodates himself to the Fashion of the Court, one may see that it is not out of Design to please, but that he wisely conforms himself sometimes to the Geniuses of Nations.

Thou wilt find in his Letters Wit and Learning. If sometimes he appears tart, it is to shew his Vivacity, not to disoblige; and he appears all over fully instructed in Antient and Modern History. He is very reserved when he blames, and seems persuaded when he praises. When he speaks to the great Men of the *Porte*, his Style is very grave; and he changes, when he writes to meaner Persons. He never tells News that he is not assured of, nor thinks of divining Things that seem obscure to him.

He gives rare Lessons when he writes of the Revolutions of *Catalonia*, the Kingdoms of *Naples*, *Portugal*, and *England*, which happened in our Days; with strange Circumstances, terrible Murthers, and the Death of a Potent King, Martyr'd by his own Subjects upon a Scaffold, before his own Door.

He weighs much the Duke of *Guise's* hardy Resolution of going to *Naples* to succour the Revolted there; and he reasons not as a *Barbarian*, but like an able Statesman and wise Philosopher, on the Rise and Ruin of States. He always discourses with Liberty, and what he says is filled with solid and agreeable Thoughts. He speaks sometimes of the Cruelty and Tyranny of the *Turks*, of the Violences of the Ministers of the *Porte*, and upon the precipitated Death which many of the Sultans, Bassas, and Vizirs are forced to suffer. But this Language is only to his Friends and Confidants.

However, though these Letters be neither *Greek* nor *Latin*, nor written by a *Christian*, they contain nothing of barbarous; and though the Ignorant be in great Numbers among the *Turks*, there are yet Men of great Understanding that write the Annals of the *Ottoman Empire*, though they are not easily come by:

for their Books not being printed, they scarce ever reach us. We may notwithstanding believe, That amongst this Nation, that we term barbarous, there are great and wise Captains, good Men, and learned Authors; as we have amongst us Generals without Conduct, hypocritical Votaries, and ignorant Fellows that pretend to be Masters.

To justify what I affirm of the *Turks*, let us but consider their Victories, which have gained them so many Kingdoms, their Power at Sea, their Exactness to punish Crimes, and to reward Merit. As for Printing, they would never endure it amongst them. A Grand Vizir's Judgment of it was remarkable, which shews rather their Prudence, than any Effect of their Ignorance. A famous Printer of *Holland*, by Religion a *Jew*, came to *Constantinople*, bringing Presses with him, with Characters of all Sorts of Idioms, particularly *Arabic*, *Turkish*, *Greek* and *Persian* Letters, with Design to introduce the Use of Printing into that great City. As soon as the Vizir was informed of it, he caused the *Jew* to be hanged, and broke all his Engines, and Millions of Characters which he had brought; declaring, it would be a great Cruelty, that one Man should, to enrich himself, take the Bread out of the Mouths of Eleven Thousand Scribes, who gained their Livings at *Constantinople* by their Pens.

Peruse, gentle Reader, what I offer, without Fear of tiring thyself, or being deceived. As *Christian* Authors think of nothing ordinarily, but of writing Pannegyrics in hopes of Reward, we have Reason to believe not to find all the Truths in their Works. Interest and Passion do often make good Princes pass for Tyrants, and unjust and cruel Princes are sometimes transferred to Posterity for Models of Justice and Clemency. This occasions Histories, which issue from so corrupt a Source, to serve like a pitched Field for modern Writers, where the one and the other combat for the Destruction of Truth; the one, by falsely reporting what they have heard; and the other, by as badly representing the Things they seem to witness. Most Princes will have their
Altars

Altars ; and then it is no Wonder, if there are Priests found to sacrifice to Falshood, and Idolaters to deface the Statue of Truth.

There is no General that will not always seem Conqueror, and Princes never confess their Losses ; which occasions a Confusion, and the Actions of Men do thereby become doubtful.

How many Times have we seen both the Victors and the Vanquished make Bonfires for their Successes ? And, in our Days, we have known the *French* rejoice, and the *Spaniards* and *Germans* sing their *Te Deum* for the same Thing.

As we are, perhaps, now less just than in Ages past, it is difficult to write Things as they are, particularly during the Lives of Princes, whose History cannot be writ without Fear, nor the Truth said without Danger. For these Reasons, we ought not to question the Credit of our *Arabian*, who reports with Liberty what came to his Knowledge : Besides, He being an universal Enemy to Christianity, and a concealed One, neither disoblighd or gained by any, and religiously true to his Prince, whom he adores as a Divinity, it cannot be imagined, that he says any Thing for Fear or Favour.

As these Relations have been read with Attention, and diligently examined, we may be assured of an exact History, abounding in considerable Events ; and this History being separated into Letters, as the Author writ them, the Reader may read them without repining. If he will not acknowledge the Translator's Pains, let him at least receive the Labours of a dead Man with Civility, one that never dreamt his Memorials would be Printed, and that served his Master faithfully.

These Sentiments made him exactly follow that Sentence of *St. Austin*, found in the Front of his Works :

Where Love is, there is no Labour ; and if there be Labour, the Labour is loved.

The Translator hath thought fit to retrench some Ceremonies and proud Titles of the Eastern People. What is represented here is in a familiar Style, such as the ancient *Latins* used in their Writings to their Consuls, Dictators, and Emperors themselves. And if the Translation be not Elegant as the *Arabic*, do not accuse the Author, seeing it is not possible to reach the Force and Beauty of the Original.

Have, moreover, some Respect for the Memory of this *Mahometan*; for, living Unknown, he was safe from the Insults of the Great Ones, so that he might write Truth without Danger, which ordinarily is disguised by Fear or Avarice, having still reported the Transactions of *Christians*, with no less Truth than Eloquence.

If what I have said cannot satisfy the Curious, expect the rest of these Letters, which will be found full of great Actions, profitable Instructions, and good Morals. Thank God, however, who raises Men that employ themselves in vanquishing Ignorance and Idleness: And in rendering Justice to *Mahmut*, a passionate Slave for the Interest of his Master and the Truth: Have some Goodness for the Translator; who, being born Free, acknowledges no Master, but God, his King, and his Reason.

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LETTER

(1)

LETTERS

WRIT by a

SPY at *PARIS*.

VOL. I.

BOOK I.

LETTER I.

Mahmut the Arabian, and Vilest of the Grand Signior's Slaves, To Hasnadarbassy, Chief Treasurer to his Highness at Constantinople.

I HAVE at length finished my Journey, after One hundred and forty Days March; arriving at *Paris* the 4th of this present Moon, according to the *Christians* Style. I made no Stay in *Hungary*, yet I journeyed One and Forty Days at *Vienna*, where I observed all the Motions of that Court, according as I was ordered; of which I shall not now speak, having given a full Account to the ever invincible Vizir *Azim*. Being but newly arrived, I scarce know any body, and as little known my self. I have suffered my Hair to grow a little below my Ears; and as to my Lodging, it is in the House of an old *Flemming*, where my Room is so small, that Jealousy itself can scarce enter. And because I will have no Enemy near me, I will therefore admit of no Servant.

Vol. I.

B

Being

Being of low Stature, of an ill-favoured Countenance, ill-shaped, and by Nature not given to Talkativeness, I shall the better conceal my self. Instead of my Name, *Mahmut the Arabian*, I have taken on me that of *Titus the Moldavian*; and with a little Cassock of black Serge, which is the Habit I have chosen, I make two Figures, being in Heart what I ought to be, but outwardly, and in appearance, what I never intend.

Carcoa at *Vienna* furnishes me with Bread and Water, supplying me with just enough to live, and I desire no more. The Eggs here are dearer than Pullets with you. It is to him that I will address my Letters.

Eliachim the Jew came to see me, who seems to be sufficiently informed of what passes in the World, and will be a useful Man to me: Yet I will never trust him more than I need. Altho' I have a Dispensation from the *Mufti* for Lying, and false Oaths, which I shall be obliged to make; yet I have still some Qualm on my Mind. However, our Sovereign must be served, and I can commit no Sin, as long as this is my sole End. As for the Intelligence which I shall send, none shall come from me but what is true, unless I be first deceived myself.

It will be hard for me to mention any Thing considerable of a City which is not to be viewed in one Day, I having been there but Seven. It is peopled like the Borders of the Sea with Sand, the Inhabitants lodging to the very Cock-lofts; and Houses are built on the Bridges.

This great City is divided by a River, and both Parts of it are joined by a great Bridge of Stone, well built and very stately. In the midst of it is seen an Horse of Brass, with the Statue of *Henry IV.* which bestrides it; whose Heroick Actions have, justly, surnamed him *The Great*; and he seems still to command this Capital of the Kingdom. The other Bridges, being full of Houses, are not seen; appearing as if they had been made for the City, not the River.

The King's Palace is an ancient Building, yet retains a certain Majesty, which denotes the Grandeur of its Master:

Master: Within it appears a Desert; for the Court is always abroad, or in the Army.

A Churchman, termed at *Rome* a Cardinal, is the principal Minister of State; his Name is *Armand du Pleffis*, Cardinal of *Richlieu*. He is esteemed a great Politician, a Man of Wit and Action, and every Way fitted for the Place he holds.

All the People make Vows to Heaven, that their King may become a Father; for the Queen has been barren these many Years.

I go into the Churches as a *Christian*; and when I seem attentive to their Mysteries, I hold our Sacred *Alcoran* in my Hands, addressing my Prayers to our holy Prophet; and thus behaving my self, I give no Offence. I avoid Disputes, mind my own Concerns, and do nothing which may endanger my Salvation.

Preserve thy Health, and expect to hear from me as oft as the Interest of our great and mighty Monarch requires, who is the Master of my Life and Affections.

I make thee no Present of my Services, for they be devoted to that Lord, whose Slave thou art, as well as I. The Letters I write for the future shall be directed to the Ministers of the *Divan*.

Live with the Piety of a good *Mussulman*, and the Prudence of an able Minister, and preserve the Treasure as thine own Heart, which (thou knowest) is the last expiring.

Paris, 11th of the 9th Moon, of the Year 1637.
according to the *Christian Style*.

LETTER II.

To the same Hafnadarbassy.

I Had too good an Opinion of my self, and did not sufficiently consider to whom I wrote, when I attempted, in so little a Time, to give thee an Account

of the Court of *France*, and how this King lives. An old *Arabian* was wont to say, *To have a perfect Knowledge of Things, we must know them more than once, and forget them thrice, to the End that Learning them a fourth Time, they may become perfectly our own.* This will instruct me how to write to my Friends hereafter; not as I understand Affairs, but as they ought to be understood. For once well done is better than twice ill done.

I think I may say, the *Spaniards* want Ground themselves, by taking an Handful from others. Two and Twenty of their Gallies, with some other small Vessels, have taken two small Islands, named *St. Margaret's* and *St. Honorat's*, which lie over-against *Provence*, and are barren and unprofitable Places; and will serve to little purpose, unless for Ports; and it is also a Question, how long they will hold them.

The War between these two Nations is like to continue, especially from the Death of the two *Italian* Princes, *Victor Amade*, Duke of *Savoy*, and *Charles Gonzague*, Duke of *Mantua*.

I believe it an Effect of Providence, that these two Nations know not their own Interest, or, knowing it, neglect it. Heaven is more kind to us, for, as our Empire transcends all others in Strength and Greatness, so it does in Unity and Concord; by which means it is in our Power to make War, or live in Peace. The *Christians* never consider the Advantage they lose, and the Good they may acquire, by attacking of us, whom they yet hate, and treat as *Barbarians*.

The Archbishop of *Bordeaux* is, at present, General of the *French* Naval Forces; who, though a Priest, is yet permitted to turn Tarpaulin and Soldier. For my Part, I understand not how a Prelate of his Rank can forsake his Flock, his Altar, and his Function, if what the *Christians* say be true: But that is nothing to us; and the King of *France* being so enlightened a Prince, and employing him, as he does, he must needs be a good Seaman and Soldier.

To say no more of this Matter; for Princes, of what Religion soever they be, are always sacred, and not to be

be approached but with Respect, seeing their Doings lie above the Reach of a common Capacity.

I would fain hear of the *Grand Signior's* Health; for when he is well, all the World is so to me, and without him I am nothing. I will not write so soon to the Grand Vizir, being desirous to write what passes here with more Exactness.

I am in this Place, like a Man lost in Confusion; for this Town seems rather a Province than a City. All is Hurry and Noise, every body brushing about after Action. The Men, for the most part, are for martial Exploits, either at Sea or Land; and as to the Women, they are not idle, employing themselves as becomes them, either in the Shops or Kitchens; yet they take more Care to shew themselves, than ours do to hide themselves. Do thou be careful of thy Health, for I shall never be miserable, having thee to my Friend.

Paris, 25th of the 10th Moon,
of the Year 1637.

LETTER III.

To Darnist Mehemet, *Bassa*.

I Have been at a Ceremony which I am willing to see often, to give an Account of it in my Letters. It is the *Te Deum*, which the *Christian* Princes cause to be sung in their Churches on the gaining any considerable Advantage over their Enemies; which *Te Deum* is an Anthem composed by two of their Saints, to wit *Ambrose* and *Austin*. When the *French* beat the *Spaniards* they sing the *Te Deum*; and when these vanquish their Enemies, they do the same. These two Nations do the Duty of the *Mussulmans*, in destroying one another; and when this is done, they give God Thanks for the Evil they have committed. Whence we may judge of the Wisdom and Piety of the *Mahometans*

amongst whom there is seldom seen an open War; and if it should happen, it is generally condemned.

The Rejoycing of the *French* proceeds hence: The *Spaniards* had besieged *Lucate*, a small Peninsula in *Languedoc*, which is but four Leagues round, with two Ports, where a few Gallies and four small Vessels may anchor in Safety. The Place was attacked by the *Spaniards*, with much Heat, but was afterwards given over with as great Loss; the Assailants being obliged to make a Retreat, not unlike a shameful Flight; quitted their Baggage, their Arms, and all their Provision.

Count *Serbellon* offered at first to *Barris*, who commanded the Place, a great Sum of Money, which was to be attended with a constant Pension; which refused, they were necessitated to betake themselves to Force; by which, in short, the *Spaniards* were entirely defeated. *Serbellon* withdrew towards *Perpignan*, with the Duke of *Cardonn's* Son, who was Vice-Roy of *Catalonia*. He lost all his Tents, his Plate, and the Money designed for Payment of the Army: And I will say yet more, That he has lost the Reputation of a good Captain and valiant Soldier, until he can recover an Opportunity to fight and vanquish. This Victory must have been of Consequence, and very glorious, seeing the King assisted in Person, together with the Queen, two Cardinals, the Council of State and that of the Finances, and that which they call here, The Courts Sovereign, which are a Company of Men chosen to judge others. Besides these, there was an innumerable Concourse of People, who testified their Joy for the Advantage gained by their King, notwithstanding it be at the Cost of their Brethren of the same Religion.

Live happily, and conserve thy Honour as thy Life.

Paris, 25th of the 10th Moon;
of the Year 1637.

LETTER

LETTER IV.

To Hous, *his Kinsman.*

I Tell thee I live, and am well. I have received no News from thee; perhaps thou thoughtest me dead. I salute thee first with my Letters, though thou oughtest to have begun. If thou art ashamed of thy Kindred, accuse thy Parents, by whom thou art become of the same Family. Be not ungrateful to them, nor forgetful of the Good thou hast received from me. Thou shalt now know where I am, and ought to stay, and mayest answer me if thou wilt. Believe in the mean Time the Counsel I gave thee, although thou dost not demand it. Be devout in thy Religion without Hypocrisy, and remember there is no more Gods but One; as also, that the Favourite and Sent of God is *Mahomet* his Prophet. After that, Love thy Master, without desiring any Thing more than the Execution of his Pleasure. Embrace thy Father as from me, and give thy Mother a Kiss, saluting her as my Sister and Friend, which is the most endearing Title that Antiquity could invent for Persons who had the same Sentiments of Affection. Live happily, and conserve thy Chastity.

Paris, 25th of the 10th Moon,
of the Year 1637.

LETTER V.

To the Aga of the Janizaries.

I Shall give thee some Pleasure in telling thee, that the *Christians* lose easier than they acquire. It seems, the Marquis *Ambrose Spinola*, whom all the World took for a great Captain, has lost much of his

Reputation ; seeing that a Place is lost in eleven Weeks, which he had formerly besieged eleven Months, and where he had expended eleven Millions. If these Circumstances are true, they are very extraordinary. However, he shall continue a great Captain in my Opinion ; and it is ordinary enough to see that lost in a little Time by the Cowardice of one, which has not been acquired in a great while by the Valour of a whole Army.

The Prince of *Orange* hath taken *Breda*, a Place of great Importance, which had been surrendered twelve Years and three Months since to the said *Spinola*, who commanded the Army of *Spain*. This Conquest is great ; for it was the general Opinion, the Place could not be taken but by Famine ; yet it hath been constrained to yield, by the continual Fire and Valour of the Besiegers.

Had not the *Hollanders* become Masters of this Place, they had been, as it were, blocked up on the Side of *Brabant*, and had the Enemy always at their Gates ; whereas now they are more at large. We ought to rejoice rather at their Acquisitions, than those of the *Spaniards*, with whom we never had Peace.

This Place is fortified with much Regularity. It hath fifteen Bastions, besides some little Forts on the Moat-side. There are five Horn-works without. The Place is considerable for its Greatness. It contains 5000 Houses, with great Gardens ; and there are three principal Gates.

I mention these Particulars, because thou art a Man of War. Receive my Letter kindly ; believe me thy Friend, and do not doubt of my Fidelity. If thou wilt add to thy Valour by new Merit, which will heighten the Consideration Men have for thee, I will teach thee a Secret, which will not be very expensive, but very delightful. Read at Times the Histories of others, and particularly those of the greatest and most fortunate Princes, and their Captains. Imitate rather the Wise, than those who have only signalized themselves by their Valour. To conclude, be conversant in Histories, but chuse always the best, I mean such as cannot be suspected

pected for Lyes. Thou canst not fail of good Books both *Greek* and *Arabic*, which are translated into the *Turkish* and *Persian* Tongues. Thou wilt learn to be wise by the Folly of others, and wilt become yet more prudent, by observing the sage Conduct of such who performed great Actions: Above all Things, never neglect to make serious Reflections upon the least Events. It happens sometimes, that Passages are found in Books that seem of no Consequence, which may yet be of Use in important Occasions, for the clearing of Difficulties: And for Example, learn this from a great King, *Henry IV.* who conquered his Kingdom by the Dint of his Sword.

I will finish with a worthy Saying of *Marquis Spinola's*, which, I think, is to the Purpose, He saith, That a Captain's Sword must be tied to his Heart, his Heart fix'd to his Head, and conducted by his Judgment; which ought particularly to be formed by the Reading of Histories: Love me as much as I esteem thee, and thou wilt never love me enough.

Paris, 25th of the 10th Moon
of the Year 1637.

LETTER VI.

To Mehemet, Page-Eunuch to the Sultan's
Mother.

THOU hast spent Fourteen Years in the Seraglio, and, to thy Unhappiness, always been in the Service of Women; serve now a Man, who is certainly somewhat more than a Woman. Thou knowest, the Confidence we have in each other, is arrived to that Degree, as we discover our Failings to each other, and to suffer them. Seeing I am at present far off, and by Consequence the more exposed to Criticks and ill Offices, do not forget the Interests of thy Friend; watch Day and Night for the Advantage of my Life. Ob-

serve, search, and endeavour to penetrate what People discourse of me, and what is said concerning me at Court. Our great Emperor sent me hither to observe what passes here, and render him an Account. I know I am where I ought to practise what I am commanded to do, but I do not yet know whether I shall return to the Place where I would willingly end my Days. Most Things are done on that Side, but they are not at all equally performed. I have therefore most just Reason to apprehend, that all Men do know that I shall acquit myself with Fidelity of the Orders I have received. Consider how far his Unhappiness doth extend, who serves another, who is Master of so many Millions of Subjects.

I will inform thee of two Things, whereof thou shalt tell the first to the Bassa of the Sea, and the other to the Musti's Vicar. We are told, that the King of *England* hath set forth a Vessel upon the *British* Ocean, of such prodigious Greatness, that it exceeds all others, as well in Force as Vastness. It is armed with 120 Brass Guns, it draws, unrigged, Seventeen Foot of Water, and its Bulk is 1100 Ton. It is reported, that it cost 2 Millions of Piasters, and, as if it were the King of all other Ships, it is called *The Sovereign*. The second News is a Prodigy that happened in *Upper Saxony*, which finds but a little Credit with the Wise, but is easily believed by the Women, and the common People.

They say, that at *Dresden* one of the Duke of *Saxony*'s Courtiers having cut a Piece of boiled Beef, there issued so much Blood out of it, that the Elector's Table was wholly covered with it, which extremely troubled this Prince; looking upon the Adventure as a Presage of Famine and War. Let me hear often from thee, and of our Friends; but make no Confidence to any of that which is betwixt us. Thou shalt learn from me Secrets of great Importance, provided thou be faithful and discreet. God grant thee in an Instant the Good which I shall wish to acquire in my whole Life.

Paris, 15th of the 11th Moon.
of the Year 1637.

LETTER

LETTER VII.

To the invincible Vizir Azem.

SEEING thou hast acquired the Knowledge of Things present, by thy Prudence and rare Understanding, and hast desired me to inform thee of those Things which shall happen in the Places whither thou hast sent me; I will endeavour to penetrate into Affairs the most secret, to the End, that nothing in this World may be hid from thee.

At present, there are but few Actions in *Christendom* which deserve to be reported; and thou art sufficiently instructed in the Affairs of *France*, and touching the Person of her King. I expect to inform thee of Events, which at the same Time may divert thee, and instruct thee. This Prince is called *Henry the Just*, He cannot be called *the Happy*; for having as yet no Son to succeed him, there will be always Occasion of Trouble in this Kingdom; nor is there any Hopes that the Queen may prove with Child, by reason of her long Barrenness. If the King will resolve to be divorced from her, and take another, it cannot be effected without *Rome*; and *Rome*, the Musti, and all their Priests, will, according to their usual Manner, raise so many Difficulties, and be so long before they determine, that it will be a hard Matter to extort from them that Consent, which the Laws of the *Christians* render necessary for the Dissolving a First Marriage. Certainly this Slavery, which doth thus subject the *Christian* Princes, is hard; but it is a Point of their Law, which being of no Importance to thee, I will trouble thee no more with it. This Defect of a Successor in the King of *France*, is of great Advantage to the *Spaniards*; and one would think Heaven had created this Nation to be Enemies to the *French*. It seems moreover, there is a secret Violence which entertains an Antipathy between the Two Nations; which

which enforces a Belief, That there can never be a solid Peace betwixt them.

Thou hast already understood from those I write to, and who dare hide nothing from thee, what hath happened here during the small Time of sojourning in these Quarters. I will not repeat little Things: The Greatness of the Genius, and the Eminency of thy Employment, have put thee far above every Thing that is not Extraordinary, that we ought to inform thee of nothing but transcending Events.

I will not entertain thee with the Taking of the Old Town of *Sally*, nor the Disorders in the New. Thou wilt have learned more swiftly from the Coasts of *Africa*, Advices of the Hostile Acts which the *English* have committed with their Ships of War against that City, which the King of *Morocco* protects.

The Attempt was great, and is discoursed of here as a hardy Enterprize. The Vastness of thy Understanding will easily judge of the Consequence.

They say here, That the King of *France* has writ to *Rome*, that he will willingly resolve to make a long Cessation of Arms with his Enemies. If that happens, this Repose will serve but to increase the Forces of both Sides, which may hereafter render the War more cruel. In the mean Time, it is thought they design a General Peace: but Time will discover to the Politicians what we cannot at present divine.

This Court is Great and Magnificent; it stays not long in a Place, and is very seldom at *Paris*; being in the Camp amongst the Armies, or for Pleasure in the Country.

The Genius of the Countries is different, but they have an equal Inclination for two Things very opposite, War and Love; and apply themselves to both with much Constancy.

The Religion which they call Protestant, and which has been the Occasion of so much Disturbance to the Kingdom, is now low, by the Surrender of *Rochel*, which was, as thou knowest, the principal Bulwark of those of that Party.

It seems the King will imitate our mighty and formidable Emperors, and will regulate his Conduct by thine, not suffering within his State Two Religions which are opposite.

The Kingdom is, notwithstanding, as yet full of Trouble. Cardinal *Richlieu* (who holds the Helm of Affairs in *France*, as thou directest that of the Empire of the World) seems, as may be said, in the midst of a Tempest, and hath Reason enough to apprehend Danger; for there are an infinite Number of People, who follow the Standards of *Luther* and *Calvin*, who have no other Thoughts but of his Ruin.

In the mean Time, the Power of *France* seems mighty great, and it is to be apprehended, it may in Time augment infinitely.

Thou knowest, invincible Vizir, what the ancient *Gauls* did in old Time. They were called *Gallo-Græcians*; for having over-run *Italy* and sack'd *Rome*, they settled in the Middle of *Asia*, and could not be overcome but by the *Romans*; because the Heavens had ordain'd, That the *Romans* should subjugate all Nations. But now that those *Gauls* are no more, and there are no more of those brave *Romans*, we must pray the infinite Goodness of the Most High, That the Power of these Modern *Gauls* may be limited. If the *French*, however, would do what a *Spaniard*, who fled from the Passion of *Philip I.* counselled *Henry IV.* their King, which was, To set himself right with *Rome*, to have a great Power at Sea, and a Council composed of wise, secret, and faithful Men; by that Means, he might one Day, perhaps, equal the ancient *Romans*. I think, he that gave this Advice was named *Antonio Perez*.

I observe every Thing with Care, but shall observe them nearer for the future. It appears to me, that the Genius of this Nation is to aggrandize itself, and extend its Limits.

The *French* have a common Saying, That Kings haveing nothing above them that may limit them, God hath given the Empire of the Earth to the Strongest. They add, That *Adam* left no Kingdoms to his Children,

ren, but that they made them for themselves. They glory in certain Prophecies, which promise them the Empire of the World. In relating this, I tell what they say, not what ought to happen. They entertain here the same Hatred for us, as others do, when our Power is formidable; but wise Men; who have Knowledge of our History, speak with more Admiration of the *Ottoman* Empire, than of that of the *Romans*; and if these last were restored by the Civil Wars which tore them in Pieces, the other will increase and maintain itself by the great Precautions used to hinder them, and by the Union of their Forces.

Thou knowest more of the Extent of the City of *Paris*, than I can tell thee. It appears to me Great, and full of People; but *Constantinople* is yet greater, and more populous.

Thou wilt pardon me after all, if I make not a certain Judgment of a Nation, which I do not yet well comprehend. However, I will assure thee, the *French* are no Fools, and, I believe, never were. They do not love Novelty through Levity, but for Reasons of State; and when they are Unconstant, it is not to do ill, but to acquire Good. They are happy and unfortunate in Wars, like others; but what is considerable, they do not combat their Enemies, because they hate them, but in Obedience to their Prince, which occasions the great Discipline which is in their Armies. And what seems worthy of Reflection is, That they love their King by Inclination; and this Love produces in them that which our Attachment to the Precepts of the Law does in the Hearts of the best *Turks*. I use this Comparifon, which I learned from thee, who art the wisest Man in the World, from whose Mouth I have heard, as from an Oracle, That it is not much material, whether Subjects love their Master by Inclination or Fear, provided they always faithfully serve him, and are always humble.

If ever it happen I am discovered, thou wilt do me a great Honour to let me know, if I ought to avow myself an Agent from the sublime *Porte*, or whether I ought to die without confessing any Thing.

I end

I end with my Head in the Dust, without ever ceasing to supplicate the most High, that he will shower his continued Happiness upon thee and the Empire.

Paris, 15th of the 11th Moon
of the Year 1637.

LETTER VIII.

To Muzlu Reis Effendi, *Principal Secretary*
of the Ottoman Empire.

THIS is the Second Letter which I have writ to thee. My Dispatches hitherto have not been filled with Things of great Importance, by reason I have not yet had Time to learn them. I wish greatly to write what may please thee. Receive therefore what I offer kindly, and be persuaded, that I fear thy Censures, as much as if I did deserve them.

I live here according to the Instructions which were given me, and live easy enough. The Country is Good and Fat, the Men good Companions, are frank, and seem discreet.

I have not as yet any Acquaintance with the Women, and yet it is necessary I find Means to introduce myself into their Companies. It is a Sex that will not pardon, when they think themselves neglected. They are proper to discover Things one would know, and to say them when one would have them published; and likewise, they as much penetrate into the Secrets of Hearts, as the most refined and spiritualest Courtiers: Further, there are many of them that can conceal nothing, but what they do not know.

I frequent not the Monks, but when necessitated. If I see them, it is to seem devout, upon Design of being introduced by them into the House of a Minister of State, when I teach his Son the Greek Language.

We

We must not expect to find here the great Tranquillity which is at *Constantinople*. The Town is so full of Coaches, of Horses and Waggons, that the Noise surpasses Imagination. Thou wilt certainly find it strange, that Men who are in Health, and have no sore Legs, should cause themselves to be drawn in an Engine with four Wheels: But I more wonder to see the same Men can resolve to suffer the Inconveniency of the Noise, and of the Expence which they throw away out of Vanity. The more moderate *French*, which do not approve of this Luxury, say, That in the Time of *Henry III.* there were but Three Coaches in *Paris*, whereof Two were the King's: But the Number is now so great, that they are not to be counted.

I can tell thee no more of the Genius of the *French*, thou knowest it perfectly. There is in all their Actions, a Spirit very delicate, and an Activity like that of Fire.

It seems as if none but they knew the short Duration of Man's Life; they do every Thing with so much Haste, as if they had but one Day to live: If they go on Foot, they run; if they ride, they fly; and if they speak, they eat up half their Words. They love new Inventions passionately. I can say nothing certain of their Fidelity, tho' methinks we might suspect such, who do not read as they write, nor write as they speak. They love Monies, which they look upon as the first Matter, and second Cause of all Things: They well nigh adore it, and that is the original Sin of all Nations.

Paris ought to be destroyed, to enrich many Cities in *Europe*: Whence thou mayest comprehend her Greatness, her Traffick, how rich she is, and how all Sorts of Arts do flourish in her.

The *French* Nobility is always ready to get on Horseback at their King's Commands: And they love War so well, that it is to be supposed, we should have enough to do with them, if we were as near them as the *Spaniards*, and they did not want Infantry.

I shall hereafter observe every Circumstance with so much Care, as well in this Kingdom as elsewhere, that nothing shall escape me. In the mean Time, I shall endeavour

endeavour to get Acquaintance ; but shall want more Money than is allowed me to answer what is expected from me. Two Chequins a Day are more than enough to support a Man that will live like a Cynick, but not sufficient to introduce me into their Houses, to dive into their Secrets, and enable me to discover the Affairs of most Importance, according to my Commission, so that thou must assist me to obtain more.

I hope to succeed in my Employment, if thou dost not refuse me thy Assistance, finding no Difficulty in the Execution of my Orders, but the Necessity of Lying, when I pass for a *Christian*. I fancy I see *Mahomet* in a Rage, and believe my Soul lost ; though I am from my Heart more faithful in my Religion, than all the *Mahometants* put together. Seeing I am resolved to do a Thing to which I have so much Aversion, thou mayest be assured, I will bear all the Evil imaginable that can happen to me with Firmness, though in all appearance I ought to hope nothing but good.

Deliver, I beseech thee, this enclosed Letter into the Hands of the most Venerable Mufti, and exhort from him, if possible, a Solution of my Doubts. There is nothing that touches me nearer than what regards my Religion, and with my Religion the Service of my Emperor.

Paris, 15th of the 11th Moon,
of the Year 1637.

L E T T E R IX.

To the Mufti, Prince of the Religion of the
Turks.

I Will die a true *Mussulman*, though I should see all the Crosses of the *Carthaginians* set up for my Punishment, and had before mine Eyes all the Instruments of the most cruel Tortures, that the Enemies of our holy Religion could invent. But, seeing there is no question at present of dying, but of living to serve my
Emperor

Emperor, I beg of thee, Sovereign Prelate, that thou wilt be pleased to conserve my Innocence, in giving me an ample Absolution, or in imposing a Penance that may cancel all my Crimes.

Paris hath always been the Residence of the Kings of *France*, whence it is, that the Exercise of no other Religion but the *Christian* is suffered there; and those who acknowledge the Bishop of *Rome* for their Head, have the Principal Management of the Affairs of Religion, and it is with these that the Rites of the *Latin Church* are most strictly observed.

I live here in Appearance, as if I were a *Christian* and a *Catholic*. I enter into their Churches, assist at their Ceremonies, kneel before the Cross; and I appear with great Devotion and Humility before the Images, which are had here in Veneration.

I know well enough (if the Life which I lead be not permitted me, as advantageous to the Affairs of State, and the Person of the *Grand Signior*) that I commit Sacrilege, acting as I do, contrary to the Precepts of *Mahomet*, expressed in his *Alcoran*.

I am guilty of violating the Law which is prescribed me, and deserve Death, if thou dost not, by approving this Life I am obliged to lead, assure me of both my Salvation and Life. It is true, thou hast already given me Absolution from all the false Oaths I shall be necessitated to take, when they are for the Service of my Master; but I am not assured this Absolution extends far enough to secure my Conscience, when I abuse holy Things.

It is thy Province to decide this Point, which is of such Importance to my Repose, which makes me expect thy Resolves with Impatience; if thou thinkest a faithful *Mussulman*, who conserves his Religion in his Heart, and lives as I do, among the Enemies of the Law, worthy this Grace.

The Interest of my Conscience obliges me to demand after what Manner I ought to govern my self, when I see them, who are effectively what I seem to be, practise the same Acts of Religion

The

The *French* will in a little Time celebrate their Carnival, or Shrove-tide. As soon as it is done, the Catholics think of Fasting, having first assisted at a Ceremony, where Ashes are put upon their Foreheads, to make them remember they were formed out of the Dust, and shall return to Dust again. It is at this Time they go to hear Sermons, their Priests explaining that which they call the Gospel, and frequent the Church more than ordinary. They apply themselves oftener to Works of Piety; and having purged their Consciences by Penances, and secret Confessions, which one Man makes to another, they eat of a certain Bread, which they call the Sacrament of the Eucharist, where after certain Words pronounced by their Priest, they will have the Body of their *Messiah* to be really present under those apparent Species.

This Ceremony is an Obligation that good *Christians* cannot dispense with, it being ordained by their Law and by their great Prelate, the Bishop of *Rome*. They commonly call it Confession, and Communicating, and keeping *Easter*. Ought I to hazard myself in committing so horrid a Sacrilege, and tempt, as I may say, God by so great a Superstition, and so irritate our great Prophet? It may be said, perhaps, that many *Jews* have done the same Thing, and do it every Day, to preserve themselves more securely: But how many of them have been chastized by visible Miracles from Heaven, and undergone terrible Punishments by the Ordinances of their Judges?

All these Reflections trouble my Spirits, O Holy Patriarch of the most divine Law. I do not think it lawful to mock the Mysteries of any Religion whatsoever, The God of the *Christians* is the same that we adore; but their Religion is quite opposite to ours: There is a great Difference betwixt their *Jesus* Crucified, with all the Ignominies possible, as these Infidels do believe, and a *Mahomet* Immortal and Triumphant, a great Legislator, and the Angular Stone of the first Empire of the World.

Give

Give me then positive Orders, to the End I may be eased of my Scruples, and may believe that what thou permittest may be the Effect of thy Justice, and not of a Toleration, which may be pernicious to me.

It is true, I may wave all these Things in feigning to have done them; but it will be more Advantageous for my Affairs, not to exempt my self, if that may be without a Crime.

Teach then a most obedient Slave what thou shalt believe most conducive to the Glory of God, and most profitable for the Service of our Sovereign Lord. I do not send thee my Doubts to puzzle thee, but to draw from thy great and sublime Genius such Lights as may dissipate the Darknes I live in.

This done, Sovereign Prelate, remember thy humble Servant, and pray our Holy Prophet, that he will keep me from perishing.

Paris, 15th of the 11th Moon,
of the Year 1637.

LETTER X.

To the Kaimacham.

I Received from thy Hand the first Dispatch that has been address'd to me from the Sublime *Porte*, and I received it the Beginning of the Year, according to the Moons of these Infidels. The Date is of the Month Mielidge. Thou orderest me to write to thee of Two Things, and to do Three. Thou wilt first know, If this King be aged, and of perfect Health; and afterwards, If there be any Hopes that the Queen may have Children. Thou wouldest also have me send his Highness the Pictures of the King, the Cardinal of *Richieu*, and the eldest Son of the Prince of *Conde*.

As thou art one of the principal Supports of the Power of the Sublime *Porte*, elevated above all the Thrones of the World (after the Vizir *Azem*, whose Orders are the

the Rule of the Universe, Minister and first Slave of the happy Emperor of the *Ottomans*) I ought to do what thou commandest me.

I tell thee then, I have seen this King thrice, nor doth he appear by his Countenance, by his Hair, or by his Shape, to be yet old; neither would it be easy to divide the Number of his Years, if he were ignorant of the Day of his Birth: but it is known to every Body, that this Prince was born the 27th of the 9th Moon of the Year 1601, according to the Style of the *Christians*.

By this thou mayest justly calculate the Age of this Monarch, who, though he is in his Flower, seems fading, because he hath as yet given no Heir to His Kingdom; besides, his Years being near forty surpass that of a young Man; and it is observed, That few Princes arrive to a great Age.

The Queen may still lie in, if she proves with Child, which if it should happen, after 23 Years of Barrenness, it is certain, a Fruit, which hath been so long in Ripening, will give an ample Subject of Reason to the Astrologers of *Europe*.

For my Part, I fancy this King will scarce become a Father, unless he repudiate this Wife, and marry another.

It is not permitted to be inquisitive into the Cause of this Sterility. Hereby thou seest the Weakness of those *Christian* Princes, who are subject to the Laws of *Rome*, which think it a Crime to give themselves Heirs that are not born of lawful Wedlock; though it often happens, that, when such are wanting, this Kingdom is exposed to Ruin, by the Dissensions and Civil Wars, which on these Occasions are always inevitable.

The most High, who has always protected the Grandeur of the *Ottoman* Empire, hath left the Infidels in these Errors, to the End, that He might give our most mighty Monarch, who is the Avenger of the Divine Unity, an Eminence, Superior to that of all Kings, who are his Slaves; and, at the same Time, made him Holy above all the Saints in the World; and permitted

us to have Children, that may succeed us, from as many Wives as we can entertain, the Children of true Believers being alway Legitimates.

I humbly beg Pardon, I forgot I spoke to thee, who art Wisdom itself, and to whom no Secrets of the Law or State are unknown.

I will send to Carcoa at Vienna, the Pictures of the King, of the Prince of Conde's Son, and of the Cardinal Richlieu, according to the Orders I received from thee, and they shall be dispatched in little Time : I would to Heaven I could as easily send thee the Originals ; should at one Stroke disarm this Kingdom, which would thereby be suddenly involved in Fire and Blood.

The Habit I wear, and the Manner after which I live, have already gained me many Friends. I find Means to go once a Week to Court. My Deformity protects me against the Jealousies of Husbands. Some People take me for a wise Man, and discourse confidently in my Presence of Politicks and Affairs of State ; neither do I neglect the making use of every thing, which may be advantageous to me in my Ministry. Thus, in doing a Thing for the which I have much Aversion, I compass all I desire ; and I assure thee upon my Faith, if thou wilt continue to protect me, and assist me with thy Counsels, I will do somewhat extraordinary.

I supplicate the Great God to give a perpetual Health to thy Body, and make thy Soul enjoy upon Earth, and in Heaven, the Felicity of the Blessed.

Paris, 1st of the 1st Moon,
of the Year 1638.

LETTER XI.

To Bedredin, Superior of the Convent of Der-
vises of Cogni, in Natolia.

I Write to thee, who art Venerable by thy Age, and so many long Voyages, which thou hast made. Thou who hast been so many times on Pilgrimage to Arabia, Tartary,

ary, Persia, and the Indies, always barefoot, and digging out of pure Devotion to the Saint of Saints, our great Prophet *Mahomet*.

I address this Letter to thee: Thee, who bearest the scars of 25 great Wounds: Thee, who hast prayed 59 Times in the sacred Porch, and adored the Holy Mysteries in the most retired Sanctuary of *Mecha*, and hast lived more than 70 Years of Religion amongst the *Derwises*, where thy Merit caused thee to be elected Superior of the Convent in *Natolia*.

Thou knowest well that I serve him, who is Arbitrator of the Destiny of the Universe, I mean the Sultan, Sovereign of the World. Learn what I heard here from the Mouth of *Christians*, and pardon me, if I have not sufficiently answered them; but do not accuse me to have deserved Death, for having seemingly cursed our Holy Law, and him that gave it us; and

I have seemed to reject his Successors, *Ali*, *Osman*, and *Omar*, it was expedient that I should commit some evil, not to lose the Opportunity of doing much Good.

Thou knowest well I am destined to serve; and that being absolved from all the Perjuries I shall commit, I may transgress the Law by being permitted to lye: That suffices. Read my Letter, and learn how far their Malice does extend, who are Enemies to our Religion.

To instruct thee better in what has happened to me, I must tell thee, That amongst those Infidels there is an Order of Religious much in vogue, called The Company of JESUS: Wherein there is an infinite Company of Men, some more able than others in all Sorts of Sciences, Sacred and Prophane; and, according to appearance, ought to be very recommendable for the Honeliness of their Manners.

These Religious, who are ordinarily called *Jesuits*, have the Education of the Youth almost in all the Cities in *Europe*, as well as in the *Indies*; and many excellent Wits are brought up in the Seminaries they have established. When they preach, the People crowd to

to their Sermons. They are the Confessors of almost all the Princes and Monarchs of *Christendom*, who discover to them their Weaknesses, their Sins, and the Vices whereunto they are inclined; and receive from them upon their Knees, like Slaves, such Penance as they think fit to impose on them.

A May may say of them, That being Dispensers of Penances, they are also the Masters of Recompences. They are habited in a long Vest of black Wool, which descends to their Heels. They go not barefoot, but their Vestments are simple. They observe great Modesty in all their Actions; they march with Gravity, never go alone, and suffer not their Beards to grow. They apply themselves to edify the Good, and to correct the Bad.

The Founder of this Order was a Soldier, called *Ignatius*. The *Spaniards* will have him to have been of their Nation: and the *French* affirm, that he is of that Part of *Navarre*, which is subject to the Crown of *France*. If thou wouldest have me to speak the Truth, I think this Founder was a good Man, seeing all his Disciples are Men of good Example, of great Modesty in their Actions, and very discreet in all their Undertakings.

This *Ignatius* began to study the Grammar in his 37th Year, which would make one believe, he took less Pains to become a Saint than a Scholar. His Enemies call his Disciples, The Politicians of the Church; and I, on the contrary, call them The Camels of *Esau*: because in bearing the Burthen of the Affairs of their Religion, they are loaded more than others, and forced to couch under their Burthens. There is one Thing seems strange in them, to wit, That they should Name themselves, The Religious of the Society of JESUS; as if they had a Design to distinguish themselves from other *Christians*, and that this Title, which is particular to them, ought not only to agree to all the other Religious, but to all the Followers of the NAZARITE.

If they follow the Precepts of their Father *Ignatius*, thou must needs approve their Way of Living. He has taught no other Way than that of Obedience to those that profess his Order. He ordains, That, those who enter into this Society do abandon themselves to the Discretion of their Superiors: And they affirm, that if the Pope commands them to pass the Sea in a Vessel without Oars, without Sails, and without a Rudder, they would obey, and must pass. And some having reproached them that there was Folly in such blind Obedience; They answer, That Wisdom ought to be observed in the Commandments, and that it ought not to be searched in Obedience. Make Reflections upon this Sentence, which is comfortable to our Laws.

To inform thee of the Power and Greatness of this Order, it suffices to tell thee, that during Sixteen Years that this Soldier governed it, he saw an hundred Colleges in *Italy*, in *Germany*, in *France*, and in *Spain*; and that in *Rome*, which was founded by *Borgia*, hath been, as may be said, the Parent of all the rest. Judge hereby the Number of their Houses and Disciples.

Having one Day met with one of the Society who understood the *Oriental* Languages; and who conversing with me, did not believe he discoursed with a *Mussulman*; I heard him vomit injurious, and fearful imprecations against *Mahomet*, against his Law, and against all true Believers. I have so much Horror to write to thee all he said, that I will tell thee but some few of them; and the rather to divert thee by the Knowledge of the Errors of our Enemies; and also that thou mayest not be afflicted at some Things not very reasonable, which are observed in many of the Precepts of the Law, which we allow. Let this be said, as if I had not spoken it, seeing I pour frankly the Secrets of my Heart into thy Bosom; no ways doubting, but thou knowest to be silent in what may cause my Death. This *Jesuit* maintains, That the *Mussulmans* are not wise in following the Precepts of a

Drunkard, who forbad drinking of Wine, and committed Excesses himself, when he thought he was unobserved. He maintains further, That it is foolish to give credit to such a Fellow, who makes a Paradise to consist of beautiful Women, where one may abandon himself to all sorts of Pleasure and Debauchery; and that he hath not foreseen a Hell, where he, and all his Followers, ought to suffer the Pains due to their Crimes. He adds further, That one must be very foolish to adore a Blasphemer, who hath commanded his Law should be maintained by the Sword, when it could not be supported by Reason.

The Father did not leave off so; he said, That seeing the *Alcoran* is filled with Dreams, with Beastialities, with Blasphemies and Impurities, the *Mufti's*, and Doctors and Interpreters of this Law, must be in a great Blindness, not to condemn a Possessed, an Enchanter, who gives for the Precepts of his Religion the committing of Violence, Robberies, and all that may satisfy the most irregular Appetites. What extravagancy, urged he, to adore the Hell of so vile a Slave as *Mahomet*, and to believe, upon his Report, that *Jacob's* Father was his Porter, to deify his Camel, and to place it in Heaven? He adds further, that there is nothing so absurd as to command the *Turks* to wash their Bodies, when their Souls are defiled with Filth, to give them at the same time Charity by Precept, and to command them Robberies by Devotion. It seems also to him foolish, to believe that *Mahomet* is the only true Prophet, the only agreeable Person to God; and to swear afterwards by 124000 Prophets. He still entertains me with this sort of Discourse.

But all this (O great *Dervise*) is nothing; he vomits yet this damnable Herefy. That the wickedest Wretches, and the most detestable that ever lived, were *Judas*, *Mahomet*, and *Luther*; That these two last as most impious are the more tormented in Hell. *Judas*, he said, suffered less Pains, because, if he betrayed his Lord, he was one of the Instruments of the Redemption of all Mankind; whereas the others in dam-

ing

ing themselves damned also an infinite Number of other People. This *Jesuit* would have continued his Blasphemies, if Cardinal *Richlieu*, in whose Anti-Chamber we were, had not come out of his Closet to go to the King.

I had been silent all this while, because he gave me not a Moment's liberty to speak. At length he asked me at parting, If I was not of his Sentiments? And I answered precisely thus; My Father, If thou art a good Man, I approve what thou sayest, because thou speakest out of true Zeal; but, if thou beest a Hypocrite, I disapprove all; because thou shalt be damned with *Mahomet* and all the *Mussulmans*.

The *Jesuit* smiled, not comprehending the Venom which lay hid in my Answer. But dost thou not believe, thou, who art a *Dervise*, the most illuminated, That a Man, of what Religion soever he be, provided he be a good Man, may be happy after his Death? Tell me, I pray thee, thy Opinion herein; it is a Point very important to be decided.

As for me, I begin really to think, That there may be Saints among the *Christians*, as there are amongst Us. I have seen and understand many Things that denote true Piety in some of them; and we must acknowledge, that the Precepts of their Law have somewhat of Just; and if they be well observed, they seem no less holy to me than our own. They have one Article that puzzles me; They affirm, that there is but one Truth, so that we are lost, if we are not *Christians*, or they are damned, if they are not *Mahometans*.

And this is what I had to say to thee in this Matter; but I shall not end this Discourse without some violent Scruples of Conscience. Pray the Great God with me, That he will illuminate my Understanding with inward Lights, until the Man promised by our Holy Prophet, the Man, I say, who ought to be born of his Race, be descended upon the Earth; who is to see all Kings humbled in his Presence, and to unite with *Jesus* the two Religions, that they may make but one.

In the mean time, let us live as honest Men, who have Sin in Horror, like the Plague, which poisons the Soul; and apply our selves, as much as in us lies, to what is truly Good; and above all Things, let us carefully observe this Precept, writ in the Book of their Law, but is not always imprinted in their Hearts; *Never do to others, no not to thy Enemies, that which thou wouldest not have done to thy self.* A Duke of Guise gave an Example of this to all France; and it is what thou oughtest to preach in the vast Empire of the *Mussulmans*. This Prince surprized a Villain that would have assassinated him, who confessed that the Interest of his Religion (which was that of *Calvin*) had obliged him to form a Design to take him away, to deliver himself and those of his Party from so great an Enemy. The Duke, instead of causing him to suffer the Pains due to so black an Enterprize, pardoned him, contenting himself to tell him, *Friend, If thy Religion obliged thee to kill me, without hearing me; my Religion obliges me to give thee thy Life and Liberty now I have heard thee: Go thy ways and amend thyself.* This Prince was then General of *Charles IX's* Army.

Sage *Bedreden*, our *Mahomet* never shewed such generous Sentiments, when he prescribed in his Law this Precept against *Cbristians*, that had never offended him, *When you encounter the Infidels kill them, and cut off their Heads, imprison them, and keep them in Chains, until they have paid their Ransoms, or untill you find it requisite to set them at Liberty. Persecute them until they have all submitted, or are intirely overthrown.*

Observe in this Letter what may be of Use to thee, Pardon by Friendship the frank Manner of Writing, and remember *Mahmut* in thy Prayers, who personates a *Christian*, and is in his Heart a most faithful *Mussulman*. If it be in thy Power to succour me, never do me any Injury. God protect and govern thy great Age to the last Moment.

Paris, 28th of the 2d Moon,
of the Year 1638.

LETTER

LETTER XII.

To Chirurgi Muhammet, *Bassa*.

THE Queen is with Child, when least expected, which occasions much Joy at Court, especially to the King; who after so many Years of Marriage will become a Father.

Thou who hast applied thy self so long to the Studies of Astrology in the Schools of *Egypt*, yet makest Professions of this Divine Art, which discovers thee Things the most hidden to thee; who readeest so learnedly in the Book of Heaven, whatever the Stars have traced there; who hast found the Moment of their Rising and Disappearing, with the Intervals betwixt these two Times, and the Causes which render their Motion quicker or slower; thou who penetratest into the most hidden Secrets of Men, and knowest the Seasons of Famine, of Shipwrecks, of Victories, and Loss of Battle: Divine in God's Name, great Interpreter of the Secrets of Nature, wiser than *Albumazar* and *Ptolemy*, what will become of this Impregnation; and whether it be true, that this Child, that is to be born, has been more than 270 Moons in forming.

If thou believest what I writ last to thee to be impossible, say nothing of it; it would be no Credit to me to pass for the Author of a Novel, that has no Grounds of Truth.

The City of *Paris* is in an inconceivable Joy; and this Joy is spread all over *France*. Thou mayest perceive by that the Passion of this People to see their King a Father. It is true, they have much to hope by it; but it is as certain, they have yet much to apprehend, seeing all their Hopes vanish in an Instant.

Nature uses all her Power when she forms a Man, the most perfect of all Creatures. But there needs but a slight Fall to destroy the Workmanship before it is finished, as well as after.

I have heard a great many People question much the Sex and Life of that which will be born.

All the Conversation at the Court of *Paris*, and in all the Kingdom, is no more of Wars, of Leagues, of Peace, or Naval Preparations; they all rowl upon the bringing to Bed of Women.

There will be other Reasoning in some small Time in *Chriffendom*, and even amongst us, if the Queen do not miscarry; *France* being no less considerable amongst other Kingdoms, than the *Bourbons* are amongst Men. *Henry IV.* who introduced the Crown into this Branch of the Family, was a Prince very brave; and if we live long enough to see his Grand-Children, we shall see, whether they will have as much Courage, as the Chief of their Family.

As for thee, thou wilt have wherewith to divert thee, and exercise thy Talents, if this Queen be brought to bed happily of a Prince. I shall in the mean time be very exact to mark, not only the Days and Hours, but the least Minutes; to the End thou mayest know, by the Situation of the Planets, which ordinarily regulate the Inclinations of Men, in what Manner a Prince, so long expected, will regulate his Affairs, and consequently those of others.

It is a great while since we have had any Commerce here with the Sun, there being Forty nine Days since this beauteous Planet appeared to us; and the Cold is so violent, that it has changed (as I may say) the Waters of the *Siene*, a large River, into Crystal. Do not look upon these Effects as extraordinary; it happens here frequent enough; for, when the Days are shortest, the Cold is most intense. Thou knowest, that this Climate is very inconstant. I have often seen, in a little Space of Time, Rain, Hail, Snow, and terrible Winds; and presently after the Air becoming fair and serene. This inconstancy of the Climate has its Advantages: for, if the Fair Weather do not last long, the Foul is also of less Duration.

Fail not, upon the Receipt of my Letter, to communicate the News I send thee to the Grand Vizir, without

out telling him the Reflections which I make. They are of no Use to such great Ministers; particularly by us, who are, in comparifon of them, but vile Slaves, always fubject to the Sentences they pronounce of us.

Love me, and confult the Stars to know whether thou wilt be always faithful to me; and if it be by Force or Inclination.

As for myfelf, I affure thee, that following the Inclination of my Heart, I will conferve thee that Fidelity which I owe by Obligation.

Paris, 28th of the 2d Moon,
of the Year 1638.

LETTER XII I.

To Carcoa at Vienna.

THE *Kaimacham* commands me forthwith to fend the Picture of the King of *Franco*, the Eldest Son of the Prince of *Conde*, and of the Cardinal *Rich-lieu*. I caufed them fuddenly to be copied from the Originals by an *Italian* Painter, who paffes for one of the beft of thefe Times.

Thefe three Heads are the principal of *France*, if not of all *Europe*: The Firft, by reason of a great and potent Kingdom, which is this Day more flourishing than all Others: The Second, by reason of his Nobility or Royal Blood, and by his extraordinary Courage. And the Third, by a wife Conduct in a Miniftry full of Difficulties; being, as it were, the abfolute Mafter of Difgraces and Recompences.

As foon as thefe Picture are delivered to thee, whole and well conditioned, pay the Exprefs I difpatched to thee the Sum contained in the Bills, which he will prefent to thee from me. That done, fend the Packet to *Constantinople*, without lofs of Time, and addrefs it to the *Kaimacham*,

I beseech thee order the Business of my Pension so, that I shall not need to desire the Payment of it. Send, me presently what is ordered me for my Subsistence. Nothing in the World appears so terrible to me, as to be obliged to ask.

I have only Monies for six Days, though I should eat nothing but raw Herbs and Water. Both cost Money here; And every Thing is sold very dear, except Civilities and obliging Terms, which you have for nothing, and whereof they are very liberal. I must live, I must have Cloaths, and go to Court; for all which there must be Bread, Cloth or Serges, and Coach-hire.

Thou knowest at present my Wants, suffer me not to languish with Expectation. Thou wilt injure the Emperor and not *Mahmut*, if thou dost not readily assist his Slave.

The Great God preserve thy Life, if thou dost not forget me; and give thee Grace to be Sober, in a Country where People do not always drink Wine to quench their Thirst.

Paris, 28th of the 3d Moon,
of the Year, 1638.

LETTER XIV.

To William Vospel, a Christian of Austria.

I Am obliged to thee for the Confidence thou hast in me in declaring to me thy Losses. Another would have rejoiced in hearing of thy Two Adventures: But as I do not believe it is a great Evil to lose a Wife, so I cannot think it is a considerable Good to turn Monk. It is impossible for me to forbear telling thee, That I find thy Resolution too sudden to approve of it. Thou art not the Cause of the Loss thou hast suffered, and yet retirest into a Convent to do Penance, as if thou hadst committed a Crime.

In

Is it necessary thou torment thy Body for the death of a Wife, if thou hast not murdered her? If thou didst love her, because she was discreet, it is not impossible to find another as prudent. If her Beauty charmed thee, there are enough that may please; but if thou wert weary of being a Husband, why art thou then of being a Widower? Tell me, What wilt thou do at present in the Convent thou art shut up in? The *Carmelites* are wise indeed, but know not all Things. It is true, they are very devout, but not exempted from Sin: Finally, they are Men, and too austere. How canst thou so suddenly accustom thy self to that kind of Life thou hast chosen, and become at once chaste and sober? As for me, who am no *Christian* as thou art, and more restrained in my Pleasures than thou hast hitherto been, I cannot understand what I see in that Order thou art entered into: Neither can I figure to my self, how a Man bare-footed, with a Shirt covered with a coarse Habit of Wool, who is no Master of Crowns, and who hath no Armies, should absolutely command, not only another Man, but many, who obey blindly what he requires of them.

To live well in thy Order, thou must fast; the least Faults are not pardoned; thou must receive Offences with Thanks: Finally, the Combat is assured and constant, and there is but little Certitude of the Crown which ought to be the Reward. Thy greatest Friend is obliged to betray thee, and thou wilt be deprived (as it may be said) of the Elements, to make thee desire the use of the Water, Air, Earth, and Fire. I cannot persuade my self, that there are so many Things required to make a Saint; for when thou lovest God, as much as it is in thy Power to do, and passest every Day, as if it were thy last, I believe thou wilt live and die a just Man. Return me an Answer, and let me know, if what I write to thee be conformable to right Reason; or that I am deceived in my Opinion. The Friendship I have for thee obliges me to write as I do, and to tell thee all I think that regards thee, because after thou hast taken thy last Resolution, I would

rather see thee suffer with Constance all the Evils imaginable, than to see thee change with Confusion. There are many who have abandoned with Shame the Places which they entered in Triumph; and how many have been pushed by their Despair to commit Follies which seemed Actions of Piety, which they had never undertaken in their right Wits.

We see in our Histories, that many great Men have caused themselves to be circumcised, thereby to have Commerce with the *Jews*, and be instructed in their Doctrine, finding their ancient Temple magnificent, venerable, holy, and full of Majesty. We also read, That *Pythagoras* cloathed himself in White, and stayed sometime amongst the Solitaries of Mount *Carmel*, to learn the Mysteries of their Religion. His Curiosity was the Occasion of this Great Man's Voyage, as their Ignorance had caused the same Design in others. It is not the Desire to be instructed which made thee enter into the Convent; the Affliction for the Loss thou hast suffered made thee take this Resolution. Take heed of quitting it by a Repentance, which would prove an Excess of Folly. The *Jews* are at present Vagabonds, without Law, without a Kingdom, without Altars; and, according to the *Alcoran*, they will be metamorphosed into Asses, to carry the Souls of the wicked *Mahometans* into Hell. Who knows what will become of the *Carmelites*? They say, *Elias* is not dead, but is to return to the Earth, to combat those Men who shall rise to trouble the World about the establishing a New Religion. Stay still where thou art, or return presently from whence thou camest; lest, after too long a Stay, to come out in Form, thou commit a Fault, that God will not easily pardon; which will doubtless happen, if thou perswade thy self, that thou canst not find the Way to Heaven, but out of the Noise of the World.

If thou dost not find I advise thee well, do thou better; but, above all things, govern thy self so, that God may not reproach thee one Day, That a *Moldavian* gave thee good Advice, and thou didst neglect it.

The

The worst of *Turks* might give the same Advice that I do, as a good *Christian*; and it would be no surprizing Thing, if thou receivest better from a *Mahometan*. These Barbarians are sufficiently instructed in Morality to teach others that which they do not always practise themselves. Virtue and Truth are respected every where. Turn thee from *East* to *West*, from the *South* to the *North*, thou wilt find on all sides impious Men, who blaspheme against the Deity; but true Virtue has that of singular, That she is always respected, and even by the most Profligate.

Consult once again thy Forces and thy Courage, and take a better Resolution, if thou art not yet well fixed in thy first. *Titus* salutes thee out of this World; and prays Heaven to give thee the Pleasures of the happy in thy Solitude, if thou beest no Hypocrite, and if thou hast not yet repented of the Resolution thou hast taken.

Paris, 28th of the 3d Moon,
of the Year 1638.

LETTER XV.

To Ibrahim, who renounced the Christian Religion.

THOU hast renounced thy Religion, either to save thy Life, or for some other Consideration. I do not say this to make thee scrupulous, but in Quality of Resident in this Kingdom, to serve here the Sultan Emperor of both Seas, and of the Two Parts of the Earth, Distributor of all Crowns; the Grandeur of whose Majesty, I beg of God, may last 'till the Day of Universal Judgment. I advise thee to take heed, not to sollicite those Infidels, whose Religion thou hast abandoned, to run the same Course that thou hast done.

Thou

Thou hast written to thy Brother, that he is become a Beggar, because he renounces his God a thousand times at Play; and that thou art at present very rich, for having renounced him but once, and by that thou exhorteest him to turn *Mussulman*.

I thought good to write to thee, That Souls are not to be gained with a Letter and a scurvy Jest. Think of becoming a good Man after thy Change of Religions, and give no Occasion to the *Marseillians* to say, That thou art infamous, because thou hast renounced thy Faith, and that we are all damned, because we are *Mahometans*. If thou dost not approve the Advice I give, I shall be obliged to acquaint the *Porte* with what shall come to my Knowledge; which I shall do with Regret, because thou mayest suffer by it.

The Great God make thee rather Wise than Fortunate.
Paris, 28th of the 3d Moon,
of the Year 1638.

LETTER XVI.

To Dicheu Houssein, *Bassa*.

AS the Knowledge which I shall have of Affairs will augment daily, so I shall have the more Matter to write; and will omit no Occasion to remark what occurs, which I will not fail immediately to communicate. Thou, who with great Application observeest what passeth amongst Men, and art desirous of knowing the most secret Transactions of Potentates; thou mayest observe, That there are more violent Enmities betwixt the *Christian* Princes of *Europe*, than all the other Princes of the World.

I cannot comprehend whence it is, that these Infidels cannot live in Peace; and, perhaps, they do not comprehend it themselves. It seems a Decree of Heaven, That Man ought to be contrary to Man, and that

that whilst there are Kingdoms there will be Wars and Enmities.

The Wars, which are carried on at present in *Alsace*, look as if they would last long. The Death of *Gustavus Adolphus*, King of *Sweden*, the second Scourge of the Imperialists, who was slain six Years since, did not terminate the Differences of *Germany*; they are greater than ever; and there appears in the new Generals of the Armies vaster Designs than those in their Predecessors. Perhaps they will revenge the Death of *Gustavus*, who was killed, not as the *Christians* affirm; but by one of the forty *Germans* who had bound themselves by Oath never to quit their Swords before they had slain him, as the *Turkish* Historians do write.

Duke *Barnard Weymar*, of no less Valour than *Gustavus*, commands the rest of the *Swedish* Army, with a good Number of *French* Troops, and many *Christian* Hereticks of *Germany*. Victory attends the Arms of this General; and the Princes, which are united for Defence of the Empire, begin to apprehend a Captain, who observes less the Rules of War, than the Emotions of this Valour, and whom they perceive seconded by Fortune. But he doth not consider, That in weakening an Emperor, he doth augment the Force of a King, who will enjoy the Fruits of his Labours, and suppress him in spite of his Bravery when he pleases. In the mean Time, I am of Opinion, That it is our Interest, that *Weymar* be always victorious. It may be said of him, That he had sold to *France* all but his Glory, having reserved nothing for himself but Hope.

All that this Duke can conquer from the *Germans* is for the *French* King, who furnishes him with Troops, with Arms, and with Money, besides wise Advice. Cardinal *Richlieu*, who is an able Statesman, fails not to persuade his Master, that the Places which *Weymar* shall take in the Empire, with the Army which he commands, are the Effects of his Counsels, and his Majesty's Money. The *French* begin to preserve their Conquests, and know how to defend the Places which are subject to their Power.

The

This Prince made Acquisitions, which are in Truth of more Importance, than they seem considerable for their Greatness. He took *Rhindfeld* almost as soon as he had besieged it. The Place was strong seated near the *Black Forest*, where the Garrison was furnished with Abundance of all Sorts of Ammunition.

John de Wert, General of the Imperial Army; had relieved it with nine Regiments of Horse, and 5000 Foot. He defeated *Weymar's* Horse, took Part of his Baggage and Artillery. The Duke of *Roban*, a great Captain, and great Statesman, was hurt, and taken fighting; and the City relieved with Men, Ammunition, and Victuals, which rendered the Taking of it more glorious.

They Write, That two Imperial Generals, the said *John de Wert*, which had succoured *Rhindfeld Enbenfort*, as also Duke *Sawelli*, had been taken in a Combat which preceded the Rendition of the Place, besides 30 Cornets, and 19 Foot Captains. These Spoils were gained by the Blood of the *Swedese*, and sent to the *French King*; who, after he had caused them to march through all the Streets of this great City, commanded them to be hung up in the principal Church, where I saw and considered them as Marks of the Triumphs of Policy. The Siege of this Place lasted but Eighteen Days.

The Duke of *Weymar*, after this Victory, marched into the Marquisate of *Durlach*, where he took the Castle of *Rotelen* defended by the King of *Hungary*; in which he found great Store of Provisions, and all Sorts of Ammunitions, which served greatly for the refreshing of his then needy Army.

In the mean Time, Duke *Sawelli* escaped out of Prison, and retired to *Luzerne* in *Switzerland*. The Officers that guarded him were accused of favouring his Escape, which cost them their Heads.

All I write to thee is most true, and thou mayest cause my Letters to be registered. God grant that *Brisac*, together with all *Alsatiã*, may fall into the *French Hands*, and that the Emperor of *Germany* be subjected

subjected to the Law of the *Osmans*, Thou seest the Time come, wherein the *French* make Conquests without being present at them. The King of this Nation appears not only happy, but is so in Reality; all Things succeeding that he undertakes. His Queen's being with Child and the Cardinal's Policy puzzle the *Spaniards*, and *Empire*, and *Italy* it self. What will happen none knows, but *God* and *Mahomet*. It is our Duty to humble our selves, and say what we see, and not to be so rash as to penetrate into the Future.

Do what thou canst by thy Intrigues to augment the *German* Losses, for the Reasons thou knowest; and particularly to facilitate the Sultan's Conquest in *Hungary*. Assist, in the mean Time, the poor and faithful *Mahmut*, not with the Sword that cuts every Thing, but by good Counsel, by which we ordinarily perceive the Re-union of what the Sword hath separated: And I will pray the most High, that all the Infidels bow the Knee before *Amurath*, and that all that breathe may enjoy their Lives, but by an effect of his Clemency.

Paris, 4th of the 10th Moon,
of the Year 1638.

LETTER XVII.

To Achmet Beig.

I Receive none of thy Letters; I receive none from the Divans; and I have none from any of my Friends. *Italy*, where there are so many People proper for War, that Province which hath commanded the World, is at this Time troubled by the Arms of *France*. The Pope and *Venetians*, who appear to have the principal Interest there, make no Advance to divert the Storm that threatens them. *Piedmont*, which belongs to the Duke of *Savoy*, begins to feel the Incommodities that War draws always with it. That State is in the midst of the *Spaniards* who attack it, and the *French* ruin it in defending it.

These

These last cannot abandon the Interest of the House of *Savoy*, the Duchess being their King's Sister, and her Children his Nephews. The *French* are already strong on that Side, having a great Garrison in *Pignerol*, a Place very considerable, which they call one of the Gates of *Italy*, whereof they have been Masters since the Year 1631; and their Power will much increase by the Accession of the Fort of *Breme*, which may be termed a Rampart, covering *Cazal* and *Vercelle*, and which also defends both *Montferrat* and *Piedmont*. The Marquis of *Leganez*, Governor of *Milan*, having rendered himself Master of the Field, had laid Siege to *Breme*; and Marshal *Crequi*, having in the Name of the King his Father, undertaken the Defence of the young Duke of *Savoy*, opposed the Design of the *Spaniards*. It is believed the War will be cruel in this Quarter, being these are very strong, and the other very expert.

Thou shalt know the Event. In the mean Time, all the Affairs of the *French* do not appear so Fortunate in *Italy*; and, at this Hour that I write to thee, the Court laments the Loss of the General that commanded their Armies in that Country.

There is certain News of the Death of Marshal *Crequi*, who was shot with a Canon Bullet through the Body, as he was going to view the *Spaniards* Works before *Breme*. This Loss was by so much the more sensible to the *French*, in that they saw their Enemies make such great Rejoicings at it.

All Men conclude, this *Crequi* was both a good Soldier, and a good Captain; a wise Man, and of excellent Conduct. He had acquired great Reputation for the King his Master in *Italy*. He slew Don *Philip*, Bastard of *Savoy*, who challenged him in the Sight of two Armies. He several Times defeated his Sovereign's Enemies in *Montferrat*, and in *Piedmont*, and beat back the Duke of *Feria* to the Gates of *Milan*.

There remains no more of this Great Man, who did so many brave Things, but the bare Remembrance of them.

Scarce

Scarce any Thing of his Body, save his Entrails, was left for his Soldiers to celebrate his Obsequies with. His Soul is before the Throne of God; his Friends honour his Memory with their Eulogies; his Kindred mourn for him; his Sovereign praises him, and his Soldiers crown his Tomb with Herbs and Flowers.

The *Italians* say highly upon this Occasion, That *Italy* has been fatal to the *French*, and that it will be so always. They affirm, That the Duke of *Savoy* will lose his Estate, if defeated by his Enemies, which he will likewise do by the Victory of his Friends. But these are the Conjectures and ordinary Reasonings of Men, which I write to thee, to the End thou mayest not only know what is done, but also the Discourses which are entertained upon the Events that happen. We shall shortly have News of the Siege of *Breme*; in the mean Time, it imports the *French* much, to conserve the Opinion had of their Valour and Goodness.

The Business in hand is to defend a Great and Illustrious House, which moreover pretends to the Sovereignty of the Kingdom of *Cyprus*, troubled by the Ambition of Kindred, and the Politicks of the *Spaniards*. These Engagements import much to Princes, who have as many Maxims as differing Interests; but we have nothing to do with the Differences of others.

May it please God, that our Affair be always attended with an Equality of good Luck for the Ruin of these Infidels. Be thou constant in the Friendship thou promisedest me, and always faithful to thy Friend, who recommends himself to thee, as the Law obliges thee to be to thy Sovereign.

Paris, 20th of the 4th Moon,
of the Year 1638.

LETTER

LETTER XVIII.

To Berber Mustapha, Aga.

I This Day entertained a Man which came from *Italy* and hath served in the *French* Troops. He gives this Account of the Death of *Marshal Crequi*.

The 17th of this Moon, this General having approached the Lines of the *Spaniards* to view their Works, and to fight them, in case he judged it expedient, a Cannon Bullet separated his Body in Two, and the Bullet being taken up, they were surprized to see a Cross graved upon it, about which were also engraved Letters, which made these two Words, *TO CREQUI*. This Bullet, the Cross, and the Letters, caused no less Astonishment, than the Death of this Captain did Sorrow : and every Man spoke his Sentiments of it.

Many treat the *Spaniards* as Magicians and Sorcerers. Those who are persuaded of the Power of Necromancy, affirm, That the Devil can carry a Bullet to the Place whither it is designed : Others are of a contrary Sentiment, and believe, there is no Power without the Commandment of the Great God. There are others, who believe neither Charms, nor Characters, nor Magic ; who, despising all these Superstitions, attribute all to Destiny ; and I believe the same. *Ahmet Celebi* explains this perfectly well in his Journal, which begins in the 1026th Year of our *Hegira* ; when he affirms, That all Things which pass here below are effected by the Orders of Heaven. ' We cannot doubt (says he) but the ' Events which we see are the Effects of the Will of ' God ; yet ye must believe, he suffers all Things to ' happen by Second Causes :'

Had not Sultan *Osman* irritated the *Janizaries* and *Spahis*, by throwing them into the River alive, when he ran disguised through the Streets of *Constantinople*, and found them drinking Wine in Taverns : And had he not published his Design of reforming his Militia, and

and transporting the Imperial Seat elsewhere, he had not perhaps been murdered with so much Ignominy.

God sent him a terrible Dream before his Death. He thought he saw our Great Prophet snatching the *Alcoran*, which he was then reading, out of his Hand, and taking from him by Force his Coat of Arms, and striking him down with such a great Box on the Ear, that he could not get up again. Thou knowest he consulted the Astrologers, and Interpreters of Dreams thereupon. They will not report what he, who was his Præceptor, said, for it was plain Flattery; but we saw, what was foretold by the Astrologers came punctually to pass. These had foretold, That the Emperor should never see the Feast of *Ramezan*; because the Star which presided at his Birth was much obscured in its Conjunction with the Planet that was then predominant; which made them affirm, he would die in a very little Time. The Ignominy, wherewith his Death was accompanied, was an Effect of Destiny; for never any of the *Osmons* suffered so much Shame. He had several Times seen the fatal Cord about his Neck without dying. A Soldier, in Charity, lent him his Handkerchief to cover his Head, which was without a Turbant.

He said, all in Tears, to his Murtherers, *Ye saw this Morning your Emperor upon the Throne, and this Evening you are for throwing him into a Dung-Cart, designed to carry Dirt into the Sea: You cannot live always, and God will require a Reason for this Cruelty.* Thou knowest his resisting of those that strangled him caused him to suffer much Pain. They took hold of him by the Secret Parts; and one of his Ears was cut off, and carried to the *Valide*, who expected the News of his Death. The Will of God appears in this Adventure; as also the Power of Second Causes. Thou mayest see all this in the Journal of *Abmet*. Had not Marshall *Crequi* been in the Wars, he had not perhaps ended his Days by a violent Death; and had he not been so rash as to approach too near to the Enemies Works, the fatal Bullet had not touched him.

We

We see hereby an Effect of God's Will accompanied with our Consent; because we search by our own Choice that which we might avoid.

In the mean time accuse me not of Ignorance or Superstition, if I have been long in entertaining thee upon a Matter in Action betwixt Man and the Devil. Thou knowest that by Magic Art we number the Twelve Spirits or Angels, which preside over each of the Signs of the Zodiack, which governs the Nations, People, and Cities committed to their Care. In like Manner, in the secret Cabala of the *Jews*, by the Twelve Anagrams of the Great Name of God, and according to the Colour of the Stone where these Anagrams were engraved, they judged the future; performing thereby Things very astonishing. They have subjected our Bodies to these twelve Signs, and divided them into twelve principal Members. But how many surprizing Things are done with the Number Seven, to which they have applied the Seven Planets; by Means whereof they discover the Secret of the good or evil Fortune of Men? Add to this the Invocation of Spirits, and the Power of Figures, of Words, of Herbs, of Writings, of holy Characters, and so many other Incantments, wherewith they consult the Black Angels; and thou wilt find that Men do many Wonders by this Art, which they cannot do without supernatural Assistance.

The little Bits of Paper, cut Triangular wise, which *Tockta Cham*, the King of *Persia's* General, caused to be thrown in the Night round about the *Imperial* Tent of the Great Vizir *Afis*, (in each of which there was a certain Word writ) wrought more considerable Effects, than the *Spaniard's* enchanted Bullet, which killed Marshal *Crequi*. The *Ottoman* Army revolted the Day following, as if possessed with Furies. The most seditious took and bound the Vizir, and made him raise the Siege of *Babylon*: And the King of *Persia*, who had already dismissed *Mustapha Aga*, our Envoy, with the Treaty, whereby he surrendered this Place, being advertised of the precipitate Retreat of our Army, caused

Mustapha

Mustapha to be called back, tearing the Treaty he had given him; and in his Presence bad him tell his General, He could not do so shameful an Action, as to surrender so important a Place to an Army that was running away.

Hast thou ever heard of any thing so strange? Read his *Abmet Celebi's* Book, and thou wilt see, that all these Prodigies arrived in one Day. The Historian makes no Judgment upon this Adventure, he only reports it; neither do I believe it was an Effect of the Enchantment of these Bits of Paper, and the Characters contained in them; because it is certain our Army was greatly pressed with Hunger. But in Effect, when *Mustapha*, all in Tears, reproached the Vizir, That if he had gained but two Days time, he had made a Peace equal to a Victory; *Afsi* answered him, How couldst thou with thy Tears retain an Army possessed with all the Devils of Hell, and resolved to be gone?

If thou finish the reading of so long a Letter, accuse thy Patience, and reproach not me with Tedioufness, for having writ many Things to thee worthy of being known. After the Death of the *French* General, *Breme* was presently delivered to the *Spaniards* by the Cowardliness of the Governor, who incurred in time a rigorous Destiny for it; having his Head cut off at *Cazal*, where they had imprisoned him.

The Great God preserve thee and thine for ever; and protect thee against the Ill-will of those that do not love thee.

Paris, 20th of the 4th Moon
of the Year 1638.

LETTER XIX.

To Murat Bassa.

THE Duchess Dowager of *Savoy* finds herself extremely pressed by the continual Incursions which

which the *Spaniards* made into *Piedmont*: they having besieged *Vertelle*, a Place which covers the Country on the Side of *Milan*.

She herself appears on Horse-back with great Courage, being resolved to recover what is lost, as well as to defend the rest, which is in some Danger; having joined her best Troops, with great Diligence, to those of *France*.

A Cardinal, which they call the *Cardinal la Valette* commands, in the Place of Marshal *Cregui*, those Troops of *France*, which consist of 12000 Foot, and 4000 Horse.

Thou dost not know, perhaps, what these Cardinals are: They be the principal Priests of the *Roman* Church. Their Profession is not to command Armies, though that sometimes happens, either through want of sage Captains, which these Infidel Kings may sometimes stand in Need of; or for other secret Reasons, which are not always easy to penetrate, and must be of great Importance, *France* not wanting fit Seculars. A *Roman* Mufti, called *Innocent IV.* gave the Purple Habit to these Priests, and obliged them to wear Red Hats, Caps, and Bonnets, that this Colour might always put them in Mind, they ought to shed their Blood for the Service of their Church and Religion.

I have been told, that formerly there were but 25, and now their Number is said to be 72; which is that of the Disciples of the *Christian Messiah*; but they are seldom compleat. I was desirous of being precisely informed what the Dignity of a Cardinal is; and an old Physician, that seems to be an honest Man, instructs me in all things that regard the Religion and Politicks of the *Christians*: He is such an Enemy to the Circumcision, that he gives often the uncleanness of all Meats to his Patients, such as we think unwholesome, and cannot be eaten without Sin.

Thou that art a Statesman, and obliged to assist at Council, and in the *Divan*, ought to know more things than others, and those more perfectly.

I will

I will inform myself with Care of the Life, Actions, and Genius of this Cardinal *la Valette*, to know, whether the King his Master has any other Reason than that of his Valour and Experience in War, to make use of a Priest in his Armies to shed Blood and ruin People; or I never heard the *Mussulmans* did ever make use of a *Cheick* to command the Armies of the Empire: Besides, they are without Experience, fearful, and superstitious.

The *Spaniards* are more powerful in Infantry and Cavalry, having 18000 Foot, and 5000 Horse, whereby they pretend to render themselves Masters of *Piedmont*, and drive the *French* wholly out of *Italy*. The Marquis of *Leganez*, Governor of *Milan*, affirms, That this King will not suffer the Children of the late Duke of *Savoy* to be under the Protection of Strangers. He says, That *Pignerol*, and other Places in the Power of the *French*, were usurped upon the House of *Savoy*, and must be restored. They affirm, That the House of *Austria* will hinder the Widow, her Children, and Subjects from being oppressed.

Behold here an Example of the singular Piety of the *Spaniards*, in Favour of a Widow, and her Children; and, on the other Side, admire the Kindness of the *French*, who fight against these same *Spaniards*, for the Conservation of that which concerns neither of them. It would be difficult to discover these secret Mysteries. Every Prince puts a Value upon his Reasons, as he does upon his Moneys.

The Duchess of *Savoy* came accompanied with a great Number of Ladies, and the greatest of her Court. She was on Horse-back, at the Head of all the Company, both Horse and Foot, and harangued the Army amidst the Battalions.

She conjured, not only the Captains, but even the Corporals and private Soldiers, not to abandon her Defence. She shewed all the Sentiments of Grief that a Person of Courage could have, in seeing herself exposed to lose her Estate; or to see her Children, in a manner, Captives; and, upon this Occasion, she failed

failed not to mingle Torrents of Tears with the most charming Expressions, which is ordinarily the strongest Eloquence of Women.

The Army being sensible of the Duchess's Misfortune, which she had represented with all possible Earnestness, the Cardinal *Valette* caused it to discamp to relieve *Vercelle*. He forced the *Spaniards* Lines, and put two Thousand Men into the Place. The Besiegers fortified with such Succours made a great Sally, and much Infidel Blood was shed on both Sides. But as that the Cardinal could do with his Care, and the Duchess with her Tears, could not hinder *Vercelle* from falling into the Hands of the *Spaniards*. It is said, that the Commander of this Place, and his Garrison, defended themselves to the last Extremity; and having no more Powder or Lead, they fought at Push of Pike with Stones; and finally, when all was gone, with their Fists.

But this is not believed here, it being alledged, that the Governor, or the General, did not do their Duty. The Cardinal, say they, failed in his Duty also; for knowing they wanted Ammunition, yet he did not send it, though he found Means to put into the Place such a great Number of Men. But the Governor is blamed yet more, that did not discover this his Necessity to the General.

I tell thee all these Particulars, to inform thee of the Manner how the *French* make War; many of those Overights would cost us our Lives.

There marched out of *Vercelle* 4000 Men bearing Arms. Thence thou mayest judge, that our Generals are not cruel when they cause the Heads of Commanders to be taken off that behave themselves so ill.

The Princess of *Mantua*, who has lost her Husband, would, they say, marry a Prince of the House of *Austria*, called the *Cardinal Infant*, which is an Effect of the Policy of the *Spaniards* to have a better Pretence to attack *Montferrat*, and drive out the *French*, who entered there by Consent of the Duke of *Mantua*, who was Sovereign thereof.

The

The valiant Duke of *Roban* is at length dead, in a Castle near *Berne*, I think I writ he was hurt and taken Prisoner in the Battle fought by the *Swedes* against the *Germans*. He was in the 68th Year of his Age, and was very considerable for his Education, Valour, and Experience in War. He was bred a Soldier from his Youth; was always employed in Military Affairs, and had often commanded Armies. He supported by his Bravery and Experience, for a long time, the Remains of a feeble and dying Party against the Power of the King. He was Illustrious by the Greatness of his House, and his Religion was that of the *Calvinists*, called the Reformed. His Body was embalmed, and afterwards brought to *Geneva*, with great Magnificence and Warlike Pomp. This City is the Retreat of such as the Church of *Rome* calls *Hereticks*, who are all well received here; which gives great Occasion of Complaint to the Pope's Partizans; how reasonably, I will not presume to determine; but there appears to me much more Splendor in the Ceremonies of those of the Catholick Church, and they pretend to greater Virtue and Antiquity.

These are the Transactions in *Italy*, which came to my Knowledge. I will not fail to write what passed in *Germany* these last Moons, as soon as I have the Certainty of them.

Pray God the Differences and Wars, which are amongst the *Infidels*, may never end; that *Italy* may be humbled even to the Stirrup of the Horse, on which rides the Great Emperor of the Elect of God, and faithful *Mussulmans*; and that all *Germany* may adore the sacred Porch of *Mecca*.

I pray God support thee always, that thou never fail; and so conduct thee, that thou never goest astray.

Paris, 20th of the 4th Moon,
of the Year 1638.

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LETTER XX.

To Dgnet Oglou.

THE Condition I am in at present makes me think of these long and tedious Days we passed together at *Palermo* in Slavery. How fruitless were the Tears which the Irksomeness of our Captivity made us shed? Yet nothing befel us, but what is common to other Men: But thou wert too young to support it, and I had not Experience enough of the World to conceive the Unhappiness whereunto Fortune had reduced me.

Thou art at present at *Constantinople*, where thou hast all thy Heart can desire; and I at *Paris* where I have a thousand Things to take Care for. *Constantinople* and *Paris* are indeed two of the greatest Cities in the World; but much differing in manner of Living, Cloaths, Language, and Religion. Thou art at present in the midst of Pleasures, with thy Friends, Children, Wife, with the Liberty of exercising thy Religion, which is the true One; and that, in the Mosques which our Fathers established: Moreover, thou art elevated in Dignity. I, on the contrary, am amongst Infidels, amongst Idolaters, and Hereticks, obliged to live with a Nation much differing from ours in their Inclinations and Customs. Finally, I live amongst the Devil's Peacocks. The excessive Liberty they give themselves is not such as is enjoyed with true Satisfaction of Mind; seeing they do a thousand Things which carry Repentance along with them.

The Philosophy of the *Stoicks*, which I learned during my Captivity, gave me to understand of what Importance it is for a Man to know himself. Thou mayest remember, perhaps, in the Beginning of our Slavery, that thy Master and mine were no less opposite in their manner of Living than our Geniuses were differing.

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My Enquiry was after Books and Writings; and Watching did not weary me, provided I employed it in learning somewhat. On the contrary, thou being always employed with different Handy-works, didst little think, that Heaven had designed thee to wear a Sword; and consequently to the Employments of War.

How many Things did we suffer in those Days, whereat we do now laugh? Thou wert always chained, and I in Prison in a Den; thou wert beaten, because thou wouldst not read, and I was banged to Pieces, because I would not embroider.

The Reader of *Seneca* could not induce me to pardon my Master the Bastinadoes he gave me. That which I endured was greater than the Pains which thou didst suffer; I was persecuted for the Pleasure I took in Reading; and they would oblige thee to study, whereas thy Inclinations were quite different from mine.

This Hardship made me resolve to hide my self in a Cellar, without Bread, and without Water. I had nothing but my *Seneca* with me; and I was resolved to deliver my self from my Servitude by Death; so far had this *Stoick* persuaded me not to live. *Thou art so near Death* (quoth he) *and in the mean time art a Slave.* Judge the Force of my Temptation, by the Authority of this Great Man. Whilst I was thus hid, my Master searched for me in vain, in the Garden, the Stable, the Kitchen, and had no less Pains to find me, than I had to hide my self from him. But at length I chose the better Part, which was to live and to forgive.

My Master owes his Life to *Seneca*; he taught me so well to forget Offences, that my Despair changed into Respect. I had no more mind to die. I felt my Courage fail, and Fear made me pardon my Master. Thou hadst no Knowledge of this Adventure, because I went into the Country, and thou wast ransomed, whilst I was out of *Palermo*. I was so very intent upon my Studies, that my Master, vanquished by my Obstinacy, gave me Liberty to apply my self to them; being himself ashamed to continue ignorant,

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whilst

whilst I dreamt of nothing but of improving my Mind.

In the Course of Four Years, and Four Moons, that my Captivity lasted, *Nero's* Master gave me the first Tincture of Morality; and after that I went into the Academies where I writ the Journal of my Life. *Plutarch*, *Liwy*, and *Tacitus* made me forget the odious Name of Master and Slave.

The Examples of so many great Men whose Histories we find there; of so many Emperors, Kings, Captains, Masters or Slaves of their Passions: Some dead by the Hands of their Friends by Poison; others by the Sword and Surprize; others persecuted by their Fathers or their Sons, sometimes by their Wives, and often of their native Country, and Slaves, so often saved and defended by themselves, disposed me to suffer patiently the State whereunto I was reduced, and acknowledge, *That the honest Man is never a Slave, wherever he is, when he can find his Master within himself.* I had Time then to do a Thousand good Things, which I should never have done, if I had not been in the Condition I then found myself.

Consider how much we learn by Books, and more yet by the Disgraces that happen to us. We see the Ill as in a Perspective, and the Good in little. Disgraces afflict us when they happen; and good Fortune when it leaves us. When I was in my House, I lived not at Rest, because I fancyed Serving; and now I am in Service, I am in continual Fear of not Pleasing. How many Souls hath *Amurath* sent into the other World, to expect the Universal Day of Judgment! And how many more will he send in this Siege of *Babylon*, whither he goes in Person, carrying Terror with him, and Forces sufficient to destroy the Empire of the *Persians*.

He hath commanded me to observe the Actions of the *Christians* with all possible Application and Exactness to give Information of them. He will in doubtful Affairs, have me to write to him my own Judgment, and not that of others. He will have me not to shorten but

but extend my Explications; that nothing may be left that will admit of a double Interpretation, and will rather have me tedious, than appear eloquent by the Conciseness of my Relations. He orders me to receive the Advices of *Carcoa*, who is at *Vienna*, and to inform *Adonai* the Jew, who resides at *Genoa*, in what is necessary, to the End that all that passes in *Germany*, *Italy*, and *France*, may be dispatched to the Ministers of the *Divan*.

The Secretary of State, as Master of all that is written, has Orders to en-register my Letters, and examine them. He, according to his Capriciousness, or Ignorance, may render the Exactness wherewith I obey criminal, by saying, I am a Fool, or do not write the Truth. This Registering puts me in Pain: For as many mean Things may appear very good at first Sight, and are often commended, because of their Novelty; so they may appear also very despicable when they come to be examined, and may deserve a Check.

I tell thee what I have reason to fear, without telling thee those Things which might raise a Belief in thee that I have Reason to hope.

Our Sovereigns are mighty, and they distinguish themselves from all the Potentates of the World, by the Impetuosity wherewith they give their Orders: And there is no Empire where Punishments and Rewards work so great Effects. Thou knowest the rest, which is superfluous to tell thee, and which Princes do not willingly hear.

Explain to me better the News I heard of *Mussuladin Aga*, of an Action of Justice of old *Berber*.

He writ to me, that a Creditor to whom he owed for a Shirt, being dead, he had put the Price into the Deceased's Hand, and went his Ways. This new Way of paying Debts seems very extraordinary to me, There is an Author, whether *Greek* or *Latin*, I have forgot, which tells another Adventure, not unlike this, of a Man, who, not finding his Shoe-maker alive, threw the Price of the Shoes he had made him into his Shop. If these Actions be not done for Ostenta-

tion, they seem virtuous; but if out of Vanity, I cannot believe that our Negligence to pay our Creditors, whilst alive, can be excuse by the Care we take to pay them after their Death.

The Dead want nothing in the other World, they are living that have need of Supplies in this, and who suffer sometimes very much, when they are not punctually paid. The Ancients could never sufficiently describe the Excess which Men committed by their Passions, and the Moderns do it as little. They are just sometimes even to Superstition, and sometimes unjust even to Excess. Sultan *Mustapha's* Charity for the Poor was very great. He was not satisfied, according to the Precepts of *Pythagoras*, to give Life to Beasts; his Simplicity went yet farther, not preceded by any Prince or Saint: he threw Pieces of Gold to the Fishes, in Ponds and Rivers, alledging for his Reason, that the most secret Alms were the most agreeable to God, and that these Animals would never tell of it.

Thou wilt answer me when thou hast Time and Convenience. God give thee the Succour which is necessary for thee; and let our Great Prophet be always favourable to thee.

Paris, 20th of the 4th Moon,
of the Year 1638.

LETTER XXI.

To the Kaimacham.

MY last Letters shew what happened in *Italy*, on the Side of *Piedmont*, which thou mayest have seen at the *Divan*.

I have informed the Council what the Infidels have done there, where three different Nations, which have but one Religion, fight together: The *French* make War upon the *Spaniards*, to assist the *Savoyards*: and these latter would drive the other out of *Italy*.
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and reduce *Savoy* under their Power, which does what it can to avoid the Yoke of both these Nations.

It is to be feared that new Troubles may arise from this War; which will undoubtedly happen, if it be not suddenly terminated by a Peace. I will only write to thee what I know, and perhaps what is not come to thy Knowledge. I will not repeat what I have already written; because my Letters pass securely, by the good Order which thou hast taken.

The different Interests of the Princes of *Italy* occasion small Intelligence betwixt them. As their Estates are separated the one from the other, so they are divided by their Maxims, their Interests, and Pretensions. They have, however, but one Religion, which they make to serve for a Pretext to their Designs, which are all different; and there is not one of them which wholly minds his Religion, which can have but one only End.

There are few that can suffer the Conquests of the *French* in *Italy*, because that Nation seems restless, and Men would not see the *Spaniards* more powerful than they are, because they play too much the Masters. But, however, as the least of these Princes have their particular Inclinations and secret Interests with these two Nations; thou art ignorant of those of the Republick of *Genoa* with the *Spaniards*, with whom they have strong Alliances: But peradventure thou hast not been informed of a Conspiracy, which appears to have been carried on in that City, to introduce the *Spaniards* into it, which the Republick will in no wise suffer.

The said Conspiracy is thus related: The Marquis of *Monterey* having finished the Time of his Government of *Naples*, and being embarked with some Gallies, for his Return into *Spain*, came incognito into *German*, having had a Conference in a Village near the Town with some of the Conspirators, to render himself Master of the Port, and afterwards built a Citadel upon the highest Side of the *Far*. Some of the most qualified were to open one of the Gates by Night,

and receive the Troops that should be disbarked out of the Gallies. The Marquis of *Leganez*, Governor of *Milan*, promised to send to *Genoa* a Chain of Slaves, stronger and more numerous than ordinary, which, instead of consisting of Condemned Criminals, was to be composed of the bravest Officers of *Milan*, and some Nobles of the Accomplices, who were to share in the Treaty, were to receive the Troops, and come armed for the effecting of the Enterprize.

After a Design so well laid, the *Spaniards* were ready to execute so hardy an Undertaking; when the Republick, being suddenly advertised of the Plot, caused it to miscarry, without Noise, by redoubling the Guards, which did not a little surprize the Conspirators.

Cardinal *Richlieu's* Creatures give out, that one *Doria*, called their Prince, did dissuade, or hinder the Plot, which was profitable for *Italy*, but contrary to our Interests; for thence undoubtedly had sprung a War, which would never have had End, whether betwixt the Subjects of this Commonwealth, who would have ruined each other, or *France* and *Spain*: and thou wilt also find, that in preferring the Liberty of their Country, and keeping the *Spaniards* at a Distance, they will maintain themselves still in a Condition advantageous for the Commonwealth, and necessary to the Crown of *Spain*.

They say, that the Constancy of *Doria* hath acquired the Honour of having twice saved the Liberty of his Country.

This *Doria* is descended from *Andrew Doria*, that Great Captain who did so many brave Actions against our Nation, commanded the Maritime Armies of *Charles V.* Emperor of *Germany*; and since those of *Philip II.* his Son, King of *Spain*, and who often combated the Invincible *Ariaden*.

I do not believe that *Adonai*, who was at *Genoa*, hath writ this Adventure to thee; either because it may not be true, or because the Thing being very secret, it was in a manner stifled as soon as discovered.

If thou wilt know the particular Reasonings, made upon this Occasion, I will tell thee: That the most advised *French* believe, that the *Spaniards* did attempt so fair a Blow; but that the two Parties in the City, the one to preserve their Liberty, and the others to maintain their Authority, did both avoid the Conclusion.

The Discourse is at present various concerning this Republick; and the *French* do as much endeavour to make secret Treaties with it, as the *Spaniards* to hinder its Change of Masters. It being always of great Advantage to such who have Pretences in *Italy*, to be in good Correspondence with this Place, which may be termed the Principal Port.

The *French* make a great Noise with their Pretences upon *Genoa*; and they, at present, revive many ancient Histories. They affirm, that the *Genoese*, when they had Differences amongst themselves, have oftentimes changed their Laws and their Masters; and that they had been subjected to strange Powers: That Two *Charleses*, One *Lewis*, and *Francis I.* all Kings of *France*, have taken them into their Protection, having also subdued them by Force of Arms. They add, that this *Francis I.* continued a great while to send them Governors: And that it was by the Valour and Resolution of *Doria*, that this Republick recovered its first Liberty.

These are the Discourses that People make at *Paris*, the Entertainment of idle Persons, as also of our Politicians. It will be a hard Matter to tell what the King thinks, and what are the Sentiments of his Council.

Consider in the mean time, with what Impudence People discourse here; they presume to decide Affairs of State; they decide and accommodate Differences; they support and ruin Commonwealth and Kingdoms. But this is no new Thing, the People in all Times having taken the Liberty to censure the Actions of Sovereigns.

It is not for enlarging my Letter, that I write these Particulars of the History of *Genoa*; but being an an-

cient Nation, which have formerly wearied the Courage of the *Romans* by their Enterprizes and Opposition, and have performed, upon our Seas, great and noble Actions: The *Osmans* have her therefore in Consideration; and the rather, because we possess many Countries, and considerable Places that were under their Dominion in *Asia minor*, upon the *Black Sea*, and in the *Archipelago*.

I shall ever recommend all thy Words and Actions to Almighty God, and pray to him to hinder thee from falling into Error, and to prosper all thy Undertaking.

Paris, 24th of the 5th Moon,
of the Year 1638.

LETTER XXII.

To the Same.

HENRY of *Bourbon*, first Prince of the Blood of *France*, marching by *Bordeaux*, came upon the Frontiers of *Spain*, where he besieged *Fontarabia*, strongly seated upon the Brink of the Ocean. His Army is made up of 12000 Foot, and 1200 Horse. The two Nations have had several Encounters and Skirmishes, wherein the Loss and Gain have been equal on Land.

But the *Spanish* Affairs go so ill at Sea, that thou wilt wonder at the great Losses they received there. The *French* have burnt two Galleons upon the Stocks, that were making, and six others entirely finished, which had not been yet at Sea. They have farther taken eleven great Ships, whereof six were richly laden for the *Indies*; besides the Equipage and Munitions of War; with two old Galleons that were of no great Use. They farther took a prodigious Number of Canons, which lay upon the Shore, 100 whereof were Brass, all with the Arms of *Austria*.

If all this I write be true, as I verily believe it is, we may say, that this Prize, were there no more than

than a Hundred and Fifty Pieces of Ordnance, was no mean Purchase.

I say nothing of the great Quantity of Artillery, mounted upon the Ships and Galleons, for fear of troubling thee with the News of a great Victory, wherein the *French* gained so many Vessels and such great Riches as will suffice to equip a great Fleet.

The Prince besieges the Place and presses it; but the *Spaniards* defend themselves bravely, and much Blood will be shed there.

The Priest of *Bordeaux*, which these Infidels call the Archbishop, was come thither with 60 Sail; whereof 42 are Men of War, and the rest Attenders; with some Fireships, filled with bituminous Matter, which enflames easily, to burn the Enemies Ships where they can come at them; so that there is nothing wanting in the Armies by Sea or Land.

This Archbishop of *Bordeaux* makes more Noise at present than the Pope; and it is credible, That what he has done, will gain him great Favour with the King.

He has, with as much Courage, invested 14 Gallies, and 4 Frigates, which came from the Neighbouring Ports to the Relief of *Fontarabia*, with 3000 natural *Spaniards*.

He fought Six Hours together with this new Army, which he entirely defeated, having burnt and sunk all these Ships, except one Galley, which was stranded and rendered useless. The Admiral of *Spain*, with 800 Men, was blown up; which was no small Misfortune to the *Spaniards*, who lost upon this Occasion a great Number of Soldiers and Seamen: And it is believed, they will not be able to appear before their Enemies at Sea this great while.

If so many Losses suffered by a Party are not advantageous to the *Grand Signior*, because the other is grown so much the stronger thereby, he will however gain this Benefit by it, That the *French* and *Spanish* being both Enemies to our Nation and Religion, our Affairs will be in greater Security, when of two Enemies we see one suppressed.

The *French* publish by their Joy and continual Feastings the Advantage they receive from these Successes. And these Infidels have Reason to rejoice, their Victory having all the Agreements possible; it is indeed great, and their Loss very inconsiderable.

They say there were but Twelve of the Ships of *France* disordered, and that they lost not above a Hundred Seamen, and very few Officers. Here hath been made a large Relation of this Victory; and it is engraven in Copper, to the End it may be made publick in all its Particulars, and the Memory of it conserved to future Ages. Since the loss of the *Armado*, furnamed *The Invincible*, which *Philip II.* sent into *England*, in the Year 1588, to make War upon a Woman, we have not known that *Spain* hath suffered so great a Loss.

This is the only News I can tell thee at present. So many Armies as are in continual Action will furnish Matter enough hereafter to divert thee, by reciting the Follies of these Infidels, who seem to destroy themselves daily, and ruin their Affairs to gratify Us by their Defeats, and make us Triumph.

Paris, 27th of the 4th Moon,
of the Year 1638.

LETTER XXIII.

To Afis, Bassa.

IF thou always followest thy Inclination, and thy natural Honesty, thou wilt be indefatigable in faithfully serving the Sultan, and thou wilt not be averse to him that esteems thee, and loves thee.

Read what I write to thee, and publish it when thou hast read it, that the Council may know, that it is resolved at the Dyet held at *Stockholm*, the Residence of the King of *Sweden*, to continue the War against *Austria*; and that the Duke of *Weymar*, and the General *Bannier*, begin already to combat the Imperialists. Thou wilt

wilt see *Spain* and *Germany* attacked on so many Sides, and by such powerful Enemies, that it is credible there may happen such vast Losses to all these *Christians*, that the True Believers will have Occasion to rejoice, and to hope yet the aggrandizing of the great and most mighty King of Kings Sultan *Amurath*, Master, and absolute Sovereign of both Seas, and Vanquisher of all Nations.

This King hath sent an Army into *Picardy*, under the Command of Marshal *Chatillon*, to besiege *St. Omer*, a very strong Place in *Artoise*, belonging to the *Spaniards*; several Villages and Towns of Consideration being already burnt and pillaged.

The faithful Slave *Mahmut* salutes thee; gives thee a friendly Kiss, and wishes thee all Sort of Prosperity.

Paris, 24th of the 6th Moon,
of the Year 1638.

LETTER XXIV.

To the Kaimacham.

THE King of *France* hath sent forth another Army. I have already informed thee, that this Prince hath already three Armies in three Parts of *Europe*. There is one in *Piedmont*, commanded by Cardinal *le Valette*; another whereof Prince *Henry of Conde* is Generalissimo, which they hope will quickly take *Fon-tarabia*; and another commanded by Marshal *Chatillon*, which besieges *St. Omer*.

The Duke of *Longueville* is at the Head of the fourth, which is entred into *Burgundy*, with Design to ruin the *French County*, defended by Duke *Charles* of *Lorraine*, one of the Emperor's Generals.

So many Armies, and so many Captains march against the *Spaniards*. This Nation sufficiently manifests her Force. She is attacked on all Sides, and resists and defends her self on all Sides. This vast Extent of Countries,

Countries, which the *Austrians* possess, though separated from each other, is the Reason that they are always employed in defending themselves; but they will be eternally exposed to Loss, without any Appearance of Gain.

Thou knowest, that the true Secret of preserving Union amongst the Good is to entertain perpetual Differences amongst the Bad; and thou wilt see, that all the Adventures of this Country will render us Invincible. What I tell thee is a true Saying. The *French* at present are too powerful, with so many Troops, so many Armies by Sea and Land, which are seen in the Provinces of their Enemies.

The other *Christians* are in continual Apprehensions, The Ambassadors of Princes, who reside in this Town and Court, observe with great Diligence so many extraordinary Things, but say nothing; they do like me, they write and advertise their Masters.

I am afraid thou wilt take no Pleasure in the Relations I make thee of the Successes of so great a Power; but I ought to let thee know thee Truth. Affairs are carried on here with much Art. The Ministers serve with great Fidelity, and are very secret. Cardinal *Richlieu* hath an entire Ascendant over the King's Spirit; and, to say Truth, is a Person of great Merit. They say, he aspires to true Glory, and will place the Crown which *Charlemagne* wore, as Emperor of the *West*, upon his Master's Head. If the good Fortune of *France* marches always at this Rate, the Misfortunes of its Enemies must be excessive.

The manifold Wars which this Monarch undertakes, and *Richlieu* counsels him, do in the mean Time make the People (who bear the Burthen, by the Taxes which they are forced to pay) murmur; besides their Grief for the Loss of their Parents and Friends slain in these Wars.

The Cardinal fears Peace, and apprehends his Enemies may destroy him, if they have Leisure to cabal against him. Thus he finds his Interest in the War, and Armies support his Authority.

I cannot

I cannot yet make any certain Judgment of him, nor have a perfect Knowledge of his Manners, no more than of the Extent of his Genius, because the Man hides many Things during his Life with a Dress, which will be discovered when he dies. We cannot see which are his good Inclinations, and it is not easy to penetrate into a Discovery of the Vices which he is inclined to.

In few Words, he has much contributed to the Peace of *France*, divided by Diversity of Religion. He hath succoured *Italy*, and manifested there the Power of the King his Sovereign; has weakened the Empire of *Germany*, by the War he has carried into her Bosom by the joint Forces of the Princes of the *North*, and them of *France* at once; and no less weakened the Power of the King of *Spain*.

Thou that knowest every Thing that passes, and hast Intelligence from all Parts of the World, canst truly judge of Affairs; which makes thee know and foresee all that may prejudice the formidable Empire of the *Mussulmans*.

Paris 20th of the 7th Moon,
of the Year 1638.

L E T T E R XXV.

To the Kaimacham.

ALL is in Peace here, the War being carried on Abroad. The Court continues to make Vows for the Queen's Health, and happy Delivery. They seem not so much concerned for the King's Welfare as the Queen's; every Body being persuaded, that the Happiness of *France* depends upon her safe Delivery.

I writ to *Chirurgi Muhamet*, that he should mention the Queen's being with Child as a doubtful Thing, and which might vanish; but at present it is most certain; for she will shortly be brought to-bed.

She

She lives in great Repose for fear of hurting herself: she scarce stirs out of her Bed-Chamber, and every Body endeavours to please her.

There is News, from *Provence* of the arresting of a King's Son by that Governor. The Prisoner is Brother to *Uladislaus* King of *Poland*.

It is said, That the King of *Spain* had made Prince *Cassimir* Viceroy of *Portugal*, in Recompence of the Troops of *Cossacks* he had formerly raised to defend the County of *Burgundy*. They add, that being embarked at *Genoa*, upon one of the Gallies of that Republick, for *Spain*, to take Possession of the said Charge, with a small Train of Domesticks, and Count *Konickpolski*, who called himself *Uladislaus's* Ambassador, with the Marquis of *Gonzague* his Kinsman; being arrived in *Provence*, and visiting with Care all the Ports and Fortresses: This gave no small Cause of Suspicion to the *French*. He staid four Days privately in *Marseilles*; but his Galley was arrested at *Bouc*, the last Port of *France*, by Orders of the King.

It is not yet known what obliged *France* to make a Person of Quality Prisoner, having nothing to do with *Poland*; and King *Lewis XIII.* having no particular Pique against Prince *Cassimir*: But the Secrets of State being only known to them that govern Kingdoms, I pretend to penetrate no farther, but content my self to write what they do, and what they say. Thou, who in the Absence of the Vizir *Azem*, art the Glory of his Highness's Council, art best able to discover the Reason of so extraordinary a Novelty.

The most knowing Persons at Court say, this Prisoner will suddenly be set at Liberty; and that having no War that may authorize his Detention, it would be unjust to detain him.

The Event will teach me, who am ignorant, and them that would divine, that which perhaps no Body knows at present. May it please the Great GOD, Master and Sovereign Moderator of all Things, that the Intelligences and Guessees which I give may always be profitable and agreeable; and that thy Life may be
of

of eternal Duration, for the Happiness of our Great Emperor and his Empire.

Thou shalt suddenly know whether Prince *Casimir* be retained longer in Prison, or set at Liberty. I would that King *Uladislaus* were in the same Misfortune in the Hands of the Janizaries; and that he, as well as his Kingdom, were Slaves to the invincible Sultan, King of Kings: To whose Power may it please the Divine Goodness, and the wisest of his Prophets, to subject all the Countries of the Infidels, and then to Place him with his Wives and all the Prophets in his *Paradise*.

Paris, 29th of the 7th Moon,
of the Year 1638.

LETTER XXVI.

To the Kaimacham.

HAVING given thee an Account of the Imprisonment of *Casimir*, I will relate to thee the Voyage of King *Uladislaus*, his Brother, who is gone a Progress into *Hungary* and *Germany*.

The News here is, that the King of *Poland* was gone to make a Visit to the King of *Hungary*; who, to do him Honour, sent the Chief of his Nobles to receive him upon the Confines of *Moravia*.

They write also that Arch-Duke *Leopold* went from *Vienna* to meet him: They embraced like Brethren; and returned, together with the Queen of *Poland* and her Sister, back to Court. It is added, that the People received this Company with great Acclamations, with the Noise of the Cannon, and all the small Shot of the City.

The Day following having dined in the Imperial Palace, they went together to *Luxemburgh*, to visit the Empress *Eleanor*, Widow to the late Emperor of *Germany*.

If

If *Carcoa* hath not informed thee of these Particulars, thou wilt receive them from *Mabmut*, who watches incessantly to give true Intelligence, and penetrate, as much as may be, into all that occurs and is done in this great Court, which gives Motion to all the Courts of *Europe*.

Reprove me if I do not well, and punish me if the Emperor be not well served, and thou satisfied.

Paris, 15th of the 8th Moon,
of the Year 1638.

LETTER XXVII.

To Kerker Hussen, *Bassa*.

DO not accuse me of being ill-advised or negligent, if I write to thee Things that thou knowest already. I am only careful in telling thee what happens here, and my Business is not to enquire whether thou art better informed another Way. When I am ordered to write all that comes to my Knowledge, I do my Duty in doing it, and I ought not to be reprehended for it.

I am told, that the Sultan is gone with an Army, more numerous than all the Leaves on the * *Persians*. Trees, to destroy the * *Red Heads*, and conquer *Babylon*. I know that the Musti, the Grand Vizir, and all the Grandees of the *Divan* followed him, but I am ignorant of what he did in his first Expedition when he took *Revan*.

An old *English* Merchant, who comes from *Ispahan*, and has served in the Army of the faithful *Mussulmans*, passed this Way, in his Return to *England*. He hath been an Eye-Witness of the great Actions of *Amurath*. He says, that this mighty Emperor, after his taking of *Revan*, left 12000 Soldiers in Garrison there; with 200000 Crowns in Silver, besides Copper Money, to pay them.

He

He says also, That our mighty Monarch, being wearied to see so much Blood of the Faithful, yea, of the Heretick *Mussulmans*, spilled, he had sent the King of *Persia* a Challenge, offering to fight singly in Duel with him; but he would not accept of his Defy.

He tells how *Amurath* being fallen into the Water, in passing the River *Haret*, was in great Hazard of being laid up in Expectation of the last Judgment-Day, in the other World, had it not been for a young lusty *Solack*, who took him by the Arm, and dragged him out of the River. This Accident was the Prelude of a great good Fortune, which happened to this mighty Prince upon the Bank of another River, called *Mako*, where he had the News of the Birth of a Son born to him in the Seraglio at *Constantinople*, whom they call *Alaaddin*; whose Nativity hath been celebrated with infinite Demonstrations of Joy.

This *Englishman* tells us further, that *Amurath* has taken *Tauris*, and appeared publickly there with all the Marks of a formidable Power; that he had destroyed the King of *Persia*'s Seraglio, burnt the publick Mercats, and caused a Million of fine Trees, which renders the Loss irreparable, to be cut down.

Let me know, when thou art at leisure, whether this News be true, and do me the Favour to tell me our great Emperor's Success in the Expedition of *Babylon*. The Politicians here attend the News of it with much Impatience. It is allowed, that *Amurath* is the most potent of all Princes, the strongest Man alive, and that only he can vanquish and ruin the Kings of the Earth.

Two Strangers of different Nations, and both of Royal Blood, are dead in this City. The one is Don *Christopher*, Son of Don *Antonio*, King of *Portugal*; who, after he had lived Sixty-six Years, without ever attaining the Crown of his Father, died in a Convent of *Dervises*, called *Cordeliers*, where he was buried, in the same Place where his Father's Brother had been formerly.

The

The other Stranger was called *Zaga Chriftos*, who was the legitimate Successor of the Kingdom of *Æthiopia*; a young Man of 25 Years, Son to the Emprefs *Nazarenne*, Widow of *Jacob*, Emperor of the *Abyssines*, who died in a Village near *Paris*. He quitted his Kingdom, as thou knowest, forced by Civil Wars, and arrived in *France*, in the Year 1635, of the *Hegira* of the *Christians*. After many Adventures he composed the History of his Travels, which he performed with Troubles and Incommodities which seemed insupportable.

What has he not suffered in traversing many Kingdoms, *Arabia the Desert*, *Ægypt*, *Asia Minor*, and *Jerusalem*, where he ran the Hazard of being arrested by the *Bassa* that resides there, whom he escaped, by retiring by Night to *Nazareth*, amongst the *Christian* *Dervises*, where he concealed himself five Moons.

He said here, that an Eunuch of the *Bassa* of *Cayro*, had much solicited him to forsake the *Christian* Religion, to which he would never consent; and refused to go to *Constantinople* to humble himself by prostrating his Face in the Dust of the *Grand Signior's* Feet; although the *Bassa* extremely pressed him to it, with very advantageous Offers.

This King has done much Honour to the Manes of the dead Prince, whilst perhaps he suffers everlasting Torments; which neither thou nor I shall suffer, if we always live like faithful *Mussulmans*, according to the Precept of the Law, ordained by *Mahomet*, and written in the *Alcoran*.

I shall gladly hear that thy Life is safe, and my Friendship agreeable to thee:

Paris, 20th of the 8th Moon,
of the Year 1638.

LETTER

L E T T E R XXVIII.

To the Kaimacham.

THAT which hath been so long expected is at length happened: The Queen is brought to-bed of a Dauphin; the King is a Father, the Kingdom seems to desire nothing more, and the People witness their Joy by a thousand different Festivities.

The Men, the Women, the Children, and the Aged, run through the Streets as at Bacchanals.

They rejoice with their Friends, they go to Church, and thank God, as if a *Messiah* had been born to them.

All the Priests praised God in their Temples for such a Present; and the Monks, not so content, deafen the People with the Noise of their Bells, and do more than the Drums and Trumpets of the Soldiers, and all the Cannon of the Citadel and Arsenal. I did in Company of others, what I should not have dared to perform if I had been alone, or had been observed.

Those who affirmed the Queen would be brought to-bed of a Son, pretend now they had been advertised by some divine Revelation, and will pass for Prophets; and among these there are many Religious. Observe how far their Superstition extends.

The Court has dispatched many Expresses into all the Provinces of *France*, and others have been sent to all the Ambassadors, to give Notice of his Birth to their respective Princes.

A Priest, who is a Bishop, hath baptized this Child without any Ceremony, in Presence of the Chancellor of *France*, the Princes, Princesses, and Grandees of the Kingdoms; the farther Solemnity being reserved for another Time.

The King commanded *Te Deum* to be publicly sung, being the Hymn which is usual to all *Christians*, to thank God for extraordinary Successes.

Nothing is seen in the Streets of *Paris*, but Bonfires, and Fountains of Wine, which run Day and Night.
The

The People testify their Joy; and the Fires are so great on all Sides, that it looks as if the City were to be reduced to Ashes.

Amongst so many Subjects of Joy, the King has wherewith to afflict him, having been for some Days tormented with a violent *Tertian* Ague; and it cannot be, but he must have his Spirits agitated with so many Wars at once. He has Armies against *Spain* in *Flanders*, *Italy*, *Burgundy*, and the Empire in *Germany*; without mentioning his Naval Forces, and the Designs and Pretensions which he doth not yet declare. Thou mayest be confident that Leagues will be formed against him, and Conspiracies against his State. The great ones of the Kingdom are not asleep; having long since had Designs to humble the Favourites and Ministers, whose Deportments displeased them, and to make themselves Masters of Affairs and the Government.

I have a Piece of News to tell thee; but receive it as coming from a Woman, not *Mahmut*. I seldom send that for assured, which in Appearance is not Truth. What I am going to say, will undoubtedly seem ridiculous.

The Women give out, that the *Dauphin* has Teeth, and the Nurses will witness it. Those who easily believe Wonders publish this as a most certain Truth. The People, who add Faith to the most incredible Things, raise Stories upon this, and are full of pretended Auguries.

But there being no Law that obliges us to believe that which we find incredible, thou mayest therefore receive this News as thou pleatest, and look upon it as useless, and excuse me.

They give the King the Title of *Saint*, which they add to that of *Just*, because of his great Piety, in devoting his Son, before he was born, to the Virgin, (which the *Christians* say is the Mother of their *Messiah*) with his Kingdom, People and Person, which he hath put under the Protection of the Mother of his God; which he has made appear by Prayers, Processions, and extraordinary Alms.

This

This Ceremony is ordinary enough with these Infidels; who, by an inexcusable Idolatry, devote their Towns, and dedicate their Temples to Men that are dead, whom they call Saints; worshipping them afterwards upon their Altars, invoking them in their Distresses.

I have nothing more at present to write to thee: God give thee always the Grace to be just to thyself and others.

Paris, 16th of the 9th Moon,
of the Year 1638.

LETTER XXIX.

To the Captain Bassa.

THE Birth of the Dauphin of *France* happened this Month, whereof I forthwith advertised the *Kaimacham*. I find myself in a great City where the feast continually, to testify the Love they have for their King, the Queen, the young Prince, and the State.

Joy spreads equally; the most miserable, to whom Fortune has given nothing but Tears, do now divert themselves.

The Women rejoice yet most; and, it seems, this Adventure regards them principally. There is not one of them that would not lie in; all the Maids would be Mothers, and the most advanced in Years do not now despair.

It seems here, that God only hears the Prayers of the *French*; for they believe the Queen had never been with Child, if the People were not holy. Thus all believe, that they owe it to a Miracle of Heaven, not of Nature, that a Child is born, and for that Reason he is called *Given of God*.

If this be so, thou must conclude, this Prince will be very great, and much to be redoubted, who hath God for his Father, and is Heir of a great Kingdom. To say

say the Truth, *France* was never so flourishing, besides the great Armies they entertain by Sea and Land.

But that which appears most important to me is, their vanquishing the Hugonots, and defeating the Rebels. The Birth of a Successor does much heighten these Advantages, and causes a great Happiness to this Kingdom. I have my Share in the Feasting, being obliged to do as others: For to what Purpose should I appear afflicted?

Before I relate to thee a bloody Combat of Gallies, which was fought in the Sea of *Genoa*, I will inform thee of a ludicrous one in that of *Marseilles*, which resembled those Spectacles, the ancient Romans exhibited with so much Pomp and Magnificence, called *Naumachies*.

The Count of *Alais*, Governor of *Provence*, caused four Gallies, Two against Two, to combat, first with Cannon, and afterwards with Small-Shot; and lastly, to board with Swords and Pikes, which was a fatal Prefage for two Nations, who ran in Search of each other through all the Ocean, and exhibited a sad Spectacle by Battles, where a Number of valiant Men were seen to perish.

Five and Twenty *Spanish* Gallies appeared on the Coasts of *Provence*, where it was said they were come to surprize some Maritime Place. But the Count of *Harcourt*, General of the Armies of the *Levant* for the King, having given them Chace, some of them retired to the Coasts of *Genoa*; where they were attacked by a like Number of those of *France*, which had still followed them since they were seen before *Marseilles*.

It was the first of this Moon that they fought. Never appeared more Valour; never was a Combat more terrible; and it is scarce conceivable what Blood was shed. Thou who art a great Captain, and excellent Seaman, mayest easily guess.

These Thirty Gallies having begun their Combat with their Cannon and Musquets, the Sea was in a little time coloured with Blood, and covered with dead Bodies. Each Galley having singled out his Enemy, the

the Fight was the more bloody and obstinate. It is said, this Battle was seen from the Walls and Tops of Houses in *Genoa*, which were crouded with Spectators; and looked on with the same Concern as if they had fought for the Empire of *Italy*.

The Victory cost much Blood; which the *French* pretended to, seeing they took six Gallies from their Enemies, amongst which was *The Royal Patron of Spain*, the Captain, and *the Patron of Sicily*, with Eight Hundred Prisoners; having themselves lost but Three Gallies, which were taken by the *Spaniards*. The following Night there arose so violent a Tempest, that the Sea had well nigh swallowed the Victorious and the Vanquished. The *French* lost *the Royal Patron of Spain*, which, breaking loose, retired into a little Port of the River of *Genoa*, where the Inhabitants of *Arenzano* seizing it, restored it to the *Spaniards*, which, they say here, the *French* will not fail to revenge.

I am persuaded that all I write to thee is true, because I have it from disinterested Hands, and such as know the Truth of what passes.

They add only, that the Gallies of *Spain* having more Slaves and Soldiers, the Victory of the *French* was by so much the more glorious; and they affirm, that the other had Two Thousand Foot extraordinary, designed for *Milan*.

God give thee always Victory over thy Enemies, and make thee feared of all the World.

Paris, 24th of the 9th Moon,
of the Year 1638.

L E T T E R XXX.

To the Same.

THEY do here so highly magnify their Successes, as also those of the Allies of the Crown of *France*, that I know not what to believe, these Exag-
E gerations

generations being so contrary to the Glory of the *Osman*s. Having given thee an Account of the Fight betwixt the Gallies of *France* and *Spain*, I will at present inform thee of the Advantage, they say, the Gallies of *Malta* have had.

They affirm, that this Squadron has defeated a very great Galley of the Bassa of *Tripoli*, laden with great Store of rich Merchandize. We know well that this Vessel and her Lading are of good Value; but not so great as the Infidels publish. They say farther, that they took upon the Coast of *Calabria* two great Vessels, and a Polagu, commanded by *Bicoco*, Admiral of *Tripoli*, who is a Renegado of *Marseilles*. They say there were two hundred *Turks*, three hundred and fifty Prisoners taken, and fifty *Christian* Slaves set at Liberty. If what they say is true, there were also a great many Brass Cannon in these Ships. They confess, that the General of these Gallies did all that was to be expected from a valiant Man, although he had the Gout; and that they lost eight Knights.

Thou, who knowest the Truth of this Adventure, punish so great a Lye. It is true, that the *Christians* have taken the Vessels in Question, but it is not true, that their Advantage hath been so great as they make it; seeing there was no Brass Cannon, but a few *Christians* delivered; and they having lost much more than they acknowledge.

Thou art valiant, thy Employment gives thee the Command of the Sea; root out of the World this little Nest of obstinate Pirates, who breathe but by the Goodness of *Amurath*, whose Clemency hinders their Destruction.

Paris, 4th of the 10th Moon,
of the Year 1638.

The End of the First Book.

LETTERS

WRIT by a

SPY at *PARIS*.

BOOK II.

LETTER I.

To the Captain Bassa.

WHY wilt thou be more cruel than a Serpent, and give me Poyson, when I send thee so good Antidotes, to preserve thee from the Mischiefs, with which thou mayest be overwhelmed? If thou beest not satisfied with my Friendship, be at least wise with the Sincerity wherewith I have given my Advice. Thy Proceeding, I must confess, makes me repent I did not take another Course: I should thereby, in all Probability, have put a Stop to all thy ill Practices. Had I made known to the Grand Vizir, what I wrote to thee from *Vienna*, I should have received Thanks for my Care and Diligence, and thy Chastisement might have been of good Example: But I tell thee plainly now, that I shall be obliged to accuse thee of Treason, in case thou continuest thy Commerce with the Emperor of *Germany's* Secretary.

What Interpretation wouldest thou have me give the Correspondence thou holdest with this Minister; when

I discover that he sends thee continually Presents, and receives the same from thee: Be persuaded, every Time thou appearest favourable to the *Christians*, that the Pleasures thou dost them render thee Criminal to the *Mussulmans*. For, in fine, what is the Meaning of those *Persian* Horses, those *Hungarian* Slaves which thou sentest, and that Quantity of magnificent Vests which thou presentedst to thy Friend? Wha twouldst thou have a Man think of that Silver *Hercules*, and Clock enriched with Pearls, which one of the Faithful receives from an Enemy of our Holy Law? It signifies nothing to answer my Letters with Passion and Raging: Go to the Tribunal, where these kind of Questions are to be decided; the Judge will tell thee whether such a Commerce is lawful even in Times of Peace. Thou much exaggeratest the Obligations thou hast to thy Friend at *Vienna*, because he used thee well, when thou wert his Prisoner of War: To this it is easy to answer, That if he behaved himself like a Gentleman, thou oughtest to imitate him, like a good *Mahometan*. Should he happen to be thy Prisoner, take then thy Revenge, and endeavour to requite him.

Again, supposing it should be discovered, that this thy Friend has presented thee with this famous Cypher composed with such Ingenuity, that it may be fitly called Art's Master-Piece; what Opinion can the *Mussulmans* have of thy Fidelity? It is known with what Application thou usest it to write into *Germany*, and to decypher the Answers which thou receivest. Are not these sufficient Signs to shew, that the Dispatches thou writest, and their Answers, are like the *Trojan* Horse, concealing abominable and dangerous Mysteries? Be persuaded, that I had not writ to thee from *Germany*, the Letter which has so greatly offended thee, on simple Conjectures. The Secretary thy Friend said one Day, he must be a Witch or a Devil that can discover the Artifice of these Characters; that an *Italian*, who was condemned to perpetual Imprisonment. had wrought twenty Years to meliorate this Art, and had brought it to such great Perfection, that
he

he never saw any Body that could understand his Letters with the Key it self, which he gave them. It is said that this Invention is wholly New; and the more admirable, that a Letter of an ordinary Style, of Domestick Affairs, of Love and Compliments, may contain Secrets of the greatest Importance, without using equivocal Expressions, particular Characters, Figures, supposed Names, Hieroglyphicks, Juice of Herbs, or Liquors; it being impossible ever to discover what one designs to hide. He adds, that one may write in *Turkish, Arabian, French, or Italian*, and conceal a Secret written in any Tongue whatever.

Thy Friend carries it yet farther, and says, he could make use of Verses to decypher Prose: and this audacious Man affirmed one Day in the Emperor's Antichamber, that he could put into *French* this horrible Blasphemy, The Tyrant *Amurath* will soon die; which is found in the following Verses of an *Italian* Poet, whereof he immediately made a Proof: And these are the *Italian* Verses.

*Giace l'Alta Cartago, a pena i Segni
De l'alte sue ruine il lido serba
Muiono le citta, muiono i Regni
Cnope i fasti, e le pompe arena & herba
Et l'huom di esser mortal parche si
O nostra mente cupida, & superba sdegni.*

If it appears that I am too sharp against thee, I will receive thy Curses without Reply: But if thou knowest I have had just Reasons to write to thee, as I have done, why are thy Answers so full of Injury? Think better on thy Interest, and be always faithful, if thou intendest a long Life.

Paris, 4th of the 10th Moon,
of the Year 1638.

LETTER II.

To the Same.

THE small Success, which we always met with at Sea, obliges me to entertain thee thereon. I shall take no Notice of this to the other Grandees of the *Porte*, no not to the *Kaimacham*, to whom I have not written these three Posts. If thou hast received my two last Letters, thou oughtest to be satisfied with the Care which the faithful *Mahmut* takes to give thee sound Advice. Consider well all the Circumstances which are related here concerning the Sea Affairs.

The Loss of so many Gallies, great Ships and other Vessels made this Year, by the Friends of the Empire, the True Faithful, do much lessen the Reputation of the *Ottoman* Greatness.

The Discourses made hereon by the *Christians* are so many Invectives against the Honour of *Amurath*, against thine, and that of our Nation. If it be by a Decree of Heaven, that these *Venetian* Pirates have taken this Year all the Gallies of *Africk*, we must then conclude, that God is offended with us, and does not hear our Prayers. For my Part, I believe it; but I should not be a good *Mussulman*, should I pretend to understand the Secrets of Providence.

They write from *Marseilles*, that the People of *Tunis*, *Bizerte*, and *Algiers*, are greatly dismayed at the Loss of their fifteen Gallies, which General *Capello* has taken from them this Year. Thou knowest how the Business has happened; the Fraction of the Treaties manifest to all the World, as well as the Insultings over the Forts of the *Grand Signior*. I cannot imagine what Excuses the Senators of the Republick can make for what their Admiral has maliciously done against us, when they shall be obliged to give an Account of their Actions at the Feet of *Amurath*. I speak to thee with all possible Humility, and thou needest not doubt but I speak

ſpeak with Zeal. I believe it is time for thee to oppoſe and put a Stop, not only to the Piracies of thoſe People, but the Incurſions and continual Enterprizes of the Corſairs of *Malta*, and ſo many Veſſels which infeſt our Seas, under the Banner of the Duke of *Tuſcany*, and other Infidel Princes. Thou oughteſt to ſuccour thoſe People which are Friends and Tributaries to the *Porte*, whoſe Aſſiſtance thou haſt often advantageuſly uſed; neither doſt thou want means for this, having at thy Diſpoſal the terrible Forces, entrusted to thee by *Amurath*, and, with theſe, the magnanimous Courage given to thee by Nature.

The *Chriſtians* have vowed to pierce this Year into the *Bosporus*, and put all to Fire and Sword. Above ſixty *French* Knights are determined for *Malta*, to join themſelves with their Comrades, to cruize our Seas with them. And thou knoweſt the Reſolution or Courage of this Militia, and the Progreſs they every Day make.

Believe what *Mabmut* tells thee. Thou haſt two Seas to keep, and if it be true, thou haſt made *Ali Piccinino* to come from *Africk* with ſo many Gallies, deſigned for the keeping of the Coaſts of *Barbary*, it is not to be doubted, but the Divine Providence has ordered, (it concerning ſo greatly *Amurath's* Honour) that the Guilty be purſued, ſo that not one of them may eſcape his Vengeance

All People ſay here, that *Piccinino* has loſt his Army for want of good Conduct. However, here are great Rejoicings at our Loſſes; and, if poſſible, more in *Italy*, where they feel the Advantage of ſo conſiderable a Prize at the ſame time, together with the Honour of the Victory; and where we are hated more than in any Place elſe beſides. I beſeech God to chaſtiſe theſe People by thy Hand; and that the Edge of thy Cymitar, in giving Death to our Enemies, may put an End to Slander and Slanderers.

Here is an impudent Fellow, who reports he has ſeen thee ſeveral times at *Conſtantinople*. He with great Confidence affirms, the *Chriſtian* Corſairs will bring thee

thee one Day laden with Chains, into the Arsenal of *Venice*, or that of *Malta*. He grounds his Prediction on that thou art, says he, furious when thou commandest; and that being too forward, thou canst not obey the Orders given thee. He adds, that Tobacco, Love of Boys, Wine, and Women, drive thee twice a Day into a Condition incapable of exercising thy Reason, he moreover says, thou wantest Courage in a Land Fight, neither art well skilled in Sea-Combats. I would not write these Fooleries to thee, were I not persuaded they really are so, and that thou wantest neither Courage nor Experience. I am moreover persuaded, of the Malignity of thy Accusers, touching the Debaucheries I mentioned; and it appears to me more pertinent to write thee this, than to the Grand Vizir; though I must confess, I am enjoined to inform the Ministers of the *Porte* of whatever I hear, without any Reserve.

It is said, that as to what concerns the Republick of *Venice*, and *Capello* who commands its Navy, that this General will be punished for doing well; that this puissant State will be humbled to the kissing of the Stirrup of our great Emperor's Horse; but it will justify the Lawfulness of the Prize, which this General made, as being no Breach of the Treaty with the Sublime *Porte*, whence comes the Orders by which the World is to be governed; and that, in fine, the Pirates of *Africk* are not comprehended in the Treaties of Peace made with his Highness.

And it is moreover alledged, that should this Republick be obliged to restore those Gallies, which she has taken, it will appear, that they have been lost through several Accidents.

All *Christendom* is persuaded, there is no Republick in the World governed with greater Prudence; which will make her avoid all Occasions of Difference with *Amurath*, to prevent a War which cannot be for her Interest.

I hap-

I happened into a Company of discreet Persons, who blame *Ali Piccinino's* Conduct, and attribute his Misfortune to his want of Skill, and to his Rashness. They affirm, that had he had the Courage of a true Soldier, he would have behaved himself not only in the *Archipelago*, but in the *Adriatick* Sea, like a Captain, and not like a Thief; and that God has given him this Mortification as a Punishment for the Cruelty he shewed to the innocent Vestals, whom he made Slaves at *Calabria*, together with a great Multitude of old Men and Children; which was an Act no ways suitable to a brave Commander. And this is the Discourse caused by the Hatred to our Nation, and especially to *Ali*.

The Great God, Sovereign Moderator of all Things, keep thee in perfect Judgment, and make thy Valour renowned, and thy Glory proclaimed in all Places enlightened by the Beams of the Sun.

Paris, 6th of the 11th Moon
of the Year 1638.

LETTER III.

To the same.

I Wrote to thee Yesterday, what the Sense of the World was of thee; and I write to thee this Day what is mine.

Although thou askest not my Advice, yet I will give thee such, as, perhaps, thou wilt approve of, and may be useful to thee in due Season.

Wilt thou be revenged of the *Venetians*, and all the *Christians* at once? Pass over into the *Adriatick* Seas, with twenty small Gallies; draw near at Night to the Shore at *Ancona*. And, before the Sun be up, ransack the famous Place of *Loretta*; thou mayest carry away thence as great Booty, as ever the *Consuls* and *Roman Emperors* did elsewhere.

Couldst thou conceive the immense Riches shut up in a little Chamber, (where the *Christians* affirm, that a Virgin received an Ambassador from Heaven, under the Form of an Angel; after whose Words she found she had conceived the *Messias*, whom the *Christians* worship) thou wouldst not defer the executing of what *Mahmut* counsels thee.

It is reported in this Kingdom, as if *Piccinino* had such a Design. Why did not this brave Spark then execute what he had so well contrived? When he was in *Africk*, he was to ravage all *Italy*; and he had no sooner come on those Coasts, but he lost all the true *African* Courage. He let himself be taken Prisoner; he suffered a mighty Fleet to be lost, and the Shamefulness of his Defeat will for ever blast his Name.

If *Amurath* returns a Conqueror to *Babylon*, which is very likely to happen, and thou takest *Loretto*, it may be said, that the *Ottoman* Empire is arrived at its full Height, *Loretto* being the *Mecha* of the *Christians*.

There is no Season, wherein one sees not arrive an infinite Number of Pilgrims from all Parts, who come to offer there their Devotions, with the same Zeal as the Faithful go and pray at the Tomb of our Holy Prophet; and they often join with their Prayers Offerings of considerable Value. A small Number of Priests of the *Roman* Church have such Treasures there in their keeping, as cannot be fully valued: Vessels of both Gold and Silver, with Vestures and Ornaments, and precious Stones, which serve to set forth this Temple, the most magnificent and famous amongst the *Christians*; an infinite Number of Lamps, Crowns and Scepters offered by the greatest Princes of the *Christian* Belief; and, in fine, whatever can be imagined most beautiful, most great and costly. Thou that knowest not what Fear is, thou canst foresee nothing in this Enterprize which may deter thee. The Priests of this famous Temple sleep all the Night long, and spend the Day in chanting their Masses, and the Soldiers designed for the keeping of this Place are few in Number, and can make but small Resistance: If thou

thou beest persuaded of the Truth of what I write, do more than *Cæsar*; go, conquer, and repose thyself. I have no more to write to thee: I send the *Kaimacham* a Copy of this Letter. I have writ thee whatever has come to my Knowledge, and thou wouldest farther know, what *Mahmut*, under the Habit of *Titus*, has discoursed at *Paris*. I am willing to inform thee, I have answered some People, who have had the Boldness to say, *That the Ottoman Empire will soon be ruined, should it receive such another Blow; that if Trees be not wanting in Asia, the Mahometans will not want Ships nor Gallies; and that they will have as many Soldiers and Seamen as they please, if the Women do not happen all of them at once to be barrens*. Thou knowest that after the Battle of *Lepanto*, wherein the Great God and our Prophet designed to mortify the Faithful; that *Selim's* Favourite maintained the Glory of his Master, in thus speaking to the Bailo of *Venice*: *There is this Difference between the Losses which the Republick makes, and the Misfortunes which happen to the Mussulmans; that when we took from you the Island of Cyprus, we cut off one of your Arms; and when you defeated us in Battle, it was just as if you had cut off our Beards, which will soon grow up again; and if Women and Trees do not fail us, we shall soon have Ships and Men; but the Loss of your Arm can never be repaired.*

The Eternal Lord, without whom nothing can subsist, make the Sea always navigable, and without Tempests, that the Winds may favour thy Designs; and when thou hast finished all thou oughtest for the Glory of the Empire, I pray Heaven make thee Possessor of the Infidels Countries, which thou shalt subdue.

Paris, 20th of the 14th Moon
of the Year 1638.

LETTER IV.

To the Kaimacham.

THIS Letter will perhaps prove troublesome to thee, wherein thou wilt find an odd Mixture; however, thou wilt have no Cause to complain of me; for whatever I write to thee shall be put into such Order, that if the first News be troublesome to thee, the last will prove otherwise. Thou hast received none of my Letters in the last Packets which I sent to thee; and I have found it more to the Purpose to make thee know at once, (though somewhat later, what I could not write but at three times; whereby thou wilt be better informed than others, to whom I wrote the first Notices I had. There is nothing like to Patience, as in all other Things, so more especially as to what concerns News; the lame Post always bringing the best Intelligence.

However, I hope thou wilt pardon me, if I wrote only to one Person, who is the Captain *Bassa*, those disagreeable Things which I heard, that I might not make a new Recital, which would not please; besides that he is obliged, as well as the other Ministers of the *Porte*, to impart to thee the Advices he receives from me.

Thou wilt find, by the Copy of the Letter which I have written, that it is not without Reason I am angry with him. My Design is not to teach thee, what thou knewest probably before me, but what thou mayest be ignorant of, and yet oughtest to know.

The *Christians* express continually their Hatred against us, always speaking ill of our Affairs. Although there be no War declared between these Infidels and the ever invincible Sultan; yet they cease not to be our Enemies; and thou mayest know by their Discourse, they are ever laying Designs against us. Thou knowest, the usual Way of the World is to discourse first of Affairs,

Affairs, and then take their Resolutions. The *French* are generally excepted from this Rule, for they have executed their Designs before they began to speak of them; so lively is their Imagination, and so ready are they to take their Resolutions. They do in Affairs of State, what we are wont to do in those of Religion; they decide them by the Sword. They affirm, that Princes who have Valour have no juster Tribunal than War; and that their Soldiers are their Lawyers. What Measure then, most wise *Kaimacham*, can be taken with a Nation which is in continual Activity? The *French* cannot remain at Rest; and when they disturb not their Neighbours, they make War amongst themselves. The Ministers of Foreign Princes, who do, near the matter, what I do, although they have a Character which I have not, are incessantly in Action: They watch without ceasing, as I do, on what passes; and thou mayest assure thyself that the *Divan* shall be fully and certainly advertised of all Things.

The Pope keeps here, as his Ambassador, a Prelate, called a Nuncio. The Emperor of *Germany*, the King of *Spain*, those of *England*, *Swedeland*, *Denmark*, and *Poland*; the Electors, and several other Princes of the Empire, entertain also Ambassadors, to observe the Motions of this Prince, who often breaks all their Measures. The States of *Italy* do also the same. There are, in this Part of *Europe*, Princes and Republicks: These little Sovereigns are more jealous than others of their Interests; and do more concern themselves in all Affairs which pass. The Republicks likewise use greater Precautions in their Conduct, than the Monarchs do.

The Republick of *Venice* has acquired a greater Reputation; *France* keeps a good Correspondence with her; the Ambassador of that State living here with all the Marks of Grandeur, and the same Prerogatives granted to those of crowned Heads. Neither *Persia* nor *Muscovia*, keep any publick Minister here, yet, perhaps, they may have some that give private Intelligence to their Masters. As to what concerns the Princes of
the

the *Indies*, they seem not to me to have any Interest here; so that they have, I believe, no Agent in these Parts, either publick or private. If the Name of *Spy* be mean or dishonourable, I know no Body that is called one; for I being unknown, my Reputation therefore runs no Hazard. I serve, without being observed. But to speak plainly, what are the Ambassadors and Agents of Princes but secret Spies, as I am, who, under a Pretence of keeping Correspondence between their Masters, inform them of what they can discover in the Courts where they are sent.

Thou shalt be sufficiently informed by the Bassa of the Sea, of *Piccinino's* Adventure; he will shew thee what I have written. However, there are sixty Gallies lost; and our greatest Consolation is, that we shall not want Means to be revenged: If the *Christians* have cut off one of our Fingers, we ought to pluck out both their Eyes.

It is said here, that this Admiral is made Prisoner by the *Venetians*: If this be true, his Confinement must be very uneasy to him. But all People are not agreed, whether he be a Prisoner or no; for some maintain, he is at *Constantinople*, where he justifies himself with his usual Arrogance; laying all the Fault on the Renegado, who commanded the Admiral of *Algiers*.

I have recommended to the Bassa of the Sea the Enterprize of *Loretto*. If thou hast Leisure to examine the Project, thou wilt find, though I am no Captain nor Mariner, what I have hinted is worth regarding. The Knowledge which I have of the World, of the Manner of Living of the *Christian* Princes, and Priests of *Rome*, together with the other Notices I have acquired, by reading of Histories, should make me considered as a Man that is able to offer at great Things; though I have not as yet gained much Credit in the World.

The Ambassador of *Venice*, residing in this Court, says, that their Republick will satisfy the *Grand Signior*, affirming, That *Ali* is a Pirate; that the *Africans* have
broken

broken the Peace; and that the Action of their General *Capello* is just and heroical; and that *Amurath* himself will chastise *Piccinino*. He moreover pretends, that the Gallies which were taken will not be restored, seeing it will be made apparent, that they have been lost by different Accidents: I think he says, they have been all sunk before the Isle of *Corfou*, by the Senate's Order, to prevent the Expectation of a Surrender, the Admiral of *Algiers* only excepted, which those Infidels have brought in Triumph into their Arsenal, to preserve the Remembrance of an Event, which they pretend to be very glorious to them. But these Misfortunes are not extream, nor past Remedy, if God continues the Life of our Great Emperor, and thy Health.

Paris, 7th of the 2d Moon
of the Year 1638.

LETTER V.

To the same.

THEY have at length given over talking of our Losses, but I give not over devising the Means to be revenged of the *Christians*. Remember, that the Grand Vizir keeps in Prison a Man fit for great Things at this Time, who can do the *Nazarenes* considerable Mischiefs, and procure notable Advantage to the *Mussulmen*. If the old Renegado of *Dalmatia* be yet alive, he is capable of destroying all Places in the *Mediterranean Sea*. Advise with him about the Destruction of *Loretto*. There is no *Corfsairy* that has done more bold Exploits. He has spent Sixty Years in coursing on the *Archipelago* and *Adriatick Sea*; where he has made horrid Devastations, with infinite Prizes. He has likewise most considerably damnified the *Cossacks* on the *Black Sea*. He began the Trade at nine Years old in a little Vessel, has been wounded on
twenty,

twenty, or twenty two Occasions, taken Prisoner four Times by our Pirates, and thrice escaped out of their Hands. And not being able to fly the fourth Time, nor redeem himself by Money, he redeemed himself by his Religion, which he quitted to embrace ours; and, since he has been circumcised, he has brought to *Constantinople*, above thirteen thousand Slaves in about thirty Years Space. He has passed full five Years in the Cleft of a Rock, along the Banks of the *Adriatick* Sea; which by his Industry he made a sure Place of Retreat. Here it was that he hid himself with his Men and Vessel, like a wild Beast in his Den; and it is hard to imagine how many Snares he laid, during that Time, for those of his own Religion. He has been often pursued, but could never be taken; and his Name became so terrible amongst the *Christians*, that there was no Place but dreaded him. But, in fine, having, as it is said, attempted to betray his Master, in delivering into the *Christians* Hands the five Gallies he commanded, he was sent, by Order from the Grand Vizir, into the Castle of *Seven Towers*, although his Crime was not certainly proved. It was about two and fifty Moons since he has been there kept Prisoner; and he is not only very old, but decrepid. The long Penance which a Man has undergone, that has done such great Things, and who is accused of having done one ill One, of which he is not convicted, does plead for some Indulgence.

I shall never go about to solicit for the Liberty of a Traitor; yet I must say, that Men who have dared to execute great Crimes are often capable of Heroick Actions. This Man was, and is still, at the End of his Life; perhaps, if thou wilt endeavour to procure him some Advantage, and make him hope still greater, he may repair his Fault, by performing something for the Good of the Empire; or at least give some good Advice. Thou knowest the ancient *Perfians* had a Law, whereby their Kings were obliged, not to put a Malefactor to Death for one Crime; and private Persons not to chastise their Domesticks or Slaves for one Fault.

Fault. Thou knowest moreover, that Princes should observe in the Chastisement of their Subjects, whether the Services they had rendered have not been greater than their present Failings, and pardon them if their good Deeds surpassed their bad. These Laws, although no longer observed in *Persia*, yet cease not to be wise Precepts; to which if thou hast no Regard, yet thou wilt have some to the Zeal and Affection of *Mahmut*. And if thou wilt suffer me to make here a short Digression, in comparing the State wherein we are with that of the Ancients, thou wilt find how much our Monarchy surpasses all others. Dost thou believe, generous Kaimacham, that the *Ottoman* Empire is equal, inferior, or superior to that of the *Romans* in *Pompey's* Time? Let us content ourselves with supposing it equal, to speak without Passion, and cut the Course of Disputes, which might be made hereupon; and reflect, I pray thee, on the Conduct which *Pompey* held in the War he made against those infinite Numbers of Pirates which infested the Seas of *Italy*, *Africa*, and *Asia*. He was made General of an Army of five hundred Sail, with absolute Power to do what he thought fitting, without giving any Account. Thou knowest his Conduct was so prudent and full of Valour, that embarking with ten thousand and twenty Foot, and six thousand Horse, he in forty Days cleared *Lybia*, *Sicily*, *Spain*, *Sardinia*; and, in a Word, all the Seas which depended on the *Roman* Power, from an infinite Number of Pirates, who had, as it were, besieged the Capital of the Empire by their Incurfions, Rapines and Violences.

Now, although the Number of our Enemies be not so great, nor their Strength so considerable; yet it is to be feared, lest the Infidels be one Day bold enough, (having joined their Forces, which are now dispersed) to fall upon us, and shake the vast Monarchy of the *Ottomans*, which they now often disturb by frequent Enterprizes in several Parts.

We have an infinite Number of Places to preserve: We have several Kingdoms, populous Isles: We com-
mand

mand warlike Nations, and the Number of the Empire's Subjects are innumerable, which ought to encourage us to undertake no less than *Pompey* did heretofore, who was called *the Agamemnon of Italy*, because he commanded a numerous Fleet, as this *Hero* of the *Greeks* formerly did. But it being already Midnight, I am forced to finish this Letter, lest it should be too late for the Post.

I shall inform thee by the first Opportunity of what has happened in *Italy* and *Germany*, and of several other Things which I thought I ought to give thee Notice of by this Express; but accuse me not of Neglect, in not having written all to thee in this Letter, and receive my Excuse, which is just and sincere, and grant me thy Favour.

The Great God increase thy Prosperity, and continue thy Health and Credit in the Dominions of the invincible Sultan, under whose glorious Reign we live.

Paris, 7th of the 11th Moon
of the Year 1638.

LETTER VI.

To the same.

I Pass immediately into *Montserrat*, without leaving *France*, to tell thee, that the *Spaniards* have there made themselves Masters of a little Town, which the *French* could not keep for want of Men; and have also demolished the Fortrefs which guarded the Place, that their Enemies might not have any Desire after a Reprisal.

The eldest Son of *Amadeus*, Duke of *Savoy*, is now dead; he was called *Lewis Amadeus*; he was but seven Years old when declared Sovereign, and was so but few Moons. He died four Days after the Ceremony of his Baptism. The King of *France* and the Queen of *Spain* were Godfather and Godmother to
this

this Prince. Thou wilt ask me perhaps how this could be, seeing they could not be there present? But thou must know, that these *Nazarenes* assist often at these Ceremonies by Procuration. The Duchess of *Savoy* seems to me worthy of Compassion, having lost in one Year both her Husband and her Son, and a good Part of her Estate, and sees what remains to her exposed to the Hazards of War; but she has ever shewed herself a Woman of Courage and Resolution. Her second Son has been declared his Brother's Heir, and the State have chose her Regent during his Minority.

The Reason of the sudden Visit, which the Elector of *Saxony* gave the King of *Hungary*, is not yet known: We have had Advice of his Departure from *Dresden*, the Capital Town of his Country, with a great Train of Courtiers, and the three Princes his Sons; and that he went to *Loutmaritz*, where this King expected him; and it is further said, that, in the small Time they were together, they have had several Conferences, the Subject of which is not yet discovered. The King has presented the Duke with a rich Coach, with six stately Horses, sumptuously harnessed; and given Diamonds and Gold Chains to his Courtiers. But thou being nearer the Place of this Conference, and the *Porte* having every where subtle Agents, thou mayest sooner get this Secret than I: For it is not to be doubted, but there is something hatching against the *Ottoman* Empire, while *Amurath* is at that Distance, and the chief Forces of his Empire employed elsewhere.

As to what concerns the Progress of the Duke of *Weimar*, who carries on the War in *Alsatia*, there are infinitely different News come from thence, since I wrote to thee; but this is what is most certain. After the Taking of *Friburgh*, this General made himself Master of the Campaign about *Brisac*; and his Army seizing upon all the Posts thereabouts, the *Imperialists* put themselves in a Posture of hindring them; but, for three Months Time, they could do nothing but spoil the Corn and Forage in the Country, whereby they wasted their own Substance. They have also
fruit-

fruitlessly endeavoured to break down the Bridge which *Weimar* had built at *Nurembergh*; where they met with such Resistance, that they were forced to retire with their Army, which was in great Danger. But the Duke also met with no Success in his Enterprize on *Offenburgh*, through the Fault of fifteen hundred Musketeers, *French* and *Germans*, who came not soon enough to plant their Ladders against the Walls, and surprize this Place: And he has since made different Trials, which have proved all in vain. An Officer had already entered as far as the Ramparts with a small Party which he commanded by Means of a false Passport; but being discovered by a Centinel, he was forced to retreat in Confusion, with the Loss of some of his Men. *Weimar* since defeated two Regiments of Dragoons, and two other Regiments of Horse, and seized on the Castle of *Mauburgh*; the Garrison of which Place surrendered at Discretion to a *Swedish* Officer. But I am informed, that the two Armies came near to one another on the Banks of the *Rhine*; of which I shall say no more than what is necessary.

The Emperor's Troops being discovered by *Weimar's* Van-guard, commanded by *Turenne*, gained an high Ground; on which fortifying themselves, they sheltered behind a Church and some Houses, before which there was a Battery raised of several Pieces of Cannon, to keep the *Swedes* at a Distance, and hinder them from encamping too near. Some *French* imprudently advancing to discover the Enemies Posture, within less than Musquet-shot, were almost all killed on the Place. By this time the Duke of *Weimar*, seeing he could not draw the *Imperialists* to fight, and it being impossible to force them on the Mountain, where they were intrenched, retired under the Castle of *Mauburgh* with his Rear-guard, commanded by the Count de *Gurbian*, a *French* Gentleman. The next Day he joined the rest of his Army; and being informed by a *Moor* that served him, and in whom he put great Confidence, that the *Imperialists* began early in the Morning to retire; he immediately therefore put himself into a Condition to follow

follow them, making his Army to march in Battle-array. His Horse consisted of twenty-four Squadrons, and his Foot of eight Battalions; besides the Auxiliary Troops, of which he made a reserved Body.

The *French* affirm, the *Imperialists* were the strongest, as having four thousand Men more than the *Swedes*; of which it is hard to know the Certainty; but the Particulars of the Battle are worth one's writing. It was very bloody, the Fight being obstinately held by both Parties, and the Victory long inclining, sometimes to one Side, and sometimes to another: So that the Combatants were ready to retire, weary of striking and being struck; when Fortune on a sudden declared herself for the Duke of *Weimar*; who behaved himself in the Fight like a wise Captain and valiant Soldier. It is certain the *Imperialists* have lost two thousand Men on this Occasion, with several of their principal Officers: And also above fifteen hundred were made Prisoners; amongst which there were above two hundred Persons considerable on the Account of their Birth and Employs. I make no mention of the Number of their Cannon; neither do I reckon the hundred Colours or Cornets, nor three thousand Waggon laden with all Sorts of Ammunition, which fell to the Conquerors: But I greatly value the Box of Writings of two great Commanders, wherein were found the Instructions and secret Orders of the King of *Hungary*, and some Treaties made with the Sublime *Porte*, to which all the Potentates of the World should pay Homage.

It cannot be yet discovered what these Treaties contain; yet I shall do all that is possible in order to it. The Booty has been great; however *Weimar* seems not to set much by it, as aiming at something more considerable. He remained two Days in the Field of Battle, the better to assure his Enemy of his Conduct. He moreover pretends in his Letters to this Court, that he had not in this Expedition above five hundred Foot, and a few Cavalry; which, out of a Bravado, he says he will reinforce with his Pages. This is that

that which our Emperors, who are the Masters of the World, would scruple to say in the Presence of their Slaves; so far would they be from speaking so before an Army, as this Prince did in the Presence of a great King. See the Vanity of one of these Infidels Generals.

In Obedience to the Orders which I received from thee, I here end my Letter; so that thou wilt receive a very imperfect Relation of the Event which I began to relate to thee; and I shall continue my Dispatch tomorrow, that thou mayest the better remember what I have already written to thee, that I may not lose the Thread of the History.

Paris, 24th of the last Moon,
of the Year, 1638.

LETTER VII.

To the same.

I Find in the *Alcoran*, the Chapter which speaks of *Limbo's* to be very long; and I believe, I never wrote thee any Letter, wherein there were so many Words: Thou shalt not receive henceforward any from me larger than the hundred and six Versicles of this Chapter, seeing thou enjoinest me to be short. I have therefore divided this Dispatch into two, lest it should prove tiresome to thee; although I believe thou wouldst have found it, when entire, not so long as the Chapter which treats of Hell.

Weimar lost no Time, but went and encamped before *Brisac*. He caused the Trenches to be opened with great Diligence; and has so beset the *Rhine*, that nothing can pass without his Leave. The River is considerable for its Largeness, and Length of its Course; carrying Vessels of great Burthen, which make it much frequented.

This Captain, perceiving the Town wanted Provisions of all Kinds, used all imaginable Artifices to surprise

prize it, or carry it by Assault. It is the Capital of a great Province, where he is Master of several considerable Places, and several strong Castles, from whence one may say, the Place was already besieged.

Things were in this Condition, and there was no other Discourse in the *Swedens* Camp, but of Victories, Losses, and Wounds, when the News of the Birth of the Dauphin was brought there, which caused another Noise to be heard. The Horse and Foot joined their Shouts of Joy to the Sounds of the Drums, Trumpets, and the Artillery, which was several times discharged.

The Valour of the Duke of *Weimar*, and that of the Troops which he commands, made not the *Imperialists* to lose their Courage, having recruited their Army with new Troops. General *Lamboye*, a Man of Courage and good Conduct, appeared in the Sight of the *Swedens*, having added to his Army five Thousand Men, with the rest of the Troops of Prince *Savelli*, and wasted the Country which the Enemy was in Possession of. If thou wouldst know the Situation of the *Swedens* Camp, and in what manner they made their Trenches and Circumvallations, I can certainly inform thee, having had some time since a very exact Draught of it. This Camp is three *German Miles* in Compass, fortified on each Side by a Trench sixteen Foot thick, with a large deep Ditch, a double Palisado, and several Redoubts. This lower, as well as the upper Parts of the Town, are mightily annoyed by two Bridges made on the *Rhine*. The Abundance of all Sorts of Ammunition does much hearten the Army. The Commander, although very ill, yet is incessantly watchful, and seems indefatigable. The Soldiers, animated by their past Successes, think of nothing but new Conquests and new Booty, imagining themselves invincible. The Artillery, which is in the Camp, is fifty Pieces of great Cannon, with which such Batteries have been made, as drive the Besieged to Despair. I mention not to thee several small Skirmishes, which continually happen, yet this is what is most considerable:
Some

Some Troops of young Soldiers of the *Imperial Army*, having taken several Cattle from the *Swedes*, and made some Prisoners, had Notice of the March of Colonel *Sillard*, who came from *France*, and brought a good Sum of Money for the Payment of the Troops. They went to meet him, and took it, together with several young Gentlemen Prisoners; all Men of Note, and who had also a great deal of Money about them. At the same time, the Duke of *Lorrain*, a Prince of great Valour, who serves in the *Imperialists* Party, had undertaken to relieve *Brisac*, which he knew was reduced to the utmost Extremity; and having chosen for this Design forty Companies of Foot for a Convoy of Provisions, and being on his March, he met with the Duke of *Weimar*. And this is the Short of the Story: The Prince was still indisposed, by reason of his late Sickness; yet this could not hinder him from embracing this Occasion, which he believed to be of great Importance to his Party; he got therefore on Horseback, and marched up to the Duke.

The Combat lasted five Hours, and *Lorrain* did all that could be expected from a brave and experienced Commander. But he was constrained to yield to the Duke's Fortune, and retire into a Wood, with what he could save of his Troops; and the *Swedes* Courage was not a little increased by so great an Advantage, which will certainly be attended with the Surrender of *Brisac*. The Duke of *Weimar* remained Master of the Field, having entirely defeated the *Imperialists* Foot, and put the Duke of *Lorrain's* Horse into a horrid Disorder: There lay above twelve hundred dead on the Place; and all the Baggage, together with the Ammunition, fell into the Hands of the Conqueror. A Man would think, illustrious Kaimacham, that the God *Mars* has united himself with this Captain; for notwithstanding the Weakness of his Body, he performs every Day most heroick Actions with his valiant Soldiers, who are ready to undertake any thing, when he is at their Head. Whether this happens from his not valuing his Life, or his Thirst after Honour; yet

yet so it is, that he cannot live without nourishing himself with Victories; and he begins already to equal the famous *Gustavus*, under whom he has learned his Trade. Yet he has lost, notwithstanding his Diligence, two Forts he built on the *Rhine*; which if he retakes, it will not be without the Cost of much Blood on both Sides. The *Germans* have already lost 60000 Men there, amongst which there were 400 drowned.

The Extremities of *Brisac*, of which we have already private Advices, are at present known to all the World. The *Swedes* intercepted, that last Moon of *October*, a Letter from the Governor to the King of *Hungary*, wherein he laid open his Condition, and told him plainly, that Places which wanted Men, Victuals, and Ammunition, could not be defended but by a Miracle; adding, that the best Officers and Soldiers were already dead; and those that were alive were either sick, or lay wounded, and so greatly tired, that they could do no Service; and, besides, their Victuals would last but twelve Days. He seemed afterwards to reproach him for letting the Time slip, in which he had promised him Assistance; and to put him in mind, he did not believe he could hold out to the Fourth of the Moon of *September*, being reduced to great Extremities; that he durst not mention Particulars, lest his Letter should fall into other Hands. Observe the Imprudence of the Expression; he dares not write all, and yet he writes more than needs, to discover that the Place will be infallibly taken.

If thou beest impatient to know the Surrender of *Brisac*, thou shalt be satisfied by this Dispatch. The Post is now come, which brings News of the Taking of that important Place. And he is come hither in three Days. The Place was taken according to the Rules of War, surrendring the Ninth of the last Moon of this Year, according to the *Christian* Style. The Governor procured very honourable Terms; and truly he sustained the Siege with all the Vigour and Courage possible, to the last Extremity. He is called the

Baron *de Reyneck*: His Name deserves a Place in the Letters thou enregistereſt; and that the *Divan* ſhould be informed of a Man who knows ſo well to defend what is entrusted to him, that they may give to Virtue her Due. There went out of *Briſac* only 400 Foot, and 70 Horſe, who were all naked, wounded, and almoſt dead with Hunger: They were reduced to thoſe Extremities, that they had already eaten the Fleſh of Horſes, Cats, and Dogs; and ſome were ſaid to have devoured Human Fleſh. As touching the Booty, there are different Diſcourſes; but it is certain, the Conqueror found above 200 Pieces of Cannon in the Place.

But there is a ſtrange Story related of a young Lady, of admirable Beauty, who falling down at the Duke of *Weimar's* Feet, thus ſpoke to him:

SIR, I have but ſome few Moments to live, Hunger having reduced me to the Gates of Death; but I ſhall die deſperate, if you do not revenge me of a baſe Fellow, who has exacted of me a Diamond of great Value, which I have been forced to give him for a roasted Mouſe: I am not angry with him for taking of me a Pearl-Necklace during the Siege for four Ounces of Flour; but I confeſs my Weakneſs, I cannot ſee myſelf bereaved of what I moſt valued, and without Satisfaction. It is ſaid this Prince could not forbear ſhedding Tears at ſo piteous a Spectacle, this Lady dying almoſt at the ſame Inſtant ſhe had done ſpeaking; but it is not known whether he called this hard-hearted Fellow to an Account for what he had detained.

The Siege of *Briſac* laſted four Moons, almoſt Fourſcore Thouſand Men periſhed in the Town, by Sickneſs, Wounds, and Famine. Bonfires are made at *Paris* for ſo great an Advantage; and the Duke of *Weimar's* Praises are every where celebrated, and great Commendations are given him in the Letters from the Court. Our Empire may have one Day ſomething to fear from ſo brave, ſo experienced, and ambitious a Captain, were he at Leiſure: But *Germany* is ſo large a Country, ſo full of ſtout Men, and contains ſo many great Towns, and thoſe ſo well fortified,

fied, as will afford him Work enough, without troubling us.

It is pleasantly said here, that the Emperors of *Germany* will no more sleep quietly; for in losing *Brisac* they have lost their Pillow on which they rested; and it is thought, *France* may one Day unite this Conquest to her Crown. The Great God multiply the Years of thy Life, as the Sand of the Sea, and increase every Day thy Fortune, and continue thy Health.

Paris, 25th of the last Moon,
of the Year 1638.

LETTER VIII.

To Melech Amet.

I Have heard here a confused Discourse of the Disgrace of *Stridya Bey*; but thy Letters have satisfied me. Thou seest, Friend, how Things go. He had the Prince's Favour, and yet could not save himself. He had more-over great Riches, and yet was obliged to undergo such great Ignominy. He will be more deformed than he was, having now left his Nose and Ears in the Hands of the common Executioner.

Amurath, in condemning him to this Punishment, has done an Act of Justice worthy of him: For the honestest Men in the Empire have ever wished ill to this proud and insolent *Greek*. This Man, who was but a pitiful Fisherman, and Seller of Oysters, got this intolerable Pride by the prodigious Riches he acquired in this mean Occupation. His great Wealth made him find the Means of obtaining the Favour of the Ministers and Favourites of the Princes; and his Highness himself honoured him with his Friendship, gave him Offices, and heaped up Riches on him. Thou shouldest know all I say; but I am astonished thou shouldest write to me, that this Wretch having been put out from the Government of *Walachia*, by reason of his

insupportable Pride and extream Covetousness, should pretend to re-enter on this Office by Means of Money, trying in some Sort to corrupt the Justice of *Amurath*. Observe how many Ways he draws on him the Prince's Indignation: The Emperor must have been more covetous than *Stridya*, had he favoured his Design; but it was the Decree of Heaven that *Stridya* should be punished, and that our Master should give a terrible Example of his Justice, to terrify those who use their Riches to commit all Sorts of Crimes, and to purchase all Manner of infamous Pleasure.

The News of the Fall of this Slave had in some Sort mitigated the great Melancholy I felt, when I received thy Letter: But the Death of *Zagabaraschi*, our common Friend, does not a little afflict me; as well as the Marriage of his Son *Caragurli*, made the same Day, does astonish me: For I cannot comprehend how there could be celebrated on the same Day, and at the same House, two such different Ceremonies, as are a Funeral and a Wedding.

I find this Adventure very strange; and though our Friend indeed was very old, yet I bewail him, as if he had died before his Time. He was an honest Man, of great Piety, and moderately rich: And this is what makes Mortals happy in this World, and the other too. But thou dost not inform me, whether the excessive Joy he had to see his Son married to a *Greek*, rich with the Goods of Fortune, endowed with great Virtue, and a Mute, has not caused his Death. I rather think thou wilt say, our Friend *Zagabaraschi* is dead by some Excess, than yield to what we contested about formerly. I always found in this Friend great Marks of Honesty and Sobriety; and he also appeared to me to have great Tenderness for his Son. I cannot, without offending thee, accuse this old Gentleman of want of Moderation, yet he is dead with a Transport of Joy. Thou seest, I affirmed no impossible Thing, when I maintained in my Youth, that an extraordinary and unforeseen Joy is more likely to kill than sudden Grief, though never so violent. Didst thou

thou think it a Matter of small Satisfaction to a Father, that is a wise and sober Man, to obtain for his Son a Woman that is a Mute? For what greater Pleasure can a Husband have, than to have a Wife that is not Talkative? The *Christians* understand not the Wisdom of the *Turks*, when they laugh at our Sultans, who find the greatest Part of their Pleasure in the Conversation of Mutes. Is there any thing more delightful than to hear a Man that does not speak; and to see one that has no Tongue reason on all Things? Thou knowest how many Things these Mutes of the Seraglio do give one to understand; and what Eloquence there is in their Signs and Gestures. Thou remembrest, that when *Amurath* would give Thanks to the Sovereign *MODERATOR* of all the World, in that he had escaped Death, when the Lightning fell on his Bed, and burnt to his very Shirt; he seemed to offer him a great Sacrifice, in putting a Mute out of the Seraglio, which he dearly loved by reason of her Tricks and Gestures. The *Muses* were one Day ready to fall together a fighting, because they would not receive amongst them a tenth Companion, sent them by a *Mandamus* from a King of *Italy*; But when this tenth Muse signified to them, that she was dumb, all the Voices were for her. Dear *Melech*, it is not without Reason I write thee this. Thou art still young, and designed for Matrimony: Believe *Mahmut*; there are few Women that are Wise, and they say little that is Good: Think then what those say, who know nothing, and whose Number is infinite. When they have talked a whole Day, believe me, they have said nothing. If thou marriest, follow my Counsel, Take not a Mute; for then thou wilt marry a Beast; neither chuse one that talketh, for thou wilt be linked with a Monster. As to our Friend, he died by a particular Grace from Heaven: Yet I cannot but think still of his Death, How many more extraordinary Accidents wilt thou see, if thou livest to old Age, and especially if thou livest at *Constantinople*; where are continually beheld strange Adventures, and extraordinary Effects, both of Life

and Death, Cruelty and Clemency; as well as of good and bad Fortune. Being in Breath, I could continue still to write to thee, but I think it is time to end, least I prove tiresome. And I end in praying Heaven to keep thee in Health where-ever thou art.

Paris, 25th of the last Moon,
of the Year 1638.

LETTER IX.

To the same.

PARIS, where I live, is a very healthful City, and so are all the Places thereabouts, free from pestilential Airs; and yet there oft happen sudden Deaths, as well as at *Constantinople*; and they die here likewise of Joy. I will relate to thee what I have partly seen, and not what I have heard, to happen in *London*, the most ancient and chiefest City of the Kingdom of *England*: A rich old Man falling sick, and lying on his Death-bed, sent to his only Son, living at *Paris*, where he spent his Time in Pleasure, to come over, that he might, with his Estate, give him his Blessing. Think what News this was to a young Man, to whom the Life of a Father was troublesome, as being an Obstacle to his Liberty; and who waited his Death, to take his Swing of all the Pleasures, which his corrupt Nature make him respect as his Sovereign Good. This young Man intending to get up on Horseback to run where he was called, found himself embarked for a Voyage which he did not design to make; he fell dead on the Place, and I saw him in the same Instant, wherein he was living and healthful, to expire. Were I of the Sect of our Philosopher *Muslaadin Saadi*, I would tell thee, it matters not, whether one dies suddenly, or languishes a long time; whether a Man dies in his Bed, or at the Gallows. But I being none of *Zeno's* Disciples, and knowing no Peripatetick, or Philosopher, amongst

amongst so many Sects that were in Greece, who disputed whether Life or Death is to be preferred; so, expect not from me any Arguings on the Morals of those Greeks, nor yet of the Persians. But if Death be such a terrible Thing, endeavour to live in such a manner, that it may never affright thee when it shall approach thee, or when thou shalt see it invade others; expecting it at all Times, and in all Places. Dost thou know by what Herb, or by what Secret Magick Charm I do not fear it? It is by the leading of an innocent Life.

Here is published, and that with great Reason, the last Words of a Man of great Birth, who died, when he was very old, by a Wound he received. He had served divers Kings in Places of highest Trust; and being mortally wounded in a Battle, mark what he said to those that exhorted him to die like a good Christian, and with the same Courage he had shewed in his Life; His Reply was, *That a Man, who had lived well Four-score Years, cannot be to seek how to die well for a Quarter of an Hour.* This great Man, who was a famous Soldier, was also a true Philosopher; and I might say he was a Saint, had he been of our Religion. I believe he was a most edifying Spectacle, and the more considerable, in as much as the Example he gave of dying well is more valuable, than that which he gave in so many Battles of courageous Fighting. He is called *Anne de Montmorancy*, Constable of France, whose Life I had the Curiosity of reading, being to be found in the History of the Civil Wars of this Kingdom.

But before I end this Letter, let me denote to thee the Difference there is between the Effects of Grief and Joy. The Messenger from *England*, of whom I already spake, finding at his Return the old Man, whom he had left dying, still alive, he gave him such a strange Stroke, by telling to him the Death of his Son, that Grief having vanquished the Assault of Death, restored to this unhappy old Man that Strength he had lost in his Sickness; so that coming to himself some Days after to *Paris*, I saw him bewail the Loss of his only Son.

He that said heretofore, *A Man should learn all his Life to die well*, uttered no strange Doctrine. Our Days will last long enough, if we be ready to say at all times, *We have lived enough*; And if we love as we ought our great Emperor, who is Invincible, Holy, and the most Just among Men: And if we observe what a *French Peasant* said to all those that passed before his Door, *Never deny your Assistance, nor ever do any Body any hurt*.

Let thou and I number our Days (as was preached heretofore in the Seraglio, to the white Eunuchs by the *Persian*, whose Eyes were put out, because he saw too clearly.) He always insisted on the Shortness, Uncertainty, and Vanity of Human Life. He said it was short, considering what we had to do in it; uncertain as to what we shall do in it; and always mixed with what we have done, and what remains for us to do. Teach not thy Son *Mehemet* yet, for whom thou hast so much Affection, these Precepts. Children have not that Ripeness of Judgment as is necessary to hear Discourses of Death; they are too hard Bits for their Stomachs; and which indeed old Men can hardly digest; and which they swallow not without feeling all the Bitterness of them.

I pray God keep the Imperial City, with those that dwell in it, and shelter it from the Storms which fall on infamous Cities; and I beseech him, thou mayest live without Offence, that thou mayest never fear Death.

Paris, 25th of the last Moon,
of the Year 1638.

LETTER X.

To Enguruli Emin Mehemet Chuk, a Man
of the Law.

WHEN I parted from *Constantinople*, I gave thee a Stone of excellent Virtue against the Gravel,

Gravel, and thou presentedst me with a Paper, which was to secure me against all bodily Evil. Time only can decide which of us two made the best Present to his Friend. Thou hast pretended to teach me in few Words, how to live among the Infidels; and I thought in giving thee a Stone, to give thee a Remedy against the Distemper thou art troubled with. I never turn myself towards the Place where *Mecha* lies, but I remember where thy Amity began, and how far since it has extended towards me. Absence has not lessened thy Kindness, nor hindered thee from sending me thy grave Counsels; but I am as yet too young, to set about the preparing myself for the other World, and too Vigorous and Healthful to hearken to thy serious and melancholy Discourses.

I wish thou wert but at *Paris*, where thou wouldst see a great Number of People, who sell a most precious Thing to purchase a vain and fantastick Title. How many with great Earnestness sue for Placeats from the King, that they may seek their Deaths! Perhaps thou never thoughtest there was any such Kind of People. What dost thou think then of the Soldiery in general? Are they any other than Martyrs of Ambition, to whom one would think Life is a Burthen? It is a sad Spectacle to see how many Dead lie in the Streets, or are carried on the Shoulders of their Friends and Kinsmen to their Graves: Yet this is so common a Thing in *Paris*, that the People make no Wonder of it.

This way of living obliges me to do as the rest. I begin to consider, That what happens to another, may happen to me; there is no avoiding one's Destiny. This Preface is only to bring in a Story of the King's Goodness, which ought to be an Example to all Princes.

The *French* have need of fresh Soldiers to fill up so many Troops as they continually entertain: Not long since then, there came a Man full of Years, and overwhelmed with Despair, who desired to be listed in this Prince's Service. To obtain what he desired, he told the King, *That he was the Father of Twelve Children, Seven of which were Daughters, who were marriageable;*

that he could no longer live, not being able to maintain such a great Family, and that being ignorant as yet how to die, would learn it in the King's Service. The Prince having appointed him to wait upon him one Day privately in his Closet, thus spake to him: Thy Despair makes thee desirous to be listed among my Soldiers, and Charity obliges me to retain thee amongst the Citizens. Those that are Fools when they enter into Troops, commonly come out wiser, because they learn several Things of which they were before ignorant: But as to thy Part, what Time hast thou to learn, who art ready to fall dead at the same Moment thou enterest into the School? Yet I receive thee; take this Sword, go and combat thy Folly, and take this Purse to succour thy Family, and be cured; but if thou art wise, say not from whom thou hast received thy Cure. I know not what Sum was in the Purse, no more than I do of what Metal the Sword was. But I have this Story from an Officer of the King's Closet, with whom I have that strict Converse, that he told me this Passage as soon as ever it happened.

I will tell thee, if thou wilt, some of the principal Passages of my Life; for I conceal nothing from the Ministers, and the most venerable Mufti, who knows all that I do: I adore the Sovereign Master of the Universe, and have a great Veneration for his Holy Prophet: I never defiled my Hands in Blood, neither have I ever violated any Man's Bed: I easily forgive my Enemies, and hate above all Things the Crimes of Slandering. If this be not sufficient to merit Salvation, I do not know what is. These are all my Virtues; as to other Qualifications, I have none. I have no knack at Thieving; my Talents lie not that way; were I qualified, I might, as most do, devise Means to put my Art in Practice. But living according to these aforementioned Maxims, I doubt not but I shall find Entrance into that Paradise, where faithful Souls will enjoy perfect Happiness, and set their Feet on the Necks of the Enemies of our Holy Law; where they shall suffer neither Hunger, Thirst, nor Nakedness, free from the parching Heats of the Sun, and the pinching Sharpness

Sharpness of the Colds, caused by the Moon; where, under the agreeable Shade of Trees, they shall gather the preciousst Fruit, standing, sitting or lying, and drink in Cups of Gold, or Emerald, the most delicious Liquors, which spring from a clear Fountain; and be served with unconceivable Magnificence. In this divine Place they shall be more beautiful and shining than the Stars in the Firmament, whose brightness enlightens the darkeſt Night; their Robes ſhall be of fineſt Silk, of a Colour more green and pleaſing to the Eye, than the Herbs which ſpring up in *May*: And ſhall further receive from the Hands of God a Portion more ſweet and delicious than can be imagined, as a Recompence for the Good they have done, during their Abode among Men. - Thou knoweſt, it is impoſſible for me to go on Pilgrimage to *Mecha*, ſeeing I am obliged to abide at *Paris*. Thou knoweſt alſo, I cannot give my ſelf to Contemplation, being forced to lead an active Life; for I muſt not remain among the *Derviſes* who paſs their Day in Solitude; ſerving in *France*, as I muſt do, our puſſant and invincible Emperor. Thou ſeeſt here what my Condition will bear; accuſe me not therefore for neglecting the pious Advices thou giveſt me. I forget not ſo much Death, as I forget that I muſt die.

Be informed of this from me, There is not a Town in the World, where People do learn better to live ill than at *Paris*; neither is there any Place where they are better taught to die. I need not tell thee, here are publick Academies (as were heretofore amongſt the *Aegyptians*) wherein dead Bodies lie expoſed to publick View, to make Men remember the indiſpenſable Neceſſity of dying. But I may tell thee, There is no Day, wherein in this great Town, a great Quantity of Fools do not teach wiſer than themſelves Things they have been ever ignorant of; for the Gibbets and Scaffolds ſet up for the Punishment of the Guilty hinder the Deſtruction of a great many People, whoſe Innocency is preſerved by theſe kind of Spectacles. Here the Poor, who had heretofore plentiful Subſiſtences, teach

teach good Husbandry ; the Proud, Humility ; the debauched with Women, Chastity.

I believe, there is no Part of the World, where there are more Thieves and Pick-pockets, and who do their Work with greater Art and Subtility : They exercise their Crafts in all Places, in the Churches, as well as the Streets, Markets and Bridges ; so that our People of the *Morea*, who are thought by us to be such great Masters in this Science, are mere Asses to them. Adieu.

Paris, 10th of the 1st Moon,
of the Year 1639.

L E T T E R X I.

To Cara Hali, the Physician.

I Know not whether what I thought I saw last Night in my Bed, be the Effects of a Dream, or of a real Vision. I was awaked by a great Earthquake, which made me rise affrighted out of my Bed. But informing my self by some People, I found it was but a Dream.

My Adventure has renewed the Remembrance of one, which proved of bad consequence to one Part of *Italy*. Physicians are at a loss to find out the Causes of those horrible Fires, which are vomited up at certain Times by Mount *Gibel*, *Stromboli*, and *Vesuvius*, Mountains in *Sicily*, not far from *Naples*, whose Roots seem to spring from Hell ; whence arise often filthy Exhalations, Smoaks and Sulphur, with Flames which cast up Stones and Ashes to the Clouds.

It is known, I believe, at *Constantinople*, That towards the beginning of the Moon *February*, there was lost near *Naples* a little Island that had Four Miles in Compass. It is related as a Thing certain, That after this Isle was suddenly swallowed down into the Sea, the Fire which it included, not finding its usual Vent, there was opened some Days after, a new way along the Coasts of *Calabria*, near *Messina*. There did
it

it appear, having first caused an horrible Earthquake, which overthrew a great Pile of Buildings, which the *Christians* call a Steeple, that belonged to a principal Church, which buried under its Ruins a vast Number of People, whom Devotion had at that Time brought thither. Some Towns of the Kingdom of *Naples* suffered by this Earthquake, with great Multitudes of People, and Herds of Cattle, which were miserably lost in the Fire, by the Smoak and Heaps of Ashes. And amongst those that have been smothered to Death, are reckoned several Lords of those Countries, who are Masters but of few Subjects, and yet bear the Title of Princes.

My dear Friend *Cara Hali*, these are dreadful Effects of Nature, whose Causes will not be found out by us. Certainly these Countries of *Italy* must be far from Paradise, seeing these Mouths of Hell (if it be true, as many People say, they are in these Mountains) do frequently ruin by these Irruptions *Calabria* and *Sicily*. Naturalists affirm, that these Mountains nourish sulphureous Matter in their Bowels, which is easily inflamed, and issues out with more or less Vehemency, and more or less Frequency, according as the Matter is more or less disposed, and the subterranean Winds kindle and eject these Fires, and open the Mass of Earth, under which they are set up. But the Opinions of certain Philosophers, who maintain, That mere Chance produces these extraordinary Events, appears to me very ridiculous; affirming, That one Stone striking another produces a Spark, whence happen these great Inflammations: Nay, they proceed farther, and would persuade us, That a lighted Lamp, left by Chance by those who searched into the Bowels of these Mountains; to discover the Secrets of Nature, might make these Flames; which lighting on a combustible Matter, and meeting with nothing that is contrary to them to extinguish them, do cause these surprizing Effects. They also say, That Lightning striking fiercely on some of the Coasts of these Mountains, may do the same Thing, as the Stones striking one against another, or the Lamp left lighted.

These

These Opinions would not appear so ridiculous, were it possible to make any Demonstration of them: But these Events being all extraordinary, and in a manner prodigious, I shall willingly suffer thee to believe, that it is a Work of Nature, or Hell; or Chance alone, which cause the perpetual Motions of the Fires, which are so terrible, and so greatly damnify one of the finest Countries in the World, as *Greece* is, and this Island, which is the Delight and Nurse of almost all the Provinces situated on the Banks of the *Mediterranean* Sea.

We find also in *Iceland* these Mountains of Fire, yet with this Difference, that their Flames do no Hurt, which makes them no ways dreadful to the Inhabitants. I think too I have heard thy Father say, That being in Company with certain *Arabians* in our *Lycia*, he saw these kind of Fires come out of the Earth, but they broke out gently and caused no Damage.

I am now persuaded of one Thing, which I would never believe before; which is, that old *Pliny*, intending to relate to the Emperor *Titus*, and leave to Posterity a Relation of the Effects of *Vesuvius*, and perfect Discovery of the Cause of so many prodigious Effects; he therefore went himself on the Place, because that in his Time this famous Mountain had cast out an horrible Quantity of Fire, Stones, and Ashes, with so great Violence, and such terrible Noise, that the Effects of it were felt in *Syria*, *Africk*, and especially in *Egypt*. But the Curiosity of this wretched Philosopher having cost him his Life, the *Romans* expect still with his Return, the Discovery of the secret Causes of so many prodigious Effects. Take Care of thy own Health, and let not any of thy Patients miscarry through thy Neglect or Rashness. Continue to love me; though I am a great Distance from thee. Write to me sometimes; and believe that I am not able to conform myself to the way of living of Strangers, amongst whom I reside. I shall be always a good *Mussulman*, and a faithful Friend.

Paris, 10th of the 1st Moon,
of the Year 1639.

LETTER

LETTER XII.

To the Venerable Mufti, Prince of the Religion of the Turks.

THY Decree is very cruel, to separate me, without having committed any Crime, from the Communion of the Faithful.

I have read the holy Answer thou hast made me, with great Veneration; but this has not been without many Tears; Thou hast not untied the Knot of the Difficulties which perplex me, but made it indissoluble. So that I only live in the Certainty of having no Certitude; and my Soul, which is encompassed with Fear, will be in Dread till Death.

If I do what thou proposest, how shall I be sure of not failing, seeing I do not understand what I ought to do: I am so dull, that I cannot distinguish, whether thou exhorteft me to do what I have ever done, or whether thou forbidest me what I asked of thee.

I entreated thee to let me know, whether I might live amongst the *Christians*, and do in appearance, what they do effectually in the Observance of the Ceremonies of their Religion? And thou answerest me, That the Circumcised, or Faithful, should have no Doubt in his Law, and need no other Precepts to observe it, than the Law itself. Moreover, That the true *Mussulman* must be willing to lose his Estate, his Life and Honour in the Sultan's Service: That the *Christians* are Enemies to the True God, the Emperor, and Religion; and that, in fine, one ought to sacrifice all things not to betray this God, who is our chief Master.

Tell me, I entreat thee on my bended Knees, Cannot a Man be a true *Mussulman*, without hating eternally the Followers of *Jesus*? and in living amongst them, secretly a true *Mussulman*, must one shew one's self to be of another Religion, or pretend to be of theirs?

They

Thou wilt tell me, the *Alcoran* speaks with great Clearness ; yet how many obscure Passages do we find in the Words of our Holy Prophet, wherein we need thy Expositions ?

I have no belief for *Tagot*, neither will I give Credit to the Devil ; my Law expressly forbids it : For I believe in one only true God, who knew the Intention of our Holy Lawgiver, and sees what we cannot discover. And the Prophet cries out, That he that has such Principles, leans on the strongest Prop he can ever meet with ; there being nothing which is able to overthrow it.

Disperse, Reverend Sir, as much as thou canst, the Darkness of my Spirit, I conjure thee by the Almighty Father, who can make live Flesh come on the Bones of the Ass which died an hundred Years past.

I did not discontinue here my usual Prayers, which I make in the Manner they are prescribed me by the Law, with my Face always turned to the Side of *Me-cha*. When I fast, I eat only at Night, and I continue my Repast, till Aurora advancing, the Day gives me Light enough to distinguish black Thread from white. And I pass over the Day without taking any Nourishment, till the Darkness be so great, that I cannot see the Eye of a Needle. It is true, I give no Alms to the Poor, because I doubt, Whether it be lawful to do Good to those, who continually move Heaven against us.

The Bishops here are in great Veneration. They have not an absolute Authority, because they depend on the *Roman* Prelate, and the King ; Yet their Jurisdiction is very large, the Kingdom being full of Churches, and these Churches frequented by Millions of People. They wear about their Necks a Golden Cross. They live in publick good Lives ; are obliged to know all the Points of their Law ; they must be Doctors, are obliged to Celibacy, to be sober, hospitable, prudent, irreprehensible, without coveting others Goods ; they must never be drunk, or shed human Blood. Their Habit is a long Vest reaching to the Ground, of black Silk or Violet. They go little on
Foot,

Foot, but are carried in Coaches to avoid the Wearisomness which would oppress them, in a Town which seems the greatest in the World; which thou wouldest do too perhaps, wert thou designed to be their Sovereign Prelate.

The great Arbitrator of the World, favour by his Mercy, or by an effect of his Justice, the inconceivable Honour of suffering thee to sweep, during thy Life, his most holy and only Temple of *Mecca*, in the Company of *Ismael* and *Abraham*, that thou mayest keep it clean, without any Filth of what kind soever.

Paris, 10th of the 1st Moon,
of the Year 1639.

LETTER XIII.

To the Kaimacham.

THE *French* Armies are at present in Winter Quarters, and the Court is busied in contriving what they shall do in the Spring. I do not believe I write thee any false News; for it is to be believed that the Sharpness of the Winter will hinder any Thing from being undertaken before that Time.

The Eyes of all the Court are fixed upon three Objects, the King, the Dauphin his Son, and Cardinal *Richlieu*; but they more carefully observe the latter than the former. This Man hath made himself Creatures by his Benefits; the Thankfulness for which, and the Hopes of new Ones, has bound them to his Interest. Yet it is to be believed, he has more Enemies by means of the great Credit he is in with his Prince, and the Occasions he finds to increase it. His Anti-Chamber is always full of Attendants, who aspire to Employs of such as are in Offices, and several other Persons, who are desirous to be Witnesses of his Actions. Those who threaten him in secret, do but increase

crease his Courage, and make him more carefully stand on his Guard; those who have most experience of the World affirm, this Cardinal knows too much to be surprized. Hear the Recital of one of the least of his Actions, whereby thou mayest figure the greatest, and give them the due Price they deserve. For three Years, together, was observed in this Cardinal's Anti-Chamber, a Man who was not far advanced in Years, and as assiduous to make his Court, as he was modest in his Discourse; very reserved and patient; and, which is very rare at Court, was never heard to complain. The Cardinal, who pretends to read the Souls of Men, and who is inferior to none perhaps in this Art, caused this Person, who had so long attended, to be called to him, and thus spake to him: *I know who thou art, and how long time thou hast spent in observing me; although thou outwardly appearest a Frenchman, thy great Patience assures me thou art of another Climate; get thee to Rome, and wait but half the Time in the Pope's Antichamber, as thou hast done in mine, and I doubt not but thou wilt penetrate into the most hidden Secrets. Depart then immediately for Italy, and observe the Actions and Motions of the wisest and most dissimulative Court in the Universe; discover not thy self to any Body: Send me an Account every Week what thou canst discover; and in this manner thou wilt be useful to me, and avoid Idleness. My Secretary will give thee a Cypher, and my Treasurer has order to give what's necessary for thy Voyage, as well as to keep thee when thou art at Rome.*

The Cardinal studies to extend the Bounds of the Kingdom, and for that Purpose consults those who can any ways advance his Projects: Especially, the King being now certain of a Successor, by the Birth of the Dauphin, who seems very likely to live long. All Hands are employed at *Thoulon* and *Marseilles* for the fitting out of Gallies and other Vessels; and it is thought, the chief Designs of this Minister are on the Coasts of *Italy*. I am told he was heard to say, that the *Romans* could never have conquered all the World, as they did, had they not before been Masters of *Italy*; that
Hannibal

Hannibal had the same design; and after *Hannibal*, Pope *Alexander VI.* intended to see whether such a Design would take Effect, but his Pride and Cruelty made all his Projects prove abortive; and that he could meet with greater Success than *Hannibal*, could he be so happy as to attain one Thing, And here he ended his Discourse.

He also greatly minds whatever passes in the Royal Family and Kingdom, that he can discover, as he pretends, all the Thoughts, yea, and the very Dreams, of the Grandees, Governors of Provinces, and those that command in Places.

He says, he has learned several useful Things in the Relation given us of the Government of the *Chineses*, having from them the Way of discovering the most difficult Matters, without its appearing he does any Thing for this Purpose. And this is the Method of Governing he observes in this Kingdom, wherein are so many restless Spirits.

He maintains near all People who are in any considerable Offices, Persons that depend only on him, and who are known to nobody else; who in all Places wear mean Cloaths, and incessantly watch over the Actions of the Officers, and give him Notice of whatever passes. He makes use of these kind of People about his Master's Ambassadors in foreign Courts. He always carries a Book about with him, which he calls *Richlieu's Soul*; which Book contains the Designs, the Interests, the secret Practices and Inclinations of all the Princes who hold a Correspondence, and have any Ties with *France*, and on whom *France* has any Pretensions. The most skilful Astrologers in *Europe* have also sent him the Horoscopes of the Kings and great Men, with their Judgment touching the Term of their Lives, and what they may probably undertake in all Times. This Cardinal said, on another Time, that he kept a great many Courtiers, yet he could well enough spare them; that he knew what passed in remote Places as soon as what was done near him: He once affirmed, he knew in less than two Hours, that
the

the King of *England* had signed the Warrant for the Execution of ——— If this Particular be true, this Minister must be more than a Man. Those who are his most devoted Creatures affirm, He has in a private Place in his Closet, a certain Mathematical Figure, in the Circumference of which are written all the Letters of the Alphabet, armed with a Dart, which marks the Letters, which are also marked by their Correspondents, and it appears that this Dart ripens by the Sympathy of a Stone, which those who give and receive his Advice, keeps always at hand, which hath been separated from another, which the Cardinal has always by him; and it is affirmed, that it is with such an Instrument, he gives and receives immediately Advices.

This great Man, who knows all these Reports, only laughs at them; yet he says, with a serious Air, that God has given him two Angels, one White and another Black, to inform him of both good and bad Matters; and that with their Assistance he shall overthrow the Cabals of his Enemies. He sent, some Days past, a Man to the Gallies, that was accused for cutting in Pieces the King's Picture; but having been better informed, and knowing it was his, he told those about him, that this Man should be pardoned, because he had done no Hurt to the Original: Hear are Theatres and Feasts preparing to entertain the People in Honour of the King and Cardinal; and it is whispered that the Queen is again with Child.

Heaven preserve thee ever from the Sultan's Anger, and all other Misfortunes which may sowre the Comforts of thy Life.

*Paris, 25th of the 1st Moon,
of the Year 1639.*

LETTER

LETTER XIV.

To Egri Boynou, *the white Eunuch.*

IF thou goest into *Prusa* into *Bithinia*, as thou writest, above all Things remember to prepare thy self not to live long, and never to inform the young Sultan *Mustapha* of the Misfortunes of the Grandson to *Solyman the Great*, and Son to poor *Bajazet*, whom his Father caused to be strangled in his Infancy. This unhappy Place makes me fearful of thy Life, as well as that of the Prince's, the Care of whose Education is committed to thee. I cannot forbear weeping every Time I call to Mind what passed between the Victim and the Executioner. Thou thy self toldest me, that this unhappy Child embraced and kissed several Times him that was to give the fatal Stroke, even in the Moment when he was putting about his Neck the filken string which was to strangle him. All *Asia* is informed of the rest of the History; and it is known, that this Child, although strangled, yet triumphed at his Death over his Murderer: For, being softened by the Caresses of this Infant, whom he was about destroying, he dropped down in a Swoon; and *Bajazet's* Son had by this Occasion escaped Death, had not the other Executioner, more cruel than the former, done the Work.

Although thou dost not certainly know who is *Mustapha's* Father, yet thou mayest well presume he is the Emperor's Son. Thy Age and Prudence so long experienced, and the Office of Chief of all the Eunuchs of the Empire, which thou hast so long enjoyed, leaves no Place of doubting, but that thy Pupil is of Royal Blood. Arm thyself then with Courage, and study to perform well thy Duty in this solitary Place: Nothing is so troublesome as the Instructing of Children, when they will be taught as Masters by their Slaves, and will not submit to Rules, like private Persons.

Thou

Thou mayest be sure, I shall render thee all the Service I am able, seeing I consider thee as a Friend that is extream dear to me: But why dost thou seek among the *Christians* an illustrious Subject, which may serve for a Model to form a Child born in the Religion of the *Mussulmans*?

Did I not know thy Wisdom, I should think thou art very simple, searching after Examples amongst the Enemies of our Holy Law, to propose them to be followed by the *Ottoman* Children. Thou hast chosen for this Purpose *Henry* of *France*, termed *The Great*; and art thou ignorant, that this so famous a King was the most implacable Enemy of the Empire? Be it known to thee, that this Prince understood the boldest and dangeroudest Design as was ever imagined, to destroy the Monarchy of the *Mussulmans*; and might probably have succeeded, had not Heaven, by an unforeseen Stroke, snatched him from the Earth, to appear before the Tribunal of the True God, who judges Kings as well as other Men. But lest thou shouldst imagine I make this Pretence to excuse myself from satisfying thee in what thou desirest, receive at least one Part of what thou expectest. Thou wouldest have me send thee the History of this Prince; content thyself with a short Extract of it, otherwise I must be forced to send thee a large Volume. However, make not use of his Example in all Things; the Way of Living, the Laws and Customs of the *French*, do not suit with the *Turkish* Way of Regimen. If thou wilt make thy Pupil accomplished, form him on the Model of some one of the Heroes which the *East* has given us. *Mustapha* will read with greater Profit, the History of *Alexander* and *Pyrrhus*, than that of *Charlemagne* and *Henry*; and should one wonder at the Defaults of the King of *Macedonia*'s Son, and at the small Fortune of the other? Pray shew me what Men there ever were, who had at the same Time the Frailties of human Nature, and the Perfections of the Divinity.

And if thou wilt search into *Persia* and *Ægypt*, thou wilt find a *Cyrus*, and an *Artaxerxes*, *Ptolemy*, *Psammeticus*,

ticus, *Campson* and *Tomombais*, all great Princes, whose Actions honour Antiquity. And how many Heroes wilt thou find in our *Greece*, if thou wilt take no notice of those whom *Rome* has sent into the World? But not to go out of the *Ottoman* Family, thou knowest very well, that we *Turks* have for proverbial Speeches, The Modesty of *Solyman*; The good Mien of *Ali*; The Justice of *Nonquirevan*; the Majesty of *Osman*; The Gravity of *Omar*; and, The Justice of *Abubekir*; not to Mention, The Courage and Magnanimity of *Amurath*, who is, at this Day, more valorous than any of his common Soldiers; whether he be in his Seraglio of *Constantinople*, or in his Tents before *Babylon*.

Ten Days ago I received thy Letter, and I have employed a great deal of that Time, in collecting what thou hast desired of me; and to speak truly, thy Commands have supplied me with Matter wherewithal to divert me. Thou wilt be, without Doubt, surprized, that two Men, who long served this King in mean Employments, have discovered several Particulars of his Life, with which the *French* themselves, perhaps, are not acquainted. My Sentiment has ever been, That it is more necessary to know the Manners and Customs of Men, than to know the Number of Places they have besieged or taken; and to be informed of their good Qualities and bad ones, than to learn the Manner of their encampments, and the Number of the Battles which they have won or lost. All Histories contain the Actions of Men, and the Principal is to know these Men, to instruct others; for Histories do generally rather divert than instruct Men. This will teach thee better what thou art to learn, than the Historians themselves. *Christian* Authors are at present like the Elements, always in War, and ever contrary to one another, and never agreeing.

These two above-mentioned Friends, who are now very old Men, have served King *Henry* above thirty Years, and ever held a strict Correspondence with one another; one was his Barber, and the other his Business

was

was to divert him with reading to him, when he was going to Rest.

That which is related of *Henry's* coming into the World without weeping, is certainly a Fable; but it is certain, the Queen of *Navarre*, his Mother, sung a *French* Song in the Time of his Birth; whereby this Princess seemed to shew other Women, that it is possible to be brought to Bed without crying out. The first Milk which this Royal Babe drank, was an Ambrosia, which the Gods of our Friend, the Poet *Ogleu*, never tasted: His Father made him drink in a golden Cup, of the strongest Wine that could be gotten, wherein he put and squeezed a Clove of Garlick, which he thought proper to strengthen his Temperament, and render him more vigorous. He was afterwards bred up under *Cyrus*, spending his first Days in Woods, and oftentimes in the Company of Shepherds. He went always with his head bare, whether exposed to the scorching Heats of the Summer's Sun, or during Winter, to the Rain, and most rigorous Frosts, Snow and Hail. It seems as if he had begun his Life in Prison: Being confined to the Fields, distant from all Converse, clad in coarse Hair Cloth. to accustom his Body to Fatigues, and supple his Spirits to the Accidents of Fortune.

He was but nine Years old when he lost his Father, *Anthony* King of *Navarre*. The Death of this Prince may serve for a Lesson to *Mustapha*: For, having received his Death's Wound at the Siege of a considerable Place, he made the Wall of the Chamber where he lay to be broken down, that he might be carried in his own Bed, dying as it were in Triumph, into the Town: Miserable Ambition of great Men, who strip not themselves of it, till Death strip them of their Lives! Seven Years after the Death of *Anthony*, the young *Henry* was declared Head, and Defender of the Hugonot Party; and, when eighteen Years old, he was in a considerable Fight; and it is not well known, whether he himself was engaged. Fortune was so contrary to him in the Beginning, that have-

ing

ing lost a Battle, he was obliged to flee for six Months together with the rest of his Army; and to traverse almost throughout all the Provinces of the Kingdom, without taking any Rest, for fear of being surprized. Thou hast never read, I believe, of any Captain that made a Flight of that Durance before him. The Queen, his Mother, being a Woman of Masculine Courage, and Firmness of Mind, died, poysoned by a Pair of Gloves. At nineteen Years of Age, he married the King's Sister, who then reigned, named *Charles IX.* and never any Wedding was solemnized with such bloody Tragedies. It is hard to believe what an infinite Number of *Hugonots* were then massacred; the Design was secretly laid, during the Celebration of the Wedding, and executed six Days after, at full Noon. It is said, that in one Day all *France* was dyed with the Blood of these poor People, there being at least an hundred thousand of them slain, amongst which were twenty Lords of great Consideration, with the great Admiral of the Kingdom; and, at the fewest, four thousand Soldiers massacred in *Paris*. Henry did not perish on that unhappy Day, but he was very near Death; and the King, having called him, thus spake to him, with an angry Tone, and fierce Countenance, Henry, *thou art alive because I would spare thee, but I will not spare thee, if thou persist in thy Heresie: Chuse one of these two Things, either the Mass or Death.* If thou knowest not what the Mass is, I will shew thee in another Letter. This Prince chose to go to Mass, rather than to lose his Life; and therefore publicly abjured the Religion he professed. These two old Men affirm, that *Nero* or *Caligula's* Court was never corrupted as that of *France* was then. No People were more in Fashion than Buffoons; and never did the worst sort of Debaucheries so abound. Sorceries, Impositionings, Assassinations, and all other Sorts of Crimes, were permitted in such a Manner, that all the Laws and good Order seemed to be overthrown. It is not known, whether the King of *Navarre* took up his former Religion through Policy, or some Corruption he

saw among the Catholicks; however, he returned some time after to Calvinism, whereunto he was so obstinately addicted, that, having lived several Years in this Sect, he was forced to offer great Violence to himself, to enjoy peaceably the Kingdom of *France*, and accommodate himself with the Pope of *Rome*, and to make again publick Profession of the *Roman* Religion.

Never any Prince more loved Women than he did. This Passion prevailed over him all the Days of his Life; and there were two different Natures observable in his Person, an invincible Courage in the Field, and such a Passion for Women, as made him be often seen to weep amongst them. He has had greater Weaknesses than *Hercules*, and he gloried in them. He challenged the bravest Man in all *France*, the Duke of *Guise*, to a single Fight; but the King interposed his Authority to hinder the Combat.

This King performed an Action during his Youth, which our Dervises would have certainly set down in their Registers as greatly remarkable. On a certain Day wherein he was to fight a pitched Battle, being on Horseback in the midst of his Army, he made publick Reparation to a young Woman whom he had deflowered, and spake in these Terms: *I have forced this Woman you see here, and used Threats when Entreaties would not bring her to my Lust. Let all that hear me detest the bad Example I have given. And as for your Part, whom I have thus wronged, chuse an Husband, and receive from me such a Portion, as may seem in some sort an Amends for the Injury I have done you.*

It seems as if this so laudable an Action was approved of by Heaven: For having immediately hereupon given Battle, he overthrew a mighty Army with a few Troops.

The Ladies, who bore *Henry* no Ill-will for his Tenderness to their Sex, greatly interested themselves in the Affairs of War, wherein this Prince was always Head of the Hugonot Party: And they gave Occasion to a Proverb which lasted a great while. There being some who were for making a Peace, and others War;

War; this War was called *The Ladies War*. This Prince had been in so many Fights, I believe one may truly say in this Particular, never any Prince came near him: For who ever in one Day was in two Battles, and came off victorious?

King *Charles IX.* dying during this Time, the Queen Mother sent for her other Son in great Dilligence, who had been elected some Moons before King of *Poland*, by the Death of *Sigismund Augustus*. It is said, that *Charles's* Successor, having been advertised of the Death of the King his Brother, fled in the Night from *Cracovia* only with two Persons who were his Confidants, and retired to *Venice*; and it is said that the Courtézans of this famous City assured the Crown to our *Henry*; for having been infected with the Distemper which the *French* call the *Neapolitan Disease*, and other Nations the *French Fox*, he became incapable of having Children to perpetuate the Crown in the Branch of *Valois*.

After his Death, which was violent, and perpetrated by a Christian Dervise, *Henry III.* dying without an Heir, and his Throne being sought by different Pretenders, *Henry*, to whom alone his Birth had given Right, became Master of it by his Patience. His Fatigues in War, and his Courage made him vanquish all Obstacles. He maintained his Right with an unparalleled Valour, and carried himself with the greatest Prudence; yet his greatest Successes are owing to the Greatness of his Heart. He met sometimes with Disadvantage, but oftner came out Conqueror from all Engagements; and it is observable, he was the prouder after the Battles won, because he had before appeared extraordinary familiar with the Soldiers who had helped him to win them. He was wont to be often in his Stables to see his Horses; and often slept amongst these Creatures, whom he termed his most faithful Courtiers. How difficult soever the Way was which was to lead him to the Throne, he would not be disheartened; these Difficulties serving only to increase his Courage. He saw the *Spaniards* confederat-

ed with his Enemies; yet he alone, without any other Assistance, but of some few faithful Troops, sat down before *Paris*, which was the most famous Siege since that of *Jerusalem* by *Titus*. He reduced the Inhabitants of this Capital of the Kingdom to live on the most abject Means one can imagine, after they had consumed the Rats, Mice, Dogs, and Cats, which were for some time the greatest Delicacies the best People of the Town could meet with. But he was, for all this (after he had given several Assaults) forced to raise the Siege, and accommodate himself with the Prince, who commands all the Priests among the Catholics; and he again renounced Calvinism, wherewith he was infected, and which served as a Pretence to his Enemies. He was crowned in the same Manner as his other Predecessors had been before him. He began to govern his Kingdom, ruined by so many Wars, Pillages, and Concussions made by all sorts of People, and so repaired it by his good Government, that he was soon in a Condition to embellish it. He built several magnificent Bridges, raised stately Edifices, and forgot nothing which might re-establish those good Orders which the Licentiousness of the Times had overthrown.

But what this King designed against us, as soon as he was settled on the Throne, will appear at the same Time to thee both dreadful and admirable. As soon as ever he had made a general Peace with his Enemies, he laid the Foundation of the most Heroick Design that ever Man invented, wherein he shewed himself not inferior to the first of the *Cæsars*, nor the Conqueror of *Asia*.

He undertook to overthrow all the Monarchies of the World, to give a new Face to all the Affairs of it, and destroy, in a short Time, the Empire of the *Ottomans*. But before he began such a great Enterprize, he was for paying all the Debts of the Crown, and his own in particular, which amounted all together to near an hundred Millions, and it was a prodigious Thing to find so much Money, without selling the Kingdom, or engaging the People, yet it is

is true that he got this Money, and paid those Debts with it.

He was for dividing Christendom into fifteen equal Dominations, five of which should obey Kings that were so by Succession, and six to be subject to Kings that were Elective, and the four remaining should be Republicks.

By this Division he left the Pope the Countries belonging to the Church, and added thereunto the Kingdom of *Naples*, with the Homage of *Sicily*, and the greatest Part of *Italy*, modelled into a Republick; with Obligation to give the Pope every Year a Golden Crucifix, and four thousand Sequins. Only *Venice* was left in the Condition it was in, with its Laws and Customs. But there were allotted to this Republick Kingdoms and Isles, which were to be taken from us in the *Archipelago*, with an Homage to the *Roman* Prelate, of an Ambassy to kiss his Feet; and, at the End of every twenty five Years, a small Statue of Gold, representing St. *Peter*, whom they Term, *God's Vicar on Earth*.

Flanders should make a Republick with the rest of the *Low-Countries*, which would be a Loss for the *Spaniards*; and to this Republick should be added some of the Neighbouring States.

The *Franche Compté*, *Alsatia*, *Tir. l* and *Trente*, were added to the Democratical State of the *Swisses*, with the Homage every fifteen Years of a Hunting-Dog, with a golden Collar about his Neck fastened to a Chain of Gold, which this Republick should present to the Emperor of *Germany*.

The Emperor should be obliged to renounce the aggrandizing of his Family, and only dispose of vacant Fiefs, the Investiture of which he should not bestow on any of his Kindred; and there should be a Law inviolably observed in the Empire, that never two Princes of the same Race should enjoy successively the Imperial Crown.

The Duchy of *Milan* should be added to the other Provinces belonging to the Duke of *Savoy*, together with the Title of *King of Lombardy*.

The Kingdom of *Hungary* should be enlarged with the Principalities of *Transylvania*, *Walachia*, and *Moldavia*: And the King, who was to be Elective, should be chosen by the Suffrages of the Pope, the Emperor of *Germany*, the Kings of *France*, *England*, *Spain*, *Swedeland*, *Poland*, and *Denmark*; and *Bobemia* should be submitted to the same Laws.

France, *England*, *Spain*, *Poland*, *Swedeland*, and *Denmark*, should not change their Form of Government, when, for the general Affairs, these Kingdoms were to be subject to the Universal Republick, of which the Pope was to be the Head.

Things thus established, *Henry* was to be the Empire of all *Christendom*, to decide all Differences which might happen between the afore said Princes and States, with fifteen Persons chosen from amongst the most famous for Learning and Arms, which could be found among these fifteen Dominations: And, besides these, there was to be established a General Council, consisting of sixty other Persons, for all the Differences which might happen in all the Kingdoms and Republicks, between those who governed them; and this great Assembly should make their Residence in the capital City, *Rome*.

Every State was to be obliged to furnish a certain Number of Troops, and Sum of Money, to make War against the *Turks*: And the Business of *Poland* and *Swedeland* should be, to make War together against the *Muscovites* and *Tartars*. There were afterwards three Generals, to be chosen by common Consent for the conquering of *Asia*. One for the Sea, and Two for the Land: And three hundred thousand Foot entertained, with one hundred and fifty thousand Horse, and four hundred Pieces of Cannon; and the Naval Army was to consist of an hundred and fifty Vessels, and one hundred Gallies; and a Fund was to be raised for this of an hundred Millions of Gold.

This Treasure was to be put into the Pope's Hands: The Isle of *Malta* was to be the Store-house of all Things belonging

belonging to the Sea, the Port of *Messina* the Arsenal of the Gallies, and the City of *Metz* one of the principal Magazines for the Land Forces.

All the *Christian* Princes were to be obliged to lessen their ordinary Expences, and to contribute to this great Design according to their Ability.

There were to have been several Spies in *Constantinople* in the Habit of *Greeks*, who were perfectly skilled in the *Eastern* Languages, to observe the Motions of our Empire: And, besides these, forty resolute Men, who were, at a certain Time and Signal, to set Fire to the Seraglio and Arsenal, and several other Quarters of the Town.

There was found in this Her-o's Clofet, after his Death, a Memorial written with his own Hand, where-in he had already marked twelve Ambassadors for several Places in *Christendom*, for the negotiating of so great an Affair; and the Pope, Republick of *Venice*, and Duke of *Savoy*, had been already acquainted with it.

In the mean Time, the King had an Army already of forty thousand Foot, and eight thousand Horse; and he was, under Pretence of visiting the Frontiers of *Flanders*, thence to begin the Execution of his Project, affirming, That, as his own Part, he had no other Pretension but the Glory of delivering *Christianity* from the Tyranny of these *Barbarians*.

It is said, he applied himself for ten Years together in searching the Means to make his Project take; he gave great Pensions to the Cardinals at *Rome*, and in *Germany* to several Officers; and he had in *France*, besides the Troops I have already mentioned, four thousand Gentlemen, who were so devoted to him, that they were ready to mount on Horseback on the least Order from him.

He had already fifteen Millions in the *Bastile*; and he that had the Superintendency of his Treasure, promised to add thereunto, in less than three Years, forty more Millions, without touching the Ordinary Revenues.

I have no Knowledge of the Manner how he would divide the Estates of the Sultan. But *Henry* was assassinated just as he was ready to leave *Paris*, to begin so great a Work; being killed in his Coach, in the Arms of his most faithful Courtiers: And the fatal Stroke which carried him out of the World, delivered the Empire of the True Believers: This Empire, whose Throne is so high that it reaches up to the First Heaven, whence it scares these Infidels, and secures the good *Mussulmen* from the Insults of the *Christians*.

One of these old Men I mentioned, has assured me, he heard the King speak these following Words some Days before his Death: *I shall never go out of this Town: I know not what with-holds me: I shall never accomplish what I design, never see the Destruction of Constantinople; for I am told by Astrologers, I shall be killed in a Coach. I must then always go on Foot, and never stir out of Paris.*

Such was the End of this Prince, so highly venerated by the *French*. He was really a Man of great Courage and great Penetration; and so much the greater, in that he regarded the Destruction of the *Ottoman Empire*, as one of the difficultest Things in the World. And truly no other Prince did that Honour to *Mahomet* nor his Successors. But yet not finding his own Forces sufficient to invade and destroy the *Turkish Empire*, he invented a chimerical Project to find a Possibility in a Thing which ever appeared impossible.

In the very Moment I am writing, I have received certain News of my Ruin. If I be not taken off this Time at *Paris*, I shall perhaps be more fortunate than ever, and more successfully and fully serve our great Emperor, whose Clemency is equal to his Grandeur, and who is above all the Powers on Earth. Cardinal *Richlieu* has sent for me to come to him: I therefore finish this Letter in haste, which perhaps will be the last I write, being greatly afraid I am discovered. If my Fear be vain, I shall learn thee in another Letter the most remarkable Events of *Henry's* Life. In the mean Time, I am resolved and disposed to suffer the
Martyr-

Martyrdom. If I die, my dear *Egry*, we shall see one another in the other World; if it be true that we shall have Eyes there, and remember what has past here below. Pray the Great God for *Mahmut*, and take care of thy Health.

Paris, 25th of the 1st Moon,
of the Year 1639.

LETTER XV.

*To the Invincible Vizir Azem, at the Camp
under Babylon.*

CARDINAL *Richlieu* made me come into his Presence, and yet I am alive: He has not attempted any thing against either Life or Liberty; but has done me the same Honour, as to other foreign Churchmen; for he believes I am of *Moldavia*, calling me *Titus*, not knowing any more of me than what I told him. It seems on the contrary, as if he intended me Kindnesses, supposing me a bitter Enemy to the *Turks*; and perhaps I shall receive some Present from him, for having served him already as an Interpreter. I shall tell thee, invincible Vizir, what has past between him and me, without any Fear of being tedious to thee. I serve thee faithfully, and write to thee as oft as my Duty requires.

As soon as I was in his Closet, he thus spoke to me: *Titus, What dost thou do in Paris? What Business hast thou in this Town? And what is really thy Country?* I answered him, *That I was a poor Clerk of Moldavia, and came to study Divinity, and be a Priest; that I knew no better Place to become wise and learned; and that I would willingly sacrifice all things to render him Service.* He afterwards asked me, *Whether I was acquainted with any of the Eastern Languages; and Whether I had ever been at Constantinople?* I have been, replied I, in this

great Town when I was a Child; and that my Father and Mother were then in Slavery. My Father is dead, and my Mother is married again to a Christian Greek. I understand Arabick and Turkish, and am perfectly skill'd in the School Greek. What do you mean by School Greek? replied the Cardinal. It is different from the Vulgar Greek, answered I, which is so corrupted, that learned People will not give themselves the Trouble to understand it. He afterwards bad me go into a little Closet, where I should find one of his Secretaries, who would need my Help: where I had no sooner entered, but the Secretary presented me with a Turkish Manuscript, to turn into Latin or Italian, if I could not do it into French. I immediately translated it into Latin, and now will inform thee (wise Minister and Governor of the great Empire of the true Faithful) of the Contents of it.

The Christian Dervises, called in France *Cordeliers*, keep, as thou knowest, in *Jerusalem*, the Sepulchre of their *Messias*, by a Privilege which *Zelim* the Conqueror of *Palestine* granted them. These Religious have neither Peace nor Truce with the Greek Christians, and they have such Differences together, as are of ill Consequence to all; they persecute one another without ceasing, and spread abroad most bitter Satires against each other. Each Party makes ill Reports to his Superior of that which is opposite, and mixes among some Truth a great many Lyes, and absurd Stories. But it appears to me, that the Greeks, who naturally love Cabals, and have the Reputation of great Romancers, are more dextrous than their adverse Party to do Mischief.

The Christian Dervises have representtd a great many Things to this Cardinal, to authorise their Pretensions against the Greeks, by means of the French Ambassador. They not only reproach the Greeks with several Injustices and Violences, but accuse the *Cadis* of Cruelty and Tyranny, and the Soldiers which guard *Jerusalem* of insupportable Exactions. Thou shouldst be thoroughly informed, whether these Complaints

plaints be on just Grounds: For they affirm, their Patience is beyond the Cruelty of the Officers thou employest; yet that they can no longer bear the Insolencies which are now put on them, and are on the Point of hazarding all by a Stroke of Despair. It does not belong to me to be Advocate in the Behalf of those who are submitted to thy Authority, and especially of those who ought to bear the Yoke of the *Mahometans*; but it is the Duty of *Mahmut*, thy Creature, to inform thee of the true Circumstances of Affairs which come to his Knowledge. Yet if the Oppression of the *Dervises* be so great as they make it, thou that art the true Light which enlightens the Empire of the Faithful, and scatterest the Darkness of it, thou wilt not permit those that live under the publick Faith to be oppressed; and that four wretched *Greeks* shall be the Cause of such Disorders as may happen to *Palestine*, the Complaints of which have reached the Ears of the greatest Princes in *Europe*, and to whom such Things may give false Ideas of the Government of those who are chosen by God to command all the World. Invincible Bassa, I have discovered the true Circumstances of this Affair in the *Turkish* Manuscript, which Cardinal *Richlieu*'s Secretary has put into my Hands. I have fully discovered the false Reasonings of the *Armenians* and *Greeks*, who by common Consent have offered several Things to the most Venerable *Mufti* which I am sure thou wilt not approve of; for they make most wretched Excuses, to colour over their Perfidiousness. They say the *Romanists* ought to be ill used on purpose to get rid of them from *Palestine*, being, like the *Jews*, bitter Enemies in their Hearts to the Welfare of the Empire: That the Time of the Privileges granted by *Zelim* and his Successors is expired; and that, moreover, it is great Imprudence to suffer Pilgrims to come over from distant Countries, who under Pretence of visiting the holy Sepulchre, and other Places which Superstition has consecrated in *Palestine*, come to espy the Actions of the *Turks*, examine the Form of their Government, visit their Places, and

measure the Roads and Ports which they possess on the Seas, which may prove of dismal Consequence to the Honour and Interest of the Ottoman Empire. I cannot inform thee how this Memoir came into Richlieu's Hands, but it was either sold or intercepted at Constantinople, where it was addressed. However, I must not forget to tell thee one Remark, which this Minister made, whence thou mayest guess, whether he reasoned like a wise and prudent Man: *Were I, says he, the Sultan's chief Minister, I should have added Privilege to Privilege, to the Monks Cordeliers, not only because Justice requires it, but by Reason of the Advantage which might redound thereby to the Turks. I would make the Ways to Jerusalem easy to all People: I would lessen the Tribute; the Pilgrims should be well used, the Christians in general, as well as the Cordeliers; and I would severely punish the Officers and Soldiers who guard Palestine, and the sacred Places, if they did otherwise.* And then turning himself towards me; *Does it not appear to thee, says he, that the best Way to enlarge a Kingdom is, to procure it an Advantage which encreases the Number of its Subjects? It is not enough that the Prince shews the Ornaments of his Principality; he must shew also the Prince, otherwise he will be like the Philosopher who was brought into Herod's Presence; I do not see, says the King, any thing else but the Beard and Cloak of a Philosopher. If the Turks do as the Scythians, when they made themselves Masters of Athens, they will do better; for they would not burn the Books which were gathered together in this famous Town, alledging, That those who applied themselves to Study, were not wont to do any great Hurt. If the Christians meditate on Death, in visiting and honouring the Sepulchres; the Mussulmans should consider, that if they make War against them, they have only to do with contrite and patient Persons, who will therefore be more easily defeated.*

And this is a faithful and exact Account of the Conversation I had with this chief Minister of State. Suffer now that I add, as a Note of the Justice of the Christians Pretensions, what some Particulars of this Kingdom

Kingdom had given me to understand, touching the Justice and Antiquity of the Privileges of the religious *Christians at Jerusalem*. They make appear, that for above three hundred Years these Places do belong to the *Roman Catholicks*; that *Robert d'Anjou* bought them of the Soldan of *Egypt*, and made thereof a Present to the *Roman Church*, and put them in Possession not only of the holy Sepulchre, but of *Calvary*, of *Bethlehem*, and their Dependencies; which Settlement lasted till *Zelim*, who therein confirmed the religious *Christians*, with an Augmentation of Privileges, as soon as ever he had conquered *Egypt* and *Palestine*.

Francis I. King of *France*, having made an Alliance with *Solyman II.* he inserted in his Treaty an Article, which confirmed the aforesaid Privileges, which were since solemnly renewed, till *Amurath's* Time, who is now on the Throne of the *Mussulmans*, (an happy Emperor, and Master of the Universe, for whose sake alone the Sun enlightens the Earth) and confirms what his Predecessors had done in Favour of the *Christian Roman Dervises*, whom he has maintained, without any Regard to the vain Pretensions of the *Greeks* and *Armenians*, in their lawful Possessions of *Calvary*, the Grotto of *Bethlehem*, and the two little Mountains thereunto belonging; and granted to them the keeping of the Stone on which their Saviour *Christ* was embalmed, as well as that of the two small Domes covered with Lead, under which is the holy Sepulchre.

Thy humble Slave *Mahmut* has an unpleasant Task imposed on him by this *French Minister*. He desired me to give him some Memoir in general of what I know, and bad me not wonder at his Curiosity; It being his Maxim, to make Friendship with young Strangers of Merit, whereby he has learned several important Matters, and discovered Secrets of great Importance; and that it lay in my Power to oblige him greatly, in giving him an exact Account of the Forces of the *Ottoman Empire*, and where they lay most open to be attacked. I answered him very modestly, that my Business being only to say my Breviary, he could not expect any great

great Capacity from me in these Matters. He smilingly bid me try what I could do in that Matter; yet, however, he would not lay any thing upon me which might make me uneasy; adding, that though he were a Cardinal and a Priest, yet he knew something more than Divinity, and that several *Roman Prelates* had made War with great Success from St. *Peter's Chair*. In fine, I could not but promise to gratify him; and thou shalt know in due Time, how I discharged myself; for I shall rather part with my Life, than act contrary to my Allegiance. However, I must avoid giving him Cause to suspect me, and acquaint thee alone with the Conferences I have had with him.

The holy Prophet multiply thy Line, and that the Empire may not want Ministers of thy Lineage, and the Great God so assist thy Valour, that thou mayest see the Empire of *Amurath* without Bounds.

Paris, 25th of the 2d Moon,
of the Year 1639.

LETTER XVI.

To the Same.

THE Winter is so far advanced, that the King's Armies lie quiet. It is no Fable, that the Dauphin was born with some Teeth, and that no Nurse dare present him the Teat, for fear of being bit with them. It is said also, that there being no Woman to be found about the Court which can endure the Suckling of him, there is a certain Peasant, a very healthful and hardy Woman, that has undertaken that Employment.

Here are four Posts arrived at the same Time; one comes from *Rome*, the rest from the Armies; but what News they bring is not yet known: It is thought that he which comes from *Germany*, brings News of

Alsatia

Alsatia and *Brisac*. The King of *France* is very well. Here are great Preparations at Court for the Carnival, in which Time the *Christians* play a thousand mad Pranks.

It is commonly said the Queen is with Child again, Here are also many Reports of the *Grand Signior's* Expedition, both in Prints and News Letters; and several Prognosticks are made on his Enterprize on *Babylon*.

I shall inform thee by the first Opportunity, what is said here further of our ever victorious Emperor, and of thee also who art his chief Minister, and the Right Arm of his Empire: And at the same Time tell thee what News comes from the *Northern* Parts; of which, I suppose, the Kaimacham has given thee some Notice, as well as the most considerable Events of the War of *Alsatia*. The immortal Being reward thee with the taking of *Babylon*, and all *Persia*, as a Reward of thy Fidelity and Valour, and Pains thou hast taken in serving faithfully thy Master; and give thee the good Fortune of leading triumphantly in Chains the Sovereign of this Empire, that he may be humbled to the kissing of the Stirrup of the invincible *Amurath's* Horse.

Paris, 16th of the 2d Moon,
of the Year 1639.

L E T T E R XVII.

To Bekir Bassa, Chief Treasurer to the Grand Signior.

E Liachim the Jew, whom thou thoughtest so wise and virtuous a Man, concealed his Qualities at *Constantinople*, to discover them more advantageously at *Paris*. It was not his Fault that my Affairs were not entirely ruined. The Villain gave Marks of his Treachery, in the very Moment he saw me receive the Money

Money from *Carcoa* at *Vienna* upon thy Order. I wrote to thee, I thought this Man would be faithful in instructing me in the Things which were necessary for me to know, and that I would be upon my Guard in those Things wherein he might do me Mischief. Thou mayest easily imagine how I am vexed at present; for I can neither accuse him, nor draw from him a just Revenge. He made me believe, that a Lawyer's Son at *Paris*, a young Man of great Hopes, having received some Displeasure from his Relations, was resolved to be circumcised, and embrace the *Mahometan* Religion; that he would not lose so happy an Occasion of doing me Service; and therefore had contrived to hide this young Man in a close Cellar, underneath the House where I lodge, without discovering to him the Place where he should be. He added, he had promised him Money, and to procure him a considerable Employ in *Constantinople*; and that he had, in fine, filled him with all the Hopes which are wont to be given to those that through Fickleness, or temporal Advantages, forsake the Religion of their Fathers to profess another. He also assured me, I should have no Trouble by this Business, having taken all necessary Care to transport his Convert immediately to *Tunis* or *Algiers*, and from thence to *Constantinople*. I yielded to the Reasons he alledged, and this young Man was brought in the Night to the House where I lay, and hid without my seeing him. But the next Day was not opened without a strange Scene in the House. I was astonished to see a Woman in a great Rage stand before me, demanding Satisfaction for violating her Daughter, and taking away her Life; charging me with having forcibly carried her away, and then murdered her: And she made all these Reproaches in the Company of a great many Officers of Justice.

Think then the Confusion I was in; the more I denied the Crime, the more fiercely they charged it on me. I was threatened with Death, if I did not confess it, and give the Satisfaction required of me; and at the same Time this sly *Jezabel* gave a Sign to one of the

the Rogues her Companions to go down to such a Place, and bring up her Daughter, who was found alive in Man's Cloaths, and melted into Tears. It signified nothing to alledge Reasons to prove my Innocency; so that I was forced at last to throw out to these hungry Wretches all the Money I had, and they withdrew not, till they had abused and reviled me, in a most bitter manner. They got from me about an hundred and eighty four Sequins of Gold, and about an hundred Piasters of Silver. *Eliachim* has the Confidence to affirm, he knew nothing of the Cheat; and thinks to justify himself in saying, that if he who is a *Jew* was deceived by this young Man, who pretended to become a *Turk*, there were a thousand *French* People who had been cheated in like manner. I shall not here mention what I alledged to him to make him own his Perfidiousness, this being fruitless. On the other hand, reflecting on the Employ I had, and my present Circumstances; it appeared to me necessary to dissemble this Truth, and to wait for some favourable Occasion to send this Villain out of *Paris*, and to lay some Snare for him at *Constantinople*. I give thee notice of this Event for two Reasons, that I may have more Money, and provide for my Safety; believing my self in great Danger, as long as I live where such a Fellow comes. I shall not mention the Interests of *Mahmut's* Life; for I shall ever think it well spent, should it be lost in the Sultan's Service, who is the only Prop of the Universe.

Thou wilt not want Opportunities, wherein thou mayest draw out of *Eliachim's* Purse the Money he has robbed me of; neither wilt thou want Means to remove from me so dangerous a Companion. Thou shouldest know, what the *Christians*, who are always irreconcilable Enemies to the *Jews*, say of them; they affirm, That these infamous Wretches are the Slaves of all Nations, excepting *Turkey*; and especially in *Constantinople*, where they are Masters; they are, at the same Time, caress'd and curs'd; in the midst of Abundance, they appear always miserable; and yet they lay

lay Hands on all others Properties. They add, that they be Vagabonds like *Ulysses*, yet in whatever Place they are, they find a Country like *Homer*; that they are all perfidious, and in Publick affect to appear religious; but live in grievous Disorder and Luxury in their own Houses, sticking at no sort of Crimes; bragging, that though it be not permitted them to purchase Lands, yet they have found Means to get into their Hands a great Part of the Gold in *Europe*. The *Christians* also say, their Number must needs be great, seeing they never go to War; and there are none amongst them that do not marry. They never speak the Truth, but when it is to deceive; they are ever Liars, and there's no Impiety or Sacrilege at which they will scruple; and the same *Christians* affirm, they will commit, one time or other, some horrid Crime in our great Imperial City; being the *Turks* concealed Enemies, though they put great Confidence in them. I have written to *Caracoa*, to send me speedily some Assistance; and I have been forced to borrow Money of this same *Eliachim*, that Traytor who has brought me into the Condition I am in. He could not deny me, though he pleads (like a Rogue as he is) extreme Poverty.

This Trick, which has been put upon me, will oblige me henceforward to keep a Valet, but I will take one so little, that no Man shall reproach me with chusing much of an ill Thing. Abandon not the poor *Mahmut*, who prays God that he would give thee all sorts of Prosperities, and make thee live in perfect Health! And wishes that all the Monarchs of the Infidel Nations may become Slaves to the Sultan, who shall be ever invincible! and that their Riches may increase the Treasure thou guardest.

Paris 25th of the 2d Moon,
of the Year 1639.

LETTER

LETTER XVIII.

To Carcoa at Vienna.

I Have received the Money thou didst send me, and immediately lost it; yet without my Fault. *Bekir* the Treasurer has been informed by my Letters of the Loss I sustained, and of another Affair which is not necessary for thee to know. I also writ to him, I expected a speedy Supply from thee; for I should demand it of thee. The *Grand Signior's* Interest requires, that thou dost not oblige me to give thee any other Reason, and that thou deferrest not to send me, as soon as may be, a sufficient Sum of Money. I can only inform thee, that in the Attempt which was made on me, I lost only what I can recover. My Life is in Safety, and by a Miracle my Affairs in the same Condition; for no Body has, as yet, discovered who I am. If thou writest any Thing to *Eliachim* the Jew, be sure be careful, and do not trust him more than need.

Send without Loss of Time to the *Porte* the Packet I address'd to thee, and let me not languish in *Paris* in the Expectation of Money. It is true, Gold is a rare Commodity, because every Body desires it. In this great Town of *Paris*, one may sooner find an hundred Saints, than one liberal Person. The *French* say, it belongs only to Sets to be free of their Money; that a Man should succour his Friend with good Counsel, and there's no need of any Thing else. Learn, *Carcoa*, to have no need of other Peoples Help, and have a care of being too free. Men that are accustomed to receive good Turns are generally wont to reckon them as Debts.

The Vanity of that Philosopher, who died with Misery, is a great Example of Mens Insolency. When *Pericles* would give him some Succour to prolong his Life, he had the Audaciousness to say to him,
Thou

Thou carriest Oil, O Pericles because thou hast need of a Lamp.

The Sovereign Moderator of all Things keep thee from falling into Necessity: This is the best With the poor *Mahmut* can make for thee, in the low Estate he finds himself.

Paris, 15th of the 1st Moon,
of the Year 1639.

LETTER XIX.

To Dgnet Oglou.

B*irkabeb's* Father was a rich Man in *Arabia*, and his Virtue was equal to his Riches. He had nineteen Children, who all died of the same Distemper, when they arrived to some Years. Never Family was more united and regular. *Birkabeb* was naturally of a quiet, soft Temper, but so holy a Man, and at last died so poor, that a Thief coming into his Chamber one Night to steal, and finding nothing, he called him to him, whilst he was going away, and gave him his Bed, as not being willing he should depart empty-handed, and lose his Labour. Being forced after this to lie on the Floor, he received Assistance from Heaven by the Hands of his Wife; and scarce were twenty Moons past since this Adventure, but there happened another more strange than the former; for he became on a sudden very rich, and at the same Instant ceased to be wise. He had a Wife of as haughty a Disposition, and noisy a Humour, as his was quiet and humble. This Woman kept the Flocks, and with a florid Youthfulness was endued with great Beauty; and it is not known by what Accident, a Prince of the Race of the Sophy of *Persia*, who fled from his Sovereign's Displeasure, met with her. It is certain that having recommended himself to her, and intreated her to save his Life, and not discover him, she led him into a very thick Wood

Wood, which was never frequented ; where the Prince lived for fourteen Years concealed. But, growing at length tired with this sort of Life, he persuaded this Woman to go to *Ispahan* disguised in Man's Apparel, and find *Arsamus* who had been his Governor, and was a faithful and wise Man ; who would give her Money and Jewels, and a Water which would so disguise his Countenance, that his nearest Friends could not know him ; by which means he might hold on his Way to *Rhodes* as he had determined. This Woman soon arrived at *Ispahan*, with the Prince's Tokens, which were some strange Characters, and a Ring, which he usually wore ; which *Arsamus* knowing, he intrusted her with a considerable Sum, and several Diamonds, together with a little Golden Pot, wherein was this Water before mentioned. This Messenger, returning in less than forty Days time, found the Prince dead in the Grotto, where he withdrew, with a Paper in his Hand, wherein he intreated the first, which Chance should bring thither, to bury his Body at the Foot of a fair Oak near by ; and also intreated the Party, which had his Ring to carry it to the Sophy, and beg Pardon for the Offence he had given him. *Birkabeh's* Wife then discovered to him all that had happened ; led him into the Wood ; shewed him the dead Prince, the Letter, the Ring, and the precious Stones ; and only reserved to herself the Secrets of the Water, which she would not intrust with him. Having after this resolved to go to the Sophy, they went together, by whom they were well received and laden with Riches. *Birkabeh* took up his Abode at *Ispahan*, tarrying there four Years, and there led a voluptuous and dishonest Life. Whilst his Wife, leaving him, ran away with a young *Persian*, and made several different Voyages into *Asia*, under several Figures, and by means of the Water which she had received of *Arsamus*, she deceived her Husband, and as many Lovers as she pleased.

The unhappy *Birkabeh*, being by his Wife's Lewdness become again poor, resolved at last to return to his own Country, where he died in his House, full of
Years

Years, and in such Repute for Holiness, that the common Report is, He wrought divers Miracles. He left four Sons, of which I knew only *Ababar*, who is he thou mentionest in thy Letter. And this is all I can tell thee of *Birkabeb*, of his Son, and Grandson *Ababar*, whom I look upon as a very honest Man, and in whom I believe thou mayest put Confidence; yet, with this Reflection, That he which is honest now, may cease to be so. Salute this Person from me, and continue to love me. Answer my first Letter, if thou hast not done it; and this last also, if it be not too troublesome to thee. Farewell.

Paris, 15th of the 2d Moon,
of the Year 1639.

LETTER XX.

To Egri Boynou, the White Eunuch.

I Am still alive, and in Health; my Fear has proved vain, and I have escaped the Cardinal's Hands without any Danger; which will make me hope the same good Fortune, should he ever send for me again. But thou shalt not know his Business with me, that being a Secret I am obliged to conceal.

Thou hast, I hope, received the long Letter I wrote thee, containing several Particulars of *Henry IV's* Life. I send thee now several of his Sayings, which may be termed Sentences. Read them with Attention, they are as pleasant as profitable for *Mustapha's* Use; who will find this great King to have had an invincible Courage in Adversity, and great Clemency and Generosity when he was in his Prosperity: He was Valour itself amongst the Soldiers, wise and pleasant amongst his Courtiers, terrible in Battle, easy and free amongst the Ladies, full of Heat when any Action offered itself, and courteous and affable to all Sorts of People.

Henry

Henry died in the same manner as most of our Sultans, that is to say, a violent Death. He had lived fifty-seven Years, and some Months, and reigned about twenty Years. Several of his Courtiers named him, like the first *Cæsar*, All Womens Husband; because it was believed, he never saw any that he fancied, but he obtained her. He had fourteen Children, six by the Queen, and the others by four of his Mistresses. She who was called *The Beautiful Gabrielle*, of the Family of *Este*, seemed to have more Power in his Heart, than all others; he often carried her about with him in his Army, and to the Places he besieged in Person. *Henry* was wont to say, It was as difficult to know how to Love well, to prepare a Feast, and to Dance at the same time agreeably, as to draw up an Army for Battel, consisting of several Nations.

And when he was more advanced in Years, he said, he loved Dancing, for it made him appear young; he loved Play, for it shewed he could be angry; and Ladies, because he said, he believed a Man ought to love all the Days of his Life.

He was so impatient at Play when he lost, that he seemed to be as much concerned at the Loss of an hundred Crowns, as at the taking of a City from him.

He often disguised himself like a Peasant, to approach his Mistress without being known; and he has often carried on this Humour to that Degree, as to drive Asses laden with Fruit, and sometimes carry a Truss of Hay on his Shoulders.

When he was peaceably settled in his Kingdom, he said to those who were his greatest Intimates, That he that grew weary at Difficulties, did not deserve those Things which might be acquired without Trouble. I saw my self a King, said he, without having a Kingdom, an Husband without a Wife, a Captain without Soldiers, and liberal without having any Thing to give. I have had, in fine, a Kingdom, Children in lawful Marriage, my Troops are numerous, and I can dispose of several Millions.

This

This Prince has been wounded several times, has received three Wounds in the Wars, and three others on his Throne, in the Calms of Peace. The Actions which have gained him most Glory have been the winning of four Battles, whence he came out Conqueror, having very few Troops, and his Enemy having very numerous Armies; The general Peace he gave to *Europe*; The Reconciliation of the *Venetians* with the *Latin* Church, which had excommunicated them; and, The great Project I spake to thee about in my foregoing Letter.

The Pope's Nuncio having one Day asked him how long he had made War? His Answer was, *All the Days of my Life; and my Armies have never had any other General but myself.* He was seen once for forty Hours together on Horseback, and he led at that Time an unhappy Life, yet he bore up with an invincible Courage, which made his Soldiers call him *The King of Iron.* At the same time he held a Morsel of coarse Bread in one Hand, he would with the other form on the Ground the Design of an Entrenchment; and when he would shew his Friends the finest Gallery of his Palace, he would at the same time lead them down into his Stables to see his Horses. He was wont to say, *That a King who would reign happily, must not do all Things which he may.* He had such a Greatness of Mind, and was so merciful, that he pardoned those who conspired against his Life. He shewed oft to those that were about him a Soldier that was a Stranger, and had wounded him in a Battle, whom he recompensed for doing his Duty, and made him one of his Guards.

Though he was not learned, yet he read Books of his Religion, and took a singular Pleasure in History, and conversing with learned Men. Hearing one Night the Annals of *France*, and being almost half asleep in his Bed, he bad his Reader continue his Reading, for he would sleep no more that Night.

Having laid Siege to a most important Place, in a most cold Season, he supped one Night, wrapt up in his

his Cloak to the Places where the Labourers were at Work, and heard a Soldier there cursing both God and himself; yet, without concerning himself any farther, he whispered in the Soldier's Ear, *God bears thee, and the King too, for ought thou knowest; if thou canst not Work, hold thy Peace and be gone.* The Night following, the King setting to Work himself, to excite others, he caused this Soldier to be called unto him, and thus spake to him, *Help me to remove this Earth, and do not swear, for now the King bears thee.*

To correct the Vices, the Injustices, and Violences of others, he did not use Lessons, but gave Examples. And one Day, that he heard one of his Captains in a Rage, for that his Creditors had seized on all he had, to his Horse and Sword, he thus spake to him: *I that am thy Sovereign have paid my Debts; and sold all that I am worth for that End; and thou that art my Subject oughtest to do the same Thing, without murmuring:* And then taking him apart, he gave him some Jewels to help him out.

He often shewed the Marshal *de Biron* to his Friends, and thus spake to them about this Captain: *This Man knows how to act, as well as talk; and I have a great Love for him.* Yet he some time after caused him to be put to Death, having three times pardoned his Disloyalty. This Captain having continued his Plots against his Life, and against the State; yet remembering he had loved him, he would spare one Part of the Shame of his Punishment, and therefore ordered he should be executed in Prison.

A Scholar, two Monks, and a Fool, attempted at several times to kill him; and, as I have already told thee, he was several Times wounded, and at last received a mortal Stroke. A Woman that had undertaken to poison him, was burnt alive; and this foolish Creature said at her Death, thinking to lessen her Crime, *That having foreseen the King was to have been stabbed to Death by the Hand of a Russian, she would therefore procure him the more easy and honourable Death.*

H

Henry

Henry extremely loved Hunting; and one Day being in Pursuit of a Stag, and far distant from his Company, a great *Spectrum* appeared to him, with a black and terrible Countenance, with all the Equipage of a Hunter, having a Leash of Dogs, and said these Words to him in a dismal Tone: *Expect me, and hear me, repent and amend thy Life; dost thou understand me?* Thou mayest easily believe, this Vision did not a little disturb him. Yet he was more troubled at what a Peasant one Day told him, who spoke to him with great Freedom; and his Discourse gave him that Disturbance, which he could never get rid of. This Man talked to the Prince often with great Familiarity when he found him in the Field; and one Day held this Discourse to him: *We are here two Men; thou art a great King, and I a poor Peasant; yet I am perhaps a better Man, because I am more innocent: I have said all the Good I can of thy Person to my Friends, being sensible of thy Justice, thy Bounty, and Liberality: But all these Virtues are horribly soiled by a grievous Vice, which God will never forgive thee, unless thou leavest it off; thou committest, Great Prince, continual Adulteries.*

It is certain, this Prince acknowledged to some of his Confidants, That he had that Day heard in particular a Preacher, who, without any Skill in Theology and Rhetorick, had more moved him than all the Doctors of the *Sorbonne* put together could do. This *Sorbonne* is a College in *Paris*, famous for learned Divines.

This Prince put a pleasant Trick on his Confessor, who often urged him to forsake his Mistresses, and content himself with the Embraces of his Wife. He ordered a Cook, who was wont to dress this Doctor's Victuals, to give him nothing to eat but Partridges; which so greatly tired him, that he could not forbear complaining to the King himself, that this Cook was so wilfull and humourfome, that he would let him have nothing but Partridges; so that he grew so weary with that kind of Food, as made him sick at the Thoughts of it: The Prince only answered him, *Always the Queen, always Partridges.*

He

He loved learned Men, and was a great Patron of them; yet he said, That Necessity obliged him to follow Arms, but had he been left to his own Inclination, he would have chosen to have been a Scholar.

He had no great Esteem for Physicians; as believing these kind of People wish ill to Men; being of *Tiberius's* Mind, who thought that a Man of thirty Years of Age needed them not.

But on the contrary, he most esteemed Historians, and gave Pensions to several of them in *Germany, Italy,* and other Places; saying oft, That if any one could find the Books of *Titus Livy*, which are wanting, and those of *Tacitus*, that he would willingly bestow on him the same Gift of three Cities, which *Xerxes* made to a *Greek* Captain: The one for Bread, the second for Wine, and the third for Cloathing: And therefore there are above fifty Authors who have written his History. He envied *Augustus*, by reason of the Happiness of having so many learned Men in his Reign; and that he more esteemed *Mæcenas*, living a peaceable Citizen at *Rome*, than *Alexander* triumphing over all *Asia*; and that *Mæcenas's* patronizing and recompensing illustrious Men, that excelled in *Rome* in all Arts, had rendered his Name immortal, together with that of his Sovereign.

He bewailed the great Pains he had taken, to obtain the Command of others; and for his having learned nothing himself; affirming, It had been better for him to have learned to command himself. He was also wont to say, That a wise Prince ought never to refuse a Peace, unless it be found more prejudicial than War.

Being one Day conversing with the *Spanish* Ambassador, he began to walk very fast; and perceiving the Astonishment of this Minister, *You see*, says he, *that I can still mount on Horseback, and march on Foot too, if it be necessary; and that the Gout has not deprived me of the Use of my Legs.* His Valour was so admirable, that a Grandee of *Spain* being at a Ceremony, wherein the Sword of this Prince was carried naked before him, he

stopt openly him that carried it, and kissed it, saying, He did this Honour to the Sword of the first and chiefest Caprain of the World.

A Chymist one Day presented him with a Receipt to change Lead into Gold, to whom he answered, in making a large empty Coffer to be brought to him, *When thou hast filled this Coffer with the Metal thou talkest of, come to me, and I will give thee as much Lead as thou wilt have.*

Being at *Fontainbleau*, a Place famous since several Ages, and shewing all the Buildings there to a foreign Prince, who told him when he had shewed him the Chapel, *That he had lodged God in too narrow a Compass;* He answered, *That God was better lodged in the Heart, than in great Edifices of Stone.*

When he drew the Designs against the *Mussulmans*, which I mentioned in my other Letter, he did an Action of Generosity very beneficial to the *Moors*, who were driven out of *Spain*; permitting above fifty thousand Men, who had past the *Pyrenees*, to embark themselves in the Ports of *Provence* and *Languedoc*, to retire into *Africk*. I cannot call to mind that Time, without bewailing the Loss of a Million of Persons, who perished by divers Accidents and Miseries.

After a Battle, wherein *Henry* ran a great Hazard, he said, *He had often fought for Victory, but at this Time he fought for his Life.*

He had used more Boots than Shoes; and he vaunted he had been less Time in Bed, than the Duke of *Mayenne* had been at Table; this latter commanding then the Army of the League.

This King desired to be thought a real Father to his Subjects; he therefore applied himself in searching the Means of redressing the infamous Abuses of the Bar; but he advanced not much in the Business, whatever Care he used; it being impossible for him to bridle the Covetousness of the Lawyers, and to hinder the Length of Suits, or correct the Injustice of Judges, to leave nothing to be done by his Successors. He seemed to be much troubled many Times, when he spake of these
kind

kind of Things, in that there was in *Paris* more Courts and Lawyers than in all the vast Empire of the *Turks*; his Design being, after the Example of the *Mussulmans*, to make all Suits, which were everlasting by the Knavery of the Lawyers, to be decided in three Days. And he therefore designed also to burn the Books of all those who had written infinite Commentaries on this Subject; which served only to ruin the People, and caused oftentimes amongst Relations, Friends, and Neighbours, such Broils, as may be said to do more Mischief than a Civil War. He affirmed, that, in imitating herein the *Turks*, he should use his Subjects as his real Children, and hinder them from devouring one another; that he would cause sharp Nails and Razors to be fastened to the Seats where the Judges sat, that those who suffered themselves to be corrupted might sit thereon: And indeed in this Particular I cannot but wonder at the *Christians* Blindness.

We see oftentimes, decided in one only Campaign, the Differences of two great States; but a Suit in Law for twenty Sequins shall often last a Man's whole Life, and perhaps be entailed on his Heirs.

But hear a remarkable Example of the Sincerity of this Sovereign. There were who would have persuaded him to have apprehended the Duke of *Savoy*, who came to *Paris* to terminate some Differences he had with him. He answered those that advised him, with this, *That Francis the First, one of his Predecessors, had taught him, a Prince was more obliged to do what he had promised, than to obtain what he desired; that it was in his Power to have apprehended a Prince far more considerable, but would not do it, suffering the Emperor Charles the Fifth to pass out of his Kingdom, who had come thereinto on his Word. After this, added he, Shall Henry give such an Example to Princes? If the Duke of Savoy has often broke his Word with me, it does not therefore follow I must imitate him: Crimes can never be authorized by Examples.* The same Duke of *Savoy* having asked him, *What Revenue he drew from his Kingdom?* He answered

him in these Terms, *I draw as much as I will, because I make myself beloved; whence it is, that my Subjects count all our Estates are common.*

He answered very pleasantly to a Prince's Envoy, who came with a Compliment of Condolance for the Death of his Son, who had been dead near a Year; *That he was no longer grieved at that Loss, seeing God had given him two more since.*

A Captain of great Reputation having said, *That the King's Liberalities, tho' several times reiterated, could not oblige him to love him;* Henry sent him Word, *He would heap so many Favours on him, that he would force him at last.*

He often used this Proverb, *More Flies are taken with a Drop of Honey, than a Ton of Vinegar.*

A Monk entertaining him one Day about military Affairs; *Open your Breviary, Father,* said he, *and shew me where you learned these fine Lessons.*

One Day a Taylor presenting him with a Book of Politicks, he said to the Chancellor, who was there present: *Monsieur Chancellor, cut me out a Suit of Cloaths; here is a Taylor who understands your Trade, and tells me how I shall govern my Kingdom.*

One Day, when the Pope's Nuncio was at a great Feast, where there were between twenty and thirty Ladies of great Beauty, he told this Prelate, *He had been in several Battles, but never found himself in so great Danger before.*

Nothing seems more agreeable than the Answer he made to the Provost of the Merchants at Paris, who was urgent with him to consent to an Impost, which was to be laid on the Fountain of the Town, to furnish the Expences of forty Deputies of Switzers, who came into France to renew their ancient Alliance with this Kingdom; and his Answer was, that this Magistrate should find some other Expedient, than to change Water into Wine; which was a Miracle that never any body wrought but *Jesus Christ*; who is, as thou knowest, the *Christians Saviour*; and for thy further Instructions, it is necessary for thee to know, the

Switzers

Switzers love Wine above all Things in the World, and that not without Reason.

This Prince went to the Wars at the Age of fifteen, and at seventeen killed an Enemy, and in the Year following he saved the Life of one of his Captains, and had his Horse killed under him. He was in five Battles, and in more than an hundred Combats, and at the Siege of above two hundred Places. He sustained seven different Wars, in which his Enemies acknowledged, that he had fifty Armies upon him at several Times, and in different Places, and always obtained some considerable Advantage.

Those that have given him the Term of Great, have given him his true Name. He was highly esteemed by all Nations; and thou knowest very well, that our Sultans, though the mightiest Monarchs in the Universe, have admired this great Prince's Fortune and Valour.

Above fifty Historians have written his Life; above five hundred Poets have published his Praises.

I will leave thee at present the Liberty of comparing this King with those whom thou wilt chuse from amongst the Heroes;

If *Mahomet* XI. has not done more than him, he may be compared to him in warlike Actions, with this Difference, That King *Henry* conquered the *Gauls* who were of his Patrimony, and *Mahomet* conquered twelve Kingdoms and an Empire, because he was persuaded that all the Earth belonged to him. *Henry* subdued the City of *Paris*; and *Mahomet* made himself Master of *Constantinople*.

The King of *France* left an infinite Number of Marks behind him of his Grandeur, on Marble, and in the Writings of famous Authors; and *Mahomet* left only on his Tomb those which shewed what he had designed to execute, but never could do it, which was, to take *Rhodes* and subdue *prond Hale*.

We must also acknowledge, there was never found in any *Mahometan* Prince the admirable Clemency of *Henry*, shewing himself herein greater than in vanquishing his Enemies: Contrary to *Mahomet*, who

shewed

shewed only great Kindness to an Ox, whom he caused to be carefully fed, because he would never forsake the Tomb of his Master, whom that Prince had killed, abiding always by it, and expressing his Sorrow by horrible Bellowings. On all other Occasions he was very cruel; far from the Humour of this *French King*, who heaped Benefits on those who drew Blood of him. *Mahomet*, by a barbarous Cruelty, caused the Bellies of twenty of his innocent Pages to be ript open, to discover him that had eaten a Melon in his Garden.

Henry was a great Lover of Ladies, and an extreme Admirer of that Sex; and *Mahomet*, jealous of the too great Beauty of his Mistress, cut off her Head himself in a full Divan. And farther, if *Mahomet* gave in the East a great Example of Justice, in putting his own Son to Death, for deflouring the Daughter of the *Bassa Achmet* in a Bath; *Henry* gave a greater in his own Person, in repairing at the Head of his Army the Outrage offered to a young Girl, from whom he could not fear any vexatious Consequences.

Be sure, however, to be silent in the Judgments I make, and shew thyself discreet, if thou intendest to hold any Correspondence with me.

Imitate the Bees; gather from so many Flowers presented thee, what appears to thee the sweetest and most proper to form *Mustapha's* Mind, and supple his Spirit like Wax.

I could relate to thee more Things touching this *Henry*, but there is no Necessity of writing all; that thou mayest have Space to imagine what such a Prince might have done, who had re-established his Fortune by his Valour alone.

Let me know of thy Departure; and, when thou shalt arrive at the Place of thy Retreat, forget not thy faithful Friend *Mahmut*, who wishes thou mayest prove an happy Tutor to the Son of a Prince, and a faithful Minister of a wise Emperor.

Paris, 18th of the 2d Moon, of the Year 1639.

The End of the Second Book.

LETTERS

WRIT by a

SPY at *PARIS*.

BOOK III.

LETTER I.

To Muslu Reis Effendi, *Principal Secretary*
of the Ottoman Empire.

SCARCE had I finished my Letter to *Egri Boinou*, when News came from the Coast of *Provence*, of so extraordinary and scandalous an Event, that I cannot but inform thee, who art a wise and experienced Person of it; and because I would have thee set it down in the sacred Register-Books of the Empire of which thou hast the Charge.

Assam Bassa, a Corsary of *Algiers*, died at the Age of forty Years; the Relation of whose Death was attended with such horrid Circumstances, that even the Enemies of the *Alcoran* do detest them.

It is said, that being sensible he was near his End, he caused two young *Christian* Slaves to be strangled, who were nobly descended, and for whose Ransom great Sums of Money might have been expected, without alledging any Reason for his Cruelty; nay, after he had confessed he had no Cause of Complaint against them, having observed from certain Tokens in their Coun-

tenances, that they were of a sweet Disposition and inclined by Nature to be faithful. When he was laying out, there was found a kind of fine Scarf about him, with these Words embroïdered on it in Letters of Gold; *Assam Bassa will have the handsomest of his Slaves to be buried alive with him, being desirous of good Company in his Voyage into the other World.*

The Report of so terrible an Adventure has increased the Hatred of the *French* against us, and that in so excessive a Manner, that I am forced to keep myself concealed, lest I should by my Zeal discover myself, being not able to endure the Blasphemies of our Enemies. There is no Question but this cruel Monster is kept by the Black Angels in the other World.

God grant that so horrid a Crime may not corrupt the rest of *Africk*. However, may I be so free as to counsel you, let the Body of this impious Wretch *Assam* be dug up, and burnt, and his Ashes thrown into the Sea, to drown the Memory of him.

Mahmut salutes thee from the Town of the Universe, the fullest of Noise; and wishes thee at *Constantinople*, or where-ever else thou art, a long Sequel of happy Years, and after Death the Enjoyment of the Bliss of our hundred twenty four thousand Prophets.

Paris, 18th of the 3d Moon,
of the Year 1639.

LETTER II.

To the Invincible Vizir Azem, at the Camp under Babylon.

BEfore I give thee an Account, Great and Magnanimous Vizir, of whatever I have done to satisfy the Curiosity of Cardinal *Richlieu*, I am obliged to tell thee how I spend my leisure Hours.

It is impossible I should observe exactly the Motions of this Court, without following it, and holding a Correspondence with People of all Sorts, as Tradesmen, Soldiers, Scholars, Seamen, Politicians, and even Musicians.

The Court consists of all these Professions, and there are some particular Persons, who are Masters of all these Sciences, of which Number is Cardinal *Rieblieu*. He is not content with this his Knowledge, but seeks still for further Light in the Commerce of all Persons of Merit who arrive here; neglecting nothing which may enrich this Kingdom with new Discoveries in Arts and Sciences, out of Love to his Country, and Desire to render his Ministry more famous.

Thou seest by this, invincible Bassa, that to keep Company with Courtiers, who have so many different Qualities, a Man must have some for his Share, that he may say something in his Turn, and not be always a bare Hearer of other People's Talk.

For this Purpose, the particular Study, to which I applied my self whilst I was a Slave in *Sicily*, does much help me, though not sufficiently. It was Books I read in this Island, not Men. Now, knowing my Business required much Dissimulation, an awakened Mind, and especially Prudence, Eloquence, and Learning, to speak properly on Occasions; great Reading to obtain the Knowledge of ancient and modern Things; a refined Policy, to discover or conceal one's self, and to counterfeit sometimes a mighty honest Man: Nothing I say appeared to me more conducing to this Purpose, than the turning over Histories; and therefore I have earnestly applied my self to this Work. And because few Books are not sufficient, and a great many breed Confusion, I happily got Admission into the Acquaintance of an ancient learned Man, whose Study consists of none but choice Books, and has travelled over most Parts of the World; not like *Apollonius*, to learn the Languages of Birds and Beasts; but to know the Customs, Laws, Virtues, and Defect of Nations. I was first for informing my self of all the Prodiges

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which

which the God of the *Jews* has done in Favour of that ungrateful People. I afterwards enquired into the Life and Doctrine of the *Messias*, whom the *Christians* worship. I also looked into what had been done considerable at *Athens* and *Sparta*, *Thebes*, *Rome*, and *Carthage*; those so famous Places, and found that the great Philosophers and Captains, who made such a Noise about their Religions, had at Bottom none at all. Having run over what the *Christians* call *The Old and New Testament*, the Histories of *Josephus*, *Xenophon*, *Polybius*, *Thucydides*, *Livius* and *Tacitus*, my greatest Application has been, and shall be for the future, to read and meditate on the Works of the great *Plutarch*, especially his Lives of illustrious *Greeks* and *Romans*, related by him with so great Exactness. And thus far I have arrived in this short Space, and here I have stopt. I have learned by the Reading of *Plutarch*, to amuse the Cardinal *Richlieu*; to whom I offered myself two Days ago, and have put into his Hands the following Discourse, made after the Manner of *Christians*, and have stript myself, if a Man may so speak, of the Manner and Style of the *Turks*, as I have done of their Habits, and better to disguise *Titus*, the Faithful Slave of the great *Amurath*.

Great CARDINAL, and most Sage MINISTER of
the Greatest of Christian KINGS.

TITUS of *Moldavia* is come to wait on you, according to your Commands, not to entertain you with the Riches of *Asia*, nor in what Manner, by the Wisdom of your Counsels, and Forces of the King your Sovereign, you may destroy the mighty *Turkish Empire*, of whom you have no Reason to complain; but to tell you what seems most agreeable to the Greatness of your Genius. Know then, Sage Moderator of the *French Monarch*, that I shall not offer any thing which may make you hate me, and repent of

of believing, seeing, what I propose is an easy Enterprize, and full of Glory. Thy King has a Son, who will one Day inherit the Greatness and Authority of his Father; you know not the Temper and Dispositions which this Heir may have, being as yet so much a Child, that a Man cannot gather any thing certain of this Matter. But a Prince, that has been so long look'd for, requires extraordinary Designs to be laid for him, and great Preparations made betimes to raise a Palace that may be worthy to entertain him. I would propose to you a Palace, I say, of miraculous Architecture, the like was never seen or imagined, and which you may with your own Hands rear up in Paris; which must be of a square Form, whose Corners shall regard Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, and whose Riches shall draw all Nations to it. You will not need Stone, Sand, Wood, nor Iron for this Work. The Architects which you shall employ shall have the Secret, with their Pen, Ink, and Paper, to raise this Edifice, which shall be of a more lasting Durance, than the Pantheon of Agrippa, and whereon, as on the Temple of Solomon, there should be no Noise of Hammers.

Think not, wise Minister, they are Chimæras which Titus has in his Head. Hear then the Design of this Majestical Palace, whose Foundations are already laid by Plutarch, with Materials more precious than Gold or Rubies. Thou knowest the Happiness this Philosopher had of rendring immortal the Actions of so many Great Men, of whom, perhaps, there might have been no mention, had Plutarch lain silent. Men now read in the most remote Provinces of the Indies, written on Leaves and Barks of Trees, the Lives of Alexander, Cæsar, Scipio, Pompey, and Xerxes. Amongst the Solitaries of the most desert

desart Parts of Arabia, and amongst the Dervises, who dwell at Medina, are found written in Arabian Characters, the Histories of Numa, Aristides, Cato, Lycurgus, and Epaminondas. The Spaniards and Portugueses have rendered this Author so famous in China and Japan, that these Barbarians, not contented with having translated into their Languages all the Lives of the Greeks and Romans, they have ordered (if I mistake not) that every Five Years new Copies be made, to the Ends they may be eternally preserved. I have seen my self at Constantinople above an hundred Volumes in Silken Paper, wherein the Works of this famous Greek are read with Veneration by the greatest Captains, Lawyers, and Divines; and these Works are enriched with the most curious Notes in Arabick and Persian, and the Turkish Language, by the express Orders of the Sultans, who make them be preserved as illustrious Monuments of the ancient Greek Eloquence. You are not ignorant of the Esteem which Solymán the Great had of Pompey, Cæsar, Pyrrhus, and Alexander; and that he never undertook any military Enterprize, till he had consulted these great Masters in the Art of War; being wont to say, He knew not whether Alexander or Pyrrhus had shewed more Valour in Engagements, than Plutarch had shewed Wit and Judgment in describing them. But in a Voyage I made into Germany, what did not an old Rabbin tell me, in shewing me the Lives of the illustrious Men of this incomparable Author, translated into Hebrew, which he carried ever about with him? He assured me, that the Curious of his Religion set such a Value on them, that there are above ten Thousand Manuscript Copies dispersed in the Synagogues, both in the Eastern and Western Parts.

Men,

Men, Women, and Children know of what account this famous Author is in all Europe. He now speaks all Languages: The English, the Spaniards, Italians, Germans, Polanders, and Hollanders, have naturalized him among them. And you know very well, Sir, that in this Kingdom of France, the Learned not content with having him translated into their Idiom, they carefully adorn their Libraries with this Author in his own natural Tongue, and have collected the Latin, Italian, and Spanish Versions of him.

But it is now sixteen hundred Years since Plutarch keeps Silence; so many Men famous for their Knowledge, and so many great Captains who have lived since, are unknown to the World, because they have met with no Plutarch to know them. And this is the stately Building which I offer you to finish who are so great a Lover of Glory: For God has given you a Mind, with a necessary Power to finish what Plutarch has so profitably begun. Raise up immediately, by your Authority, on the precious Foundation, which this incomparable Philosopher has laid, the Walls and Roof of this vast Building. Order Lodgings to be made ready for all the Heroes who could not enter into this first Edifice; I mean the illustrious Dead, whose Lives have not been carefully collected, and who should honour Europe, Asia, and Africa, where they were born; and the new World will yield you wherewith to fill this Palace with Atabalippas and Montezumas.

Hereby wilt thou be the Restorer of those Ruins which Time has made; and in raising the Statues of so many excellent Persons in Civil Administrations, in War and in good Letters, you will raise up an infinite Number throughout the World, as the first Emperor of the Romans did. It is to no Purpose to say, there are a great many Authors that have written
since

since Plutarch the Actions of several great Commanders, Kings, and great Ministers, whose Virtues were eminently conspicuous both in Peace and War. I hope I shall not give just Offence, in saying That few of these Writers have observed Plutarch's excellent Method; for, either they appear obscure, by reason of their great Conciseness, or the Facts are ordinarily confounded in General Histories, or written by interested or passionate Pens, who disguise the Truth, and impose Fabulous Relations on the World. For a Proof of this, be pleased to examine particular Events related in the Lives of Francis I. King of France, and the Emperor Charles V. and you will find there are those who assure us, that Charles died a Saint, and that scarcely was he expired when Flower-de-Luces were seen to spring up in his Chamber, which yielded a most admirable Scent, Whilst others affirm, That this Hero died an Heretick, by the Assistance of his Confessor, who had embraced the Lutheran Doctrine. And how many Romances are made of Francis I? Has it not been said, That he fought a Duel with his Emperor; and that this Prince passing through France, the King, by a Motive of Generosity (beyond any Precedent), offered him his Kingdom? That Charles had one Day sat on Francis's Throne, and condemned a Malefactor, and afterwards reprieved him, as a Mark of his Authority? And has it not been moreover said, That Francis took Charles in a Battel? How many false Relations have been made of Andrew Doria, and Barbarossa, two famous Sea-Captains, though one a Christian, and the other a Mussulman, and both of them Chief-Admirals of two mighty Emperors, Charles V. and Solyman? Has it not been confidently affirmed, That Barbarossa, being in the Archipelago, gave a Visit in the Disguise of a Monk to Doria? That in an

Island

Island where this Interview was made, they had sworn, one on the Gospel, and the other on the Alcoran, to help one another to conserve their Authority which their Employes gave them at Sea; and to make themselves more necessary to their Sovereigns, they were always to avoid a decisive Combat, that they might not ruin one another: That they had moreover both assigned this Treaty with their own Blood? Has there not been added to this Fable, That the Turkish Admiral sent to Doria a Moor, who pretended to be a Fugitive from the Ottoman Army, and wore two Pearls of an inestimable Price in his Ears, and that in Exchange Doria had assured Barbarossa not to interrupt him, whenever he pleased to invade any of the Coasts of Italy.

It is time, that under thy auspicious Conduct the Lives of great Personages be cleared from these false Relations which corrupt them, and be orderly inserted into the Books of the most excellent Plutarch, with such a kind of Title:

Here is the rest of the Lives of Illustrious Men, from the Emperor Trajan, to Lewis the Just, of those that have excelled in Arms, Learning, Affairs of State, and of those who have held the first Rank in the Church in all Parts of the World; and these Histories have been collected by a College of the Learnedst Men in Europe, consisting of Spaniards, French, Italians, and Germans, under the auspicious Conduct of his Eminency Cardinal Richlieu.

I would have Three Persons of each Nation to attend this Work, and who should make their Abode in Paris, as being the principal City in France. And I propose Spaniards, Italians, Germans, and French, as the most polished Nations, and who have furnished the World with the most able Men. Now every Nation having its particular way of Speaking and Act-
ing,

ing, the Edifice will be the more agreeable, and each Architect will have greater Room to shew his Skill. Those who shall read these Works, will find in the Softness of the French Style, wherewithal to mollify the too severe Gravity of the Spanish Eloquence. The Sincerity of the Germans, ever attended with some kind of Dryness, will appear without Rudeness with the Flowers and good Sense of the Italian Writers. And, as the World will be interested in this magnificent Design; so we must not doubt but the wisest of all these States will take care in the choice of Subjects which they will propose. And, in fine, if thou wilt have the chief Men in the World, thou needest not want the Secret of raising up Plutarchs. Be not weary of giving Marks of thy Liberality; for if thou wilt have Titus Livys, become Mæcenas.

It doth not belong to me to say in what Manner it is necessary on this Occasion, to separate them of several Nations, and to distribute these Employs: Thou art equitable and prudent, so that this Work being begun, the End will have a Success answerable to its Beginning. I shall only put thee in Mind, that thou wilt not a little contribute to render thy Immortality more glorious, if thou remembrest the Turks thy sworn Enemies; being persuaded thou mayest find amongst the Ottoman Emperors, Bassas and Vizirs, wherewithal to enrich the new Plutarch. Let not the Greatness of the Work discourage thee; how great soever it be, thy Wit and Courage are above it; and thou wilt not want ancient and modern Authors to assist thee. Suetonius will furnish thee with the Lives of the Cæsars, which may be left entire as they are. Diogenes Laertius gives us good an Account of many of the Philosophers. Thou wilt receive Advantage from the Works of Æmilius Probus, Paulus, Jovius, and
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several others, who have acquired immortal Reputation by the Books which they have given the Publick. You will find a Draught already made of the History of two hundred and twenty eight Emperors, from Julius Cæsar to Ferdinand III. and Ibrahim I. the one Emperor of Germany, and the other of Turkey; which thou shalt cause to be carefully examined by the College, to clear up such Things as are obscure, adding what is wanting, and retrenching Events of which there is no sufficient Proof, and which seem fabulous; and, in a Word, for drawing up particular Lives which are to be met with in general Histories, which have been the Method of most Writers of late Ages.

I would also have Plintarch's Manner followed, of comparing the Illustrious Men of one Nation with those of another; where the discreet Writer, having weighed the Reasons which make for the one and the other, pronounces a Sentence which does both delight and instruct the Reader.

The most important Instruction then which can be given, being the Secret of knowing Men perfectly, who seek with so great Care to hide themselves; the true Means for this is the Choice of Matter, that the Reader may not lose his Time, nor study in vain, but gather the Fruit which all Men of Sense search for, which is, to know what is Good, that they may follow it, and Evil, to avoid it. On this Ground you will be easily persuaded, there is greater Pleasure to behold the Firmness of Scipio, who passes with one only Galley to find out Syphax, than there is in considering him, when he gives Battle to Hannibal in the Plains of Zama. We are more edified in seeing this young General a Conqueror, and yet so continent, as to send the finest Woman in the World, who was his Prisoner, to Lucius the Spanish Prince, her Husband,

band, without touching her ; than in the Relation of an hundred Sieges of Places, where the Effects which the Soldiers Fury produces, Hunger and Thirst, and the Effusion of Human Blood, yields Horror instead of Diversion. In the like manner, Sir, you will acknowledge, That a Prince, or Captain, will be more instructed by seeing Francis, who lived like a King, though in Prison at Madrid, who caresses and recompences Learned Men all the World over ; and in seeing Fabricius, who refuses and despises the greatest Honour which are offered him with immense Riches, and who snatches away the Poyson from the Mouth of the greatest Enemy of the Roman People ; than all the Combats and most bloody Battles fought by Pyrrhus, Charles V. and the Great Tamerlane.

I have made you this long Discourse, as a Mark of my Obedience ; and Titus of Moldavia, at the Feet of your Eminency, supplicates you to consider, that when by your Negotiations, Counsels, and Armies which receive your Orders, you shall have added new Kingdoms to that which your Master holds ; when for the Benefit of Trade and Navigation, you shall have joined all the Seas together ; and when, in a Word, you shall raise Bridges in Paris, Pyramids with more Palaces than were built by the Cæsars and all the Kings of Ægypt : These Piles will not be immortal, but subject to the Injuries of Time. Whereas on the contrary, if you send for the Twelve Architects which I mentioned, to raise the stately Palaces afore-cited, all the World will bless the Name of Armand Cardinal de Richlieu, Restorer of the Republick of Learning almost ruined : And who, like another Archimedes, hath known by the Examples of the Virtue of illustrious Men, snatched away by Death out of the World, to combat and destroy the Vices and Ignorances of the Living.

If thou approveſt not, magnanimous Vizir, what I offered to the King of *France's* Miniſter, puniſh me not for a Fault which was not deſigned, having, on the contrary, imagined to do thee a very agreeable piece of Service. I thought, I could not take a better Courſe to conceal thy Slave *Mahmut*, and to divert this Cardinal from ſome Projects, which I am informed he deſigns againſt the *Turkiſh* Empire. Should he undertake the Great Work I ſet before him, thou ſeeſt the Sultans will have ſome Share in it; and he will, I ſay again, have by this Means, not to mention any thing elſe; his Hands ſo full of Buſineſs, that he will not have the leaſt Time or Ability to moleſt us.

I ſupplicate thee, proſtrate at thy Feet, to call to mind the general Diſlike of what happened to *Athens*, when it was ſacked and taken; ſuch prodigious Numbers of Books being burnt in all Arts and Sciences, which had been a collecting ſeveral Ages, and preſerved with ſuch great Care; and ſo much the more, inasmuch as one may be aſſured, there is nothing to be feared from thoſe that make Learning their whole Buſineſs, who are always averſe to War, as finding their Reckoning only in the Tranquillity of a well-eſtabliſhed Peace.

Thou ſhalt receive, by the firſt Opportunity, whatever I can diſcover of Importance for thee to know, either for the Good of the Empire, in which thou holdeſt ſo great a Rank, or to ſatiſfy thy Curioſity, provided the Froſts hinder not the Paſſage of Couriers, as they will aſſuredly retard the Progreſs of the Armies, which are conſtrained to lie ſtill during this rigorous Seaſon.

God give thee an entire Victory over the Enemies of the mighty *Amurath*, and make thee the Conqueror of all Nations.

Paris, 28th of the 3d Moon,
of the Year 1639.

LETTER

LETTER III.

To Lubano Abufei - Saad, an Egyptian Knight.

THE King some Days ago, was present at a Ball where there was a great Number of Persons of Quality of both Sexes. Cardinal Richlieu, who never loses the Sight of this Prince, was there also. It was observed, that at the End of this Divertisement, the Cardinal would have gone out before every Body, but dared not; and, indeed, could not get through the Crowd; which made him so impatient, as was remarked by all, even the King himself; who, taking him a little a-part, very seriously bid him pass on, seeing he was Master. Now, what did this Minister do in this Astonishment, but answer nothing? And taking a Flambeau out of the Hand of one of the Pages, he carried it himself before the King, with a Countenance that shewed neither Despise nor Confusion. Those that took Notice of the Name of Master, which the King had given him, interpreted it in his Favour; and there were them who thought, that in abasing himself so low, he plainly shewed the Design he had of raising himself the higher; however, every one thereon spake what he thought most proper.

I give thee an Account of this Passage, remembring what thou didst in the Presence of thy Master, throwing thyself out at a Window, to take up a little Note which *Amurath* by chance had let fall; which Action of thine, being known in this Country, this Action of the Cardinal was compared with it; yet with this Difference, that the Cardinal, without rising from the Ground, has made a greater Leap than thou. God preserve thee from falling into a Precipice, if thou beest Fool enough to leap a second Time.

Paris, 28th of the 3d Moon,
of the Year 1639.

LETTER

LETTER IV.

To Mehemet, Page Eunuch.

THOU hast recovered from a great Sickness, and I expect one. I have had for some Days a Faintness, which does extremely depress me; but by the Grace of God, I need not yet the Physician. The Letter, which I received from thee this Moon, has given me some Ease in my Indisposition, which is no new Thing with me, being necessitated to live so far from my Friends, Country, yea, and Religion too. And though it may seem difficult to be a Saint, in passing one's Days in a profane Place, yet think not my Piety grows like warm, or my Friendship diminished; seeing I have made a Mosque of my Heart, where Friends are ever present. Be then persuaded, it is impossible for *Mahmut* to become unfaithful, and lose the Affection he has for his Friends; for he never ceases to love where he has once began. It is true indeed, that I call myself *Fitus* at present, and am clothed in an odd Sort of Dress: Yet this is no Hindrance of my Affection to my Religion, my Country, and my Friends.

The ancient *Greeks* have written a great deal about Friendship, and the Duties of a Friend: But there remains still behind more than what they have said, as there remains more to do than they have done. The Word Friend is a common Name, and appropriated by most People; but where wilt thou find a Man that gives Proofs of a true and unfeigned Friendship? I think I am no Hypocrite; be thou as true to me at *Constantinople*, and inform me what passes in the Seraglio, and how it goes with our Friends and Relations in all Parts. I shall give thee an Account of the Transactions of the Infidels, amongst whom I live, being tired with writing them to the Grand Vizir and the *Kaisar*. Imitate me not herein, for thou aboundest

est with Leisure; let me then hear from thee every Moon.

I have had several Fits of Laughter, at the pleasant Adventure of the Chamber-Maid to the old Slave, with the Eunuch *Melech Aubi*. Blessings on the Heart of *Mahomet*: I believe the holy Prophet will laugh himself in his Paradise, when the Angel his Messenger, who brings News from this World, shall give him an Account of what these two Persons have ridiculously done in Honour of him. Could there ever be a greater Simplicity, than to eat every Night a Versicle of the *Alcoran*, written on a Piece of *China* Sattin? Whence did this Eunuch, thy Comrade, learn this strange Superstition; and by what Spirit did he authorise that of this Slave, in taking the Pains to write these Versicles with his own Hand? And when could they imagine both of them, they should make an End of this Feast, seeing the whole *Alcoran* could not be eaten in less than six thousand forty three Days, the Book containing so many Versicles. Pray let me know what is done to them. They deserve not in my poor Judgment, an over-rigorous Punishment, their Crime being only a ridiculous Devotion. The great and venerable Mufti will soon decide the Business; yet I would fain know the Manner.

I shall now impart to thee an Account of a Visit which I gave a Solitary in my Travels into *Germany*, who spent his Days far from the Commerce of the World, in a little Hermitage, about fifteen Miles Distance from *Vienna*. This Man, who is now very old, has passed forty Years of his Life in great Austerity, doing every thing our famous Santons are celebrated for; and thou shalt know what moved him to this severe Pennance, and to retire after this Manner. It is said, that in his Youth, having being threatened for some Misdemeanor with Imprisonment, he hid himself in the House of a faithful Friend, lying in a Barrel covered over with Straw, where was brought him privately his Diet. Whilst he thus lay concealed in the Vessel, a certain Person went up into the Garret his Prison, with

with his Host's Sister, when these two Persons thinking themselves alone, come to such Familiarities as much scandalized this new *Diogenes*, who saw all that passed through the Crevises of his Tub; and being not able to contain his Resentments, he thus passionately brake out, *God sees you, you Wretches, and Man too.* In a Word, his Indignation was so great, that the Tub or Barrel was overthrown; with the Noise of which, and his scrambling up, the two Lovers were so affrighted, that the Gallant for Haste broke his Neck down Stairs, and the Nymph lay Dead in a Swoon on the Place. This strange Surprise to all, especially the Sight of so filthy and tragical a Spectator, so affrighted this young Man as made him retire from the World into the Solitude where he now remains. He lives only on Bread and Water; and the Aversion which he has conceived on this Occasion to Women is so great, that there is none dares appear before him. There were two who had the Curiosity of seeing this Hermit in Men's Cloaths, but they soon repented of their Visit; for this Solitary, full of Rage and Indignation, thus welcomed them, *Get you gone, you Dæmons, fallen from Heaven for Man's Destruction; I know very well what you are, and cannot behold you without Horror.* He makes excellent Exhortations to young Men who visit him, and having shewed them the Care they ought to take to live with Purity, and rule their Passions, to which corrupt Nature renders them subject; he also exhorts them to hold a Glass before their Faces, when seized with Anger, or when carried forth to the Commission of any brutish or unseemly Action.

My Letter is longer than I intended; receive, as a Mark of my Friendship, the long Time I have entertained my self with thee, when I thought at first to speak all in two Words. Give this Letter, directed to thee, into *Zelim's* own Hands; it contains Things which concern his Life. As to what remains, love ever thy faithful *Mahmut*, whilst I shall pray the Sovereign of the greatest Monarchs, as well as other

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Men; that he would, after this Life, give us eternal Felicity, and the Grace to appear Innocent before his dreadful Tribunal, at which all Men shall be judged.

Paris, 28th of the 3d Moon,
of the Year 1639.

LETTER V.

To Zelim of Rhodes, Captain of a Galley.

M*Ehemet*, Page of the Seraglio, will deliver or cause to be delivered to thee this Letter, which is written to thee by *Mahmut*, Slave and Faithful Minister of the great Sultan, the invincible and happy *Amurath*, who commands me to serve him in these Parts. There is no necessity of my sending thee the Picture of a Man who sets forth from *Leghorn* for *Constantinople*, with a Design to kill thee. Thou mayest easily know him, seeing he has been six Years a Slave in thy Galley. *Adonai* the Jew sent me this Advice from *Genoa*, so important for thy Life; adding, he set out with his Brother, being resolved to perish, or be revenged of a great Injury thou hast done him.

He has filled *Italy* with Discourses of thy Cruelties. He affirms, That having tried all Ways to make him a *Turk*, seeing neither Presents nor Promises could persuade him, thou hast made him suffer the most cruel Torments a Man can undergo; and that being laid fast asleep, by a Potion which thou causedst him to take, thou hast made him be castrated. The Weapons he bears to rid himself of thee, will strike thee without Noise, so that thou needest be much on thy Guard. He hides that which is to do thy Business in a little Prayer-Book. Revenge, which does usually make Men industrious, has put him upon concealing in this Manual a little poisoned Steel Dart, which is enclosed with such great Art in the Leather that covers

vers it, that it is shot thence as from a Bow, and strikes with such Violence and Swiftneſs, that the Stroke cannot be avoided, nor ſcarcely felt by him that receives it, it cauſing not one Drop of Blood to follow, nor Wound to be ſeen; ſo delicately tempered is the mortal Weapon, that the Man does unavoidably die, whom it hits.

I do not doubt but this revengeful Spirit will cunningly conceal himſelf, ſo that it will be hard to diſcover him. But having had this Advice, it belongs to thee to take care of thy ſelf. And, in the mean time, correct this cruel and ſevere Temper of thine. Thou commandeſt a Galley manned with Slaves, who live at thy Charge; thou reckoneſt amongſt thy Riches three hundred *Chriſtians*, who dreſs thy Gardens, and ſerve thee at Sea; and thou haſt never remembered, they are Men which may ſave, or take away thy Life; and that ranging the Seas as thou doſt, it is poſſible thou mayeſt meet with the ſame Fortune, and be made a Slave thyſelf. Thou haſt never conſidered, that Death is more ſupportable than Slavery; and that thoſe that deſpiſe their own Lives are Maſters of thine. God preſerve thee, and incline thy Heart to uſe gently thy Slaves, who are ſo uſeful to thee. Follow my Advice; thou haſt three hundred Enemies in thy Houſe, do what in thee lies to gain their Love. Learn this of a famous *Roman*, who made his Slaves, born in his Houſe, to be nurſed with the ſame Milk his Children were. If thou art not for ſuch an Indulgence, at leaſt, ceaſe to be cruel, otherwiſe thou wilt be more a Slave, than thoſe that ſerve thee. If thou wilt not ſpare theſe People in love to them, pity their Condition, and ſpare them in love to thy ſelf; whereby thou wilt live in ſo great Tranquillity as cannot be imagined. The Holy Prophet guard thee from the Danger threatned thee, and deſtroy this raſh *Chriſtian* who would aſſaſſinate thee.

Paris, 18th of the 3d Moon
of the Year 1639.

LETTER VI.

To the Invincible Vizir Azem, at the Camp
before Babylon.

THERE are various Discourses here of the *Grand Signior's* warlike Preparations. And it is common for People to confound here the ancient *Babylon* with *Susa* and *Bagdet*; but this is no great Matter. It is certain all the Infidels Wishes are in thy Favour; for they desire to see thee Conqueror, not only of *Babylon*, but of all the *East*; that *Amurath* may be longer in his Return to *Greece*, and chuse a Place far distant from the Seat of his Empire. It is discoursed in this Court, as if the invincible Sultan carries along with him to this War, four hundred thousand Foot, an hundred and fifty thousand Horse, and two hundred Bassas; and moreover twelve Princes Tributary to the *Porte*. It is also said *Bagdet* is a Place not to be won by Force; that a River, the swiftest in the World, runs through the midst of it; and that the Place has an hundred Gates of Brass, and its Walls, which are very high, be defended by three hundred Pieces of Cannon; that the *Persian* Forces are great enough to tire out the *Ottoman* Army, and that the Example of *Cha Abbas*, Father to the *Sophy* who now reigns over the *Persians*, will increase their Valour and Obstinancy, to suffer the greatest Extremities, rather than to think of a Surrender. The rash Resolution of this King *Abbas*, in the last Siege of this great City, is so cried-up, and magnified here, that scarce is there any Room left for the Praises of *Amurath*. This Prince's passing and re-passing more than once, in a Bark, in the Sight of two hundred thousand *Turks*, to advertise in Person, the Besieged of the Condition of Affairs, and to give them a fresh Courage, assuring them, they should be often succoured, and having at the same time about him wherewith to hinder him from falling alive or dead in-

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to the Hands of his Enemies; was an Action which they think is above all Elogiums, and appears to them greater than Story can ever parallel. It is said, that the King carried on his Bark two great Stones fastened to one and the same Cord, to put them to his Neck to sink himself into the River, which was of an unfathomable Depth, in case he was discovered. To which they add, that *Amurath*, who can never have his Fill of Blood, will recompence thy Services in the same manner he did thy Predecessor's.

These Infidels hold moreover other Discourses, which are very impertinent, confounding such Things as are true with false; as they do the Justice and Liberality of the generous and ever invincible Sultan, with the Cruelty and Avarice wherewith they reproach him. It is said likewise, that the Sequins, which he distributed the Day whereupon he was proclaimed Emperor, were not by one half of the Value which was set upon them: That he caused *Mehemet*, Bassa of *Cairo*, to be strangled, for no other Reason, but to become Master of his Wealth. It is farther added, that this Prince having had Advice that a Galley was taken, having seventy five considerable Officers belonging to the *Porte* on board, whilst he was diverting himself in a Pleasure-House, at the Entrance into *Asia*, he said by way of Jest, *Let's Drink the Health of these Stout Blades*. It is moreover said, That having given his Word, and promised a secure Passage to the brave *Faccardine*, an *Arabian* Prince, he caused him to be stabbed in a thousand Places in his Sight. But what do they say of his destroying the *Musti*, and *Cyril* the *Greek* Patriarch? In fine, they set forth *Amurath* as a sacrilegious Wretch, that despises his own Religion, an Heretick, and Enemy to our Holy Prophet. They relate the Particulars of *Cyril's* Death, which makes me doubt there be Traytors to the *Porte*, who advertise the Infidels of the most secret Matters which pass there. Some say, his Eloquence rendered him suspected to *Amurath*; and that he said these Words, when he was led to the Castle of seven Towers, *Could I speak but once to our great Emper-*

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or, he would be forced to love me, or repent. And it is said, that having voyaged into *England*, he had learned Magick there. Many People believed, he would introduce Novelties in Religion; and for this End, held strict Correspondence with the Latinized Monks; and it is known here, that when his Sentence was pronounced, he said, *He would rise again to torment the Emperor, and perplex his Affairs.* The *French*, having blamed what I now mentioned, do extremely praise the Moderation of *Amurath*, when he took the *Persian* Spy, who slid into his Camp in *Turkish* Habit, and crowded amongst the true Faithful; for he carested him, and sent him back with rich Presents. They also admire the Patience of this Prince, in only condemning to the Gallies the thirty *Indian* Pilgrims, who occasioned the Fall from his Horse in the Capital City of his Kingdom; For the Horse was affrighted at the Apparel of those Men, and the strange Figure they made, when they threw themselves on the Ground to beg Money of him; but they at the same time charge this Emperor with Brutishness, for killing with his own Hand immediately the Horse that threw him down.

The Discourses of this Nature, however injurious they are, be not of great Importance. But, if I be not mistaken, there is something carrying on against us with the Republick of *Venice*. I observe its Ambassador, since the Loss we have had of fifteen Gallies at *Valentia*, has frequent and secret Conferences with the King, and Cardinal *de Richlieu*. As it is not doubted, but that the *Ottoman* Empire will be revenged for so deep an Injury; so it is also judged, that the *Venetians* will use their utmost Endeavours to unite into a Confederacy the *Christian* Princes; and it is to be feared, lest they take the Time, when the Emperor is employed in the Siege of *Babylon*, to form some Enterprize, or put themselves into a Condition wherein they cannot be attacked. I shall carefully observe all the Motions of the *Venetian* Ambassador; and, if need requires, dispatch an exprest Messenger to the *Kaimacham*,

cham. I adore thy Grandeur, buried in the Dust of thy Feet.

Paris, 10th of the 4th Moon,
of the Year 1639.

LETTER VII.

To the same.

THE Courier not parting till the Morrow, I make use of this short Time to write to thee again. *Brisac*, as I have already given Advice, was taken by the Forces of *France* and *Sweden*; the Duke of *Weymar*, who commands the Army, brags, that being become Master of this Place, which has always been besieged in vain, he shall take several others, there being none which henceforward can resist him.

The *Mareschal de Bannier*, one of the Generals of the *Swedish* Armies, wearied out the *Imperialists* in *Pomerania* with continual Alarms. He took *Gratz*, a considerable Place, and has taken *Galos*, one of the Emperor of *Germany's* Generals: But Fortune, having changed her Countenance, has favoured the Emperor against the Troops of the *Palatine*, who is taken Prisoner with Prince *Rupert* his Brother, having been like to be drowned in the River of *Wezer*, whereunto he was drawn in his Coach by his Horses, who took Fright at the Noise of the Cannon: And these unfortunate Princes have lost on this Occasion, with their Liberty, whatever was most precious to them. The *Swedes* have, in the mean Time, increased their Strength, by the Conjunction of new Troops: They made frequent Incursions on the *Imperialists*; and it is thought this War will last a considerable Time, by the great Preparations which are made on all Hands, and especially by the *French*, to whom it seems important that it should not end speedily.

There is News from *Italy*, that a Discovery has been made in *Piedmont* of new Cabals of the Princes of the House of *Savoy*, who designed to put by the Dukes from her Regency, and make themselves Masters of the Government, during the Minority of the young Duke. There is a Cardinal of this Name, an ambitious Man, a great Lover of War, and given to Liberty. He would fain have a chief Share in the Government, and be Master of his Nephew's Fortune. This Cardinal lay concealed in the State of *Genoa*, being clothed in an Habit little becoming his Character, and whence he sent his Orders for the Execution of whatever he had concerted with his Partizans; but the Conspiracy got Wind, and proved a bloody Tragedy to his Accomplices. It is said, that this Prince, having twice disguised himself in the Habit of a Peasant, had entered with a Bag of Fruit on his Back into one of the most considerable Towns in *Piedmont*, to give by his Presence more Heat to his Party; and that, with a greater Boldness, he had entered into *Turin*, in the Habit of a Capuchin, with a long thick Beard, and abode there two Days; not with Design of ridding himself of the Prince, or his Mother, but to become Master both of the one and the other, to govern the State alone. But the Conspiracy having been discovered, and the Accomplices seized, Fourscore of them were put to Death by the common Hangman; and he escaped by a new Stratagem. A Secretary of State of *Savoy* is to be reckoned amongst this Number. Another Cardinal, who commands the Army of *France*, sent to the Assistance of the Duke and Dukes, had also put to Death the Governor of *Cazal*, accused of Treason, tho' he was not fully convinced of it.

It is written from *Rome*, that two Ambassadors from the King of *Hungary*, who is lately elected Emperor of *Germany*, had made a magnificent Entrance into that great City, clad after the *Hungarian* Manner with Vests, called here *a la Barbarefque*; that they had above an hundred Horse, whose Harness were of Gold, and their Shoes of Silver; and it was especially

ally observed, that all the Foreign Ministers in that Court had sent their Retinue to accompany them in their Entrance, that it might appear more magnificent; and that these two Ambassadors of the new Emperor being arrived in the Presence of the Infidels Musli, whom they call the Pope, they told him, their Prince would continue to render him the Obedience which his Father *Ferdinand*, now deceased, paid him; and that he recommended to his Holiness his Person, his House, and his State, as a new Emperor, elected by the Suffrages of the Princes Electors of the Empire.

Observe, magnanimous Vizir, the Authority of this Musli: Those who are so audacious as to resist the *Mussulmen*, will yet abase themselves at his Feet, which they really kiss before they open their Mouths to speak to him. The greatest *Christian* Princes are wont to chuse from amongst the most considerable Persons of their State the Ambassadors, which they send with great Expence to pay their Homage to this supreme Head of their Church. Moreover, these Ambassadors of the new *Cæsar* have assured the Pope, as from him, that he will never cease to make War with the Enemies of the *Christian* Faith: and it is said, they received this Answer:

That, He ever respected the King of Hungary, the late elected Emperor, as his Son, to whom he would never be wanting in Counsel, and all other necessary Assurances; and exhorted him, to employ his victorious Arms against the Enemies of the Cross, and that, on his Side, he would employ the Succours of his Prayers, that the Church should open their Treasures, by granting Indulgences; and that he would, besides this, give Supplies of Men and Money.

People, who are idle, amuse themselves with Discourses on future Events; and those that consult the Stars to penetrate into what is to come have made a Marriage between the Dauphin of France, a Prince born some Months since, and the Infanta of Spain, lately come into the World. It is true, that the Moment this Princess saw the Light, the King of Spain

and the Grantees of this Kingdom, tried who should out-do one another in the Feattings, to solemnize this Birth : And the like was done in *France*, for that of the Dauphin ; both being accompanied with extraordinary Magnificence, and prodigious Liberalities.

The Catholick King has given the Quality of Grandee to the Duke of *Modena*, who was Godfather to the Infanta, and has declared him Generalissimo of the four Seas, with a Pension of twenty thousand Sequins of Gold. He has, moreover, made magnificent Presents to the Dutches his Wife, esteemed at an hundred thousand Crowns ; and besides made Knights of the Order of St. *James* several Gentlemen of this Prince's Court.

The Elector of *Brandenburgh* has also given several splendid Entertainments in his House and State, for the Marriage consummated with the Duke of *Saxony's* Son ; and, whilst I am writing, I am told there is a Son born to the King of *Hungary*, now Emperor of *Germany*. But whilst these Rejoicings are in several Parts of *Europe*, an unforeseen Tempest has ruined whole Countries in *Germany*. The Damage done thereby in *Franconia*, and near *Frankfort*, is incredible ; and it lacked but little, but this same King of *Hungary*, now mentioned, being at the Hunting of the Boar, had been slain thro' a Whirlwind ; which having pulled up a great Oak by the Roots, of prodigious Greatness, it fell so near this Prince, that he received some slight Hurt by a Branch of it.

I pray Heavens, That all the Wisdom of our holy Prophet, and the Blessing of the Great God be always upon thee, and in thee, and ever augment thy Strength and good Fortune, to ruin those of the *Perfian* Hereticks, whose Country I hope will be subjected by thy Sword to our dread Emperor.

Paris, 10th of the 4th Moon,
of the Year 1639.

LETTER

LETTER VIII.

To Bedredin, *Superior of the Dervises in the Convent of Cogni in Natolia.*

THOU art happy in living long and holily too. I cannot chuse but reflect with Regret on thy great Age, considering how infirm I am. After fifteen Days illness, my Strength quite failed me, so that necessitated I was to look out for a Physician; for I cannot easily commit my self to the Hands of those of this Country, who kill such as trust them, in the same manner as if they were their Enemies. When I discourse these Doctors about the State of my Health, they tell me I am in imminent Danger, and that my Cure is hazardous. In writing thus, think not I rave, for I speak the pure Truth. They will certainly kill me, should I discover to them under what Climate I was born; whereas if I tell thee I am of *Moldavia*, they may chance to do me Good; though that Country Air is very different from that of *Arabia*, where I first drew my Breath. To how many Miseries is the Life of Man subject, especially mine, when I cannot speak the Truth, though it be to save my Life? Pray for me, holy Dervise; and if you hear no more from me, believe *Mahmut* is dead. Pardon likewise the Offences I have given thee, which yet have been against my Will. Adieu; We shall see one another in God, with God, and in the Bosom of God.

Paris, 12th of the 5th Moon,
of the Year 1639.

LETTER IX.

To Oucoumiche, his Mother, at Scios.

Pardon me, my dear Mother, if I write last to thee: Pardon me, moreover, if I have not written to thee, to pay thee the Marks of my Duty, whilst I was in my Health; and let me seek after thee, when, perhaps, in seeking for me, thou wilt no longer find me. I am ready to die: Afflict not thy self, if God calls me to him; though I am amongst Infidels, yet Death holds his Empire here as in other Places. The worst News I can tell thee is, That commonly those who desire to live longest are soonest taken away; and I am not ashamed to tell thee, I am one of that Number. I cannot willingly, as yet, leave this lower World. O unhappy Life! O unwelcome Death! What Apprehensions have I not! And with what Terrors am I not struck, since I have lived among the *Christians*! They preach against our *Alcoran*, and we declaim against their Gospel: They affirm, That *Mahomet* was a great Impostor: And we worship him. They believe they only know the Truth; and that they be the only Saints, the Elect and Chosen of God. What then will become of us, if we be wedded to Errors, and our *Alcoran* be only a Parcel of Lies?

I have neither good nor bad News of thee, no more than of thy new Spouse: God grant the merry *Greek* thou art married to have the Vices of thy First Husband, my Father. Thou knowest my Meaning. He called himself vicious, because he hated the Virtues of the Vulgar.

I thank thee not for my Life; for that is what thou least thoughtest of, when thou becamest big with me. But if thou expectest some Recompence for suckling me at thy own Breasts, expect only Words of Thanks from a poor Slave, who possesses nothing. Love and Hate all the Time of thy Life; this is the greatest Inheritance

heritance thou canst expect from a Son who is just a dying. Engrave these Words in thy Heart, Love ever what is honest, and hate always what is contrary to it. Thus will these different Passions be settled on their proper Object.

If my Brother *Pesteli* be still alive, give him my Love with an innocent Kiss, and a Touch in the Hand. Our great Prophet protect and sustain thy Age with the Staff of Mount *Liban*, and obtain for thee from the Mercy of the Most High, that thou mayest enjoy thy Senses to the last Hour of thy Life. Adieu.

Paris, 12th of the 5th Moon,
of the Year, 1639.

LETTER X.

To *Pesteli Hali*, his Brother.

Believing my Life is near its End, I therefore, with all imaginable Eagerness, write to thee, in the Third Place, although indeed thou holdest the First in my Heart. We shall see one another, dear *Pesteli*, in that World, where every one receives according to his Deserts. When I arrived in this great Town, I was astonished at the Confusion I met there, but I received no other Hurt. Although the Weather be very inconstant, yet the Air is good, and Provisions wholesome, and agreeable to the Taste; the Water of the *Seine* is sweet and clear; the Men are good Company, and the Women have done me no Harm; the King has not ill used me: Cardinal *Richlieu*, his chief Minister, does not hinder me from living after my own Fashion. Our great Emperor is not displeased with me, yet my Distemper is impetuous: A sad Faintness has seized my Heart, and I begin to fall into such a languishing Condition, as makes me despair of Health. If thou still conservest any Affection for me, read this Letter with Compassion. Forget the ill Offices I may have done thee;

thee; and if I parted without discovering to thee the Occasion, give God Thanks for the Ability he has given me, of sacrificing the Tenderneſs which I have for ſo good a Brother, to the Obedience which I owe to the Emperor's Commands.

Our Mother will ſalute thee as from me, in giving thee a Kiſs; receive it as coming from me. Keep thy Gravity, and be honeſt in *Aſia*, as well as *Europe*; and if thou goeſt to *Africa*, ſuffer not thyſelf to be corrupted by ill Examples. It is not without Tears I write thee this Letter: But lament not if I die, neither rejoice if I eſcape; for I ſhall be thereby no leſs mortal; and the Tribute which I do not pay to day, we both ſhall pay, with all other Men, on a certain Time. Prepare to part willingly; ſtudy more how thou ſhalt die, than how thou ſhalt live; and if thou wouldeſt live till thou art old, live as if thou wert to die when thou art young.

The Great God preſerve thee in the perfect Uſe of thy Underſtanding, and guide thee into all Truth; and if thou deſireſt to be the beſt Captain and Commander in the World, learn to conquer thyſelf. Adieu.

Paris, 15th of the 5th Moon,
of the Year 1639.

LETTER XI.

To Dgnet Oglou.

SHould I tell thee I am in Health, I ſhall write an Untruth; for I am really out of Order, and expect a Fit of Sickneſs, which I wiſh it were in my Power to avoid, though it may prove ſhort and mortal. An Heſtick Fever puts me oft in mind, how frail and brittle a Thing is Man; and that he ought in Multiplicity of Buſineſs, in Times of Proſperity, as well as Adverſity, to think of diſlodging hence. The Bread I eat has no Reliſh; Solitude appears diſmal to me, and

and Company wearies me; for I cannot attend to what is discoursed, and yet I do not like they should say nothing; there is nothing pleases me but Drink, yet all the Sea will not quench my Thirst. I am restless in Bed, and find myself more tired thereby, than if I set up; and that which I loved yesterday, I hate to day. Thou knowest how I loved Books; this Humour is quite changed. If the Sun shines into my Chamber, I as soon shut my Windows, being not able to endure it; and having remained a Minute in Obscurity, I am impatient for the Light. *Paris*, where one may say Strangers come from all Parts, to see the Varieties and Diversions there are to be met with, appears to me now an Hospital of Fools: I long for nothing more than *Constantinople*, and to be with my Friends, imagining I shall find Ease in their Company. And this is the unhappy Condition of thy Friend, without any Hope of seeing any more Turbants and *Mussulmen*. I loath as much the Sight of an ignorant Physician, as the Emperor *Severus* did a corrupt Judge: And I look on a little Valet that serves me, as a necessary Evil. Yet I would a little divert thee, maugre the Illness which has seized me. It is not above six Months since I entertained this Enemy in my House, which is a *French* Valet, who makes himself a Fool; of a Pigmy's Stature, yet a Giant in Roguery; he is clad like the Graces, being half naked, and wears Buskins like the poetical Divinities; his ordinary Function is to sweep every Day my Chamber, which yet is nasty as *Augeas's* Stable; When I am awake he is asleep, and he is always awake when I am asleep. For this thirteen Years that he has seen the Light, he cannot remember he has been two Hours without eating; when he eats not openly and before Folks, lest he should shame me, he will yet be sure to keep his Chap a going on something in Corners. When I went abroad, I was forced to follow him; and now that I keep my Bed, it is hard to judge which of us two is the Master, for he never parts with his Hat from his Head. He is more ready to pull off my Cloaths, than to put them on; which makes me chiefly careful of him at such Times, that he leaves me
not

not stark naked. He is moreover, a Politician as much as any *Florentine*; when he is to do any good Office, he falls into the *Spanish Pace*; but to a perfect bad one, he is as nimble as *Cæsar* was in the quickest of his Expeditions; whence it is that I am a Debtor to my own Arm and Hand for the Service I draw from him, being like certain Drugs which never yield an Odour till well beaten. As to his Religion, a Man would imagine he held the *Metempsychosis*, so carefully does he preserve the Lice that eat him, least in killing them, he act contrary to the Precepts of *Pythagoras*. He is moreover besides an irreconcilable Enemy to all Neatness, to Water, and to Truth; and he is more stinking than a Synagogue, drunker than a *Swiss*, and a greater Liar than any Oracle. In the mean Time, my Illness increases, and my domestick Enemy is so well, that he assuredly waits my Death, to live more honourably on my Spoils. I differ much this Day from what I was yesterday, and I know not whether I shall not to-morrow go to my long Home. Pray the Immortal for me, and remember we were once in Slavery together. Should I escape, I shall have the Joy of never seeing thee in the sad Condition I am; and if I cannot escape Death at this Time, I shall have the Satisfaction of suffering it before thee. However, believe I do not despair, though I much complain. I cease writing to thee, but I will never cease loving thee. *Mabmut* embraces thee in this Country of Infidels, having thee always in his Heart, and praying for thee continually.

Paris, 12th of the 5th Moon,
of the Year 1639.

LETTER XII.

To the Kaimacham.

THE King of France has a Dwarf called *Osmi*, born in a Village of the *Morea*, and carried away in

in his Infancy into *Italy* by Pirates. He was bought by a *Spanish* Lord, who afterwards made a Present of him to this King, with such a *bonne Grace*, as entitles Magnificence to the smallest Things, after the Manner of that Nation. The *Spaniard* having presented his Dwarf, said no more, the Dwarf making this following Discourse :

Sir, I am a Christian, although my Parents be Turks. If thou willingly receivest me for thy Slave, I receive thee yet more willingly for my Master, being a just and merciful Prince : But I am obliged to tell thee, if thou wilt behave thyself like a Master, whose Liberality is guided by Prudence, thou wilt never do me any Hurt, or ever do me any great Good. Shouldest thou give me Opportunities of acquiring Riches, and throw open the Gate of Honours to me, I shall thereby, perhaps, grow vicious and insolent. Bestow only one Thing on me, which will not be afterwards in thy Power to take away : Give me good Education, and let a Man of Learning take the Charge of me ; by which Means I shall be revenged of Nature, in making me but an Atom of a Man ; and, perhaps, make thy Courtiers one Day repent of their present Laughter.

Osmin has behaved himself so well, and gained such Credit by the Subtilty of his Wit, and Readiness of his Answers, that he is, at present, one of the Court's choicest Entertainments, and the Scourge of all debauched People. Coming one Day to divert and comfort me in my Illness, he told me, that being in private Discourse with one of the Women belonging to a Lady of the first Rank, he was forced to conceal himself speedily behind the Hangings, to prevent being surprized in the Chamber, where this Lady unexpectedly entered with the *Venetian* Ambassador, who ordinarily resides in this Court, and where he heard the following Discourse from this Minister's own Mouth.

Madam, I shall willingly discover to you, now that we are alone, the Intentions of the Republick I serve, touching the Turkish Affairs, provided you promise me to do me two different good Turns. It is absolutely necessary we make War with these Barbarians, before they declare it against

against us. The Ottoman Family is like the Mathematical Compass, which enlarges itself the more it is pressed. You are not to be informed of the famous Victory gained by our General Capello, who has led in Triumph all the Gallies of Africk; but though Amurath be employed on the Frontiers of Persia, in the Siege of a most important Place, yet does he already threaten to be revenged for the Defeat of these Barbarians. The Ministers of the Porte do also press him to shew his Resentment; and we certainly know by secret Relations from the Turkish Camp, lying before Babylon, that the Grand Signior has said in full Council, that he will himself throw the Fire-ball into our Arsenal. That, Madam, which lies in your Power, is, to persuade the King to engage in the Common Cause; and for this End make up a Peace with his Enemies, that he may join his naval Forces with ours. On the other Hand, we could wish you would offer the contrary to Cardinal Richlieu; because this Minister usually fighting Womens Counsels, will come to our Purpose through his obstinate Humour of contradicting you: And I do not doubt but this Artifice will succeed, if thou persuade him, the King is resolved not to give us any Assistance. There runs a Report, as if our Bailio has been laid hold on at Constantinople, and retained Prisoner in the Castle of Seven Towers, by the Order of the Kaimacham. And it is added, that the Grand Signior offers a Peace to the Persians, to return speedily into Europe; that, having no Diversion on that Side, he may turn all his Forces against the Republick.

The Pope promises much, and we need not fear but he will keep his Word, being the Person most interested in our Affairs. He will furnish Money, join his Gallies to those of the Republick; and moreover send us several stout Men. The King of Spain promises us forty Gallies, with all Necessaries, together with fifty Vessels of War. The Great Duke of Tuscany will assist us with eight Vessels well set out, and six Gallies well armed. The King of Poland promises to send into the Infidels Country an Army of fifty thousand Cossacks; and others shall cruise about the Levantine Seas with their Brigantines, and especially the

the Archipelago. As to what respects the Republick, the chief Families in Venice have already proffered to set out and entertain at their own Charge a Vessel, till the War be ended; and all the great Castles and Towns on the firm Land freely offer to furnish the Republick with fifty thousand Ducats a Month. This Kingdom which is so full of Men, amongst which there are so many good Officers, (which are rich in Money, and at present so considerable at Sea) must not only not trouble so noble and necessary a Project, in continuing a War with Spain; but also give its Assistance, by Supplies of Men, Money, and Vessels. If you can, Madam, oblige the King to enter into this League, you will merit an everlasting Remembrance, and have an hundred thousand Crowns, which lie ready for you at Venice, to be paid when and where you please.

This is God's Cause, the Occasion is favourable, and all Things seem in a Readiness. You may immortalize your Name, and with your Beauty, your Credit, and Eloquence, give good Grounds of Hope to Christendom of Success, by obtaining the Assistance of the most puissant of the Christian Monarchs.

This is what the Dwarf heard, and what he entrusted me with since: Were I in a Condition, illustrious Kaïmacham, to relate particularly the Life of Osmin, I am persuaded thou wouldest give entire Credit to the Discourse he made me.

Osmin is born a Turk, he loves me dearly, and has a certain Sympathy with me; which obliges him to seek me often, and entrust me with all the Adventures of his Life, treating me not only as a Friend, but living with me as if I were his Brother.

There being some Days since, I languished in Bed, tormented with a Distemper, which at its Beginning threatned me with vexatious Consequences, and which causes me to droop and languish, thou wilt pardon me, if I reason not much on an Adventure so extraordinary. Should God restore me to my Health, I shall double my Care and Diligence, in observing the Measures of this Court. Order by thy Prudence and Valour, that the Preparations of these Infidels against the formi-

formidable Monarchy of the true Believers may vanish into Smoak: And the Great Sovereign of the lower and upper World grant thee perfect Health; which is sought in vain by his Highness's Slave, and thy Servant, *Mahmut.*

Paris 12th of the 5th Moon,
of the Year 1639.

LETTER XIII.

To Isouf, his Kinsman.

Notwithstanding my Weakness, I force myself to write thee this Letter, to thee with whom I am engaged by Interest as well as by Blood. My Distemper lies so heavy upon me, that there remains only the Time to speak two Words of Devotion to thee. *Isouf*, thou oughtest towards the End of the Moon in *May*, to go to *Mecha*; carry me along with thee, though I am at this Distance. I entreat thee, when thou shalt arrive with the Caravan of Pilgrims at the Mount of *Ararat*, to offer there a Sacrifice in my Name; immolate a Sheep in Commemoration of *Abraham*; and if thou arrivest in Health at the Holy Mosque, and in full Strength, offer devoutly my Prayers to our Great Prophet. I ask not Honours of *Mahomet* no more than Riches: I only beg that Heaven would restore me what I have lost; it is Health I desire, whereby I may serve our Great Emperor, and live more holy than I have done. But, before thy Departure, distribute a good Dole to the Poor: and if thou wantest Money, go and find *Dgnet Oglou*, borrow of him in my Name, seven hundred and fifty Aspers, which thou shalt immediately deal out to those that have most Need.

Thou knowest how greatly the Works of Charity are recommended to us: They multiply the Benedictions of Heaven, and increase our Wealth. I neither do, nor can do this in the Infidels Country; thou knowest
my

my Inability, speedily succour me in the Necessity I am of doing good, and let nothing hinder thee, no Argument of good Husbandry nor Superstition. If thou neglect my Prayer, the Shame of the Fault will lie at thy Door; and thou alone shall bear the Iniquity, if thou executest not the Will of a dying Man, especially having the Power. I forgot what I had of greatest Importance to tell thee, and which is the most holy, and aimed at to obtain with the greatest Earnestness: Endeavour to get for me a little Piece of the Cloth wherewith the Temple of *Mecha* is every Year hung, and which the Pilgrims tear in Pieces to have each of them a Part; and send, as soon as thou canst, this holy Relick, in a little Silver Box, to *Carcoa* at *Vienna*, who will take Care I receive it. If thou beest a good *Mussulman*, give speedy Help to a Disciple of the same Law; and if thou beest a real Kinsman, assist me, love me, and take on thee my Defence when necessary. I embrace thee with my Heart and Strength; and though I believe myself very near Death, yet I wish thee a long and happy Life.

Paris, 12th of the 5th Moon,
of the Year 1639.

LETTER XIV.

To the invincible Vizir Azem, at Constantinople.

IF thou beest the same that commanded the Army of the True Believers before *Babylon*, I write to thee without congratulating thy Resurrection. The People at *Paris* have killed thee by their Discourses, because they wished thy Death, and it is generally said thou wast strangled by four Mutes. But if I write to another, raised to the chief Dignity of the Empire, I pray the Great God, who will one Day judge all Men, that he will

will long continue thee in *Amurath's* Service, ever happy, and always attended with Victory; and give thee better Fortune than all the other Vizirs, who have governed in the vast Empire of the *Mussulmen*.

I have been sick during the Space of eighteen Moons, and my Health is not yet fully restored: I have lived all that Time in continual Expectation of Death, and so many odd Things have happened in my Sickness, that I should fall into it again, shouldst thou oblige me to make the Recital of them.

The Charity of the *Christian* Dervises has been very great towards me, having neglected nothing which might be any ways serviceable to my happy Departure. The gravest of them have often attended me with Discourses of the Immortality of the Soul, of Hell, their Purgatory, Paradise, and the Merits and Indulgencies of the Church. Several Physicians have come to see me, and used their utmost Skill to keep me alive, and imagine I owe my Life to them; but if it be so, they have paid themselves for their Care, by drawing so much Blood out of me, having, I think, quite emptied my Veins, to resist, said they, the several Distempers which assaulted me, and to take from me the *Turkish* Fever, which I nourished; for I assuredly brought it from *Constantinople*.

The great Sin I committed during the Course of so long a Sickness, was the pretending to confess myself to a Captain Dervise, as the *Christians* do in the principal Feasts, and when they are ready to die. I used this Ceremony but once, and I do not think I have committed Sacrilege, for have I told no Truth; and if I may speak freely to thee, invincible Vizir, hear what a pleasant Penance was enjoined me for an imaginary Crime of which I accused myself. I confessed, I hindered, by an Apology I had made, a *Mahometan* from embracing the Law of Jesus; and the Dervis said to me in a Passion, *You are not then a Catholick? I am*, answered I, and only dissuaded this Barbarian on Account I had observed it seldom happened, that a Turk who changed his Law came to a good End; and that those who ceased to be *Mussulmen*, seldom.

Seldom prove any other but bad Christians. Your Reasoning is also as false, replied sharply the Monk, as the Design you have had is bad; for you never ought to hinder any thing which is good, for the Fear you may have, that in the End it may cease to be so. And I enjoin you for Penance, to scrape out with such Exactness all the Characters of your Apology, that there remain no Mark of it, so that the Paper become as clean and fair, as if there had been nothing written on it, that so black and detestable a Discourse be entirely faced, by the Pains you shall take to hinder the Remaining of any Trace or Mark: after which, you shall pray to God, as long as you live, that he would destroy the Temple at Mecha, so famous by the Impieties committed there, and enlighten the Eyes of the blind Mahometans. But I am constrained to stop here, being so feeble and indisposed, that I have not the Strength to write that I am now recovering.

The Mars which has made Germany tremble, I mean the Duke of Weymar, is, in fine, dead, at thirty-six Years of Age, and buried in the same Field, wherein he gathered his Laurels, that is to say, at Brisac. I shall distinctly inform the Kaimacham of whatever has happened during my Sickness, that I may not give thee the Trouble to read the Relation of several Adventures, which have been already published in the World, whilst thou art employed in the great Affairs of the Empire. As soon as I am able, I shall, if possible, do with greater Diligence the Offices of my Place, and henceforward punctually advertise thee of the Cabals, Intrigues, and Designs of the Nazarenes, that thou mayest not be unprovided against all the Attempts of the Infidels.

I intreat the Being of Beings to accompany thy Life with all the Happiness thou canst desire on Earth, and that thou mayest never undertake any Thing for the Good of the Empire, and its Religion without Success.

Paris, 15th of the 10th Moon,
of the Year 1639.

LETTER XV.

To the Kaimacham.

THOU wert but little mistaken, when thou thoughtest I was dead. I have been so near the Grave, that I may have received four of thy Letters, without being able to read them; so far was I from the Power of answering them. I have been sick a whole Year and six Months out of the Commerce of the Living, and without receiving any Consolation from any one; abandoned to Physick, and become the Prey of the Physicians, and in short, out of hope of ever recovering; but the Day wherein I am to be judged is not yet come: I am, in fine, still alive, and shall soon, I hope, be well again, if thou, to overwhelm me, chargest not my long Malady as a Crime upon me, and suspectest me not guilty of Infidelity.

I have informed myself, within these few Days, of several Events which have happened during the Course of several Moons, which I shall relate to thee, if I can, in this Letter, to make amends for the Time I have lost: But in so few Words, as will Occasion thee to think I am still sick; for which thou must not blame me, seeing thou lovest Brevity.

France, during the Time I have not writ to thee, has given me Marks of its Power and Policy. Four Places have been besieged in the Year 1639, whose Success have not been equal. The *French* have met with Disadvantage before *Thionville*, by the Valour and Conduct of *Picolomini*, one of the Emperor's Generals, who was born in *Italy*, and brought up from a Child in the Trade of Arms. It is said, he has attacked and vanquished his Master's Enemies with such Speed, that one may compare his Actions with that of *Claudius Nero*, when he defeated *Asdrubal*, who had entered *Italy*: He has broken the Enemies Army, routed the Horse, took the Cannon, killed the *French* General, and

and immediately raised the Siege; but in Revenge, the same *French*, who were beaten before *Thionville*, have made themselves Masters of *Heden*, *Saiens*, and *Sasse*, which last was taken by the young Prince of *Conde*, who gives the Marks of an extraordinary Valour; but the *Spaniards* have re-taken these Places, which have cost them dear. It is said that the Governor left by the Prince of *Conde* there, being pressed by the *Spaniards* to surrender the Place, threw out to them an hot white Loaf, saying, *That those who eat of this Bread would not surrender themselves, before the Enemies come to the Time wherein they might eat Ice.*

Yet the Place was surrendered before the Spring-Time was come to change the Face of the Earth; so far were they from holding out till it was covered with Ice.

This King immediately appeased the Insurrections which were made in *Normandy*. But what wilt thou say to *Casmir*, the King of *Poland's* Brother, who, being returned a second Time into *France* alone and disguised, was discovered and carried Prisoner to the Castle in the Wood of *Vinciennes*, near *Paris*, where he is carefully guarded.

The War has been very cruel in *Italy* between the three Parties, who are extreemly animated against one another. Prince *Thomas*, of the House of *Savoy*, drove out by Surprize the *French* from *Turin*; but thou wilt soon understand that our Capital Enemies, the *Spaniards*, have been beaten and entirely defeated under *Casal*, by the Count *Harcourt*, of the House of *Lorrain*.

The *Spaniards* and *Dutch* have made a great Noise in the Ocean with their Fleets; the former came with fourscore Vessels of War, to land fifteen thousand Men in *Flanders*; but having been met by *Van Trump*, a Commander of great Courage and Experience, there was a bloody Battle fought, which lasted long, but at length ended in the Defeat of the *Spaniards*.

The *Dutch* have taken thirteen Ships, and above twenty of them have been driven by the Weather on

the Coasts of *England*, where they are lost, and eight others have had the good Fortune to get into *Dunkirk*.

The Victory of the *Dutch* is compleat, having lost but one Ship in the whole Engagement, against so puissant an Enemy, and whose Subjects they were formerly.

Bear with me, Illustrious and Happy Kaimacham, wanting Strength to continue on Writing, though it were the Victories of *Amurath* which I were to relate.

I shall make known to thee, on the first Opporunity, whatever shall come to my Knowledge. In the mean time, the Creator of all Things direct thee in all thy Ways, and prosper all thy Undertakings.

Paris, 15th of the 10th Moon,
of the Year 1640.

LETTER XVI.

To Dgnet Oglou.

I Am in a Manner raised from the Dead by reading thy Letter; there is not a Line or Syllable, but shews the Marks of a true Heart, and a tender and real Sympathy with my Condition: I pray Heaven, we may do nothing, either of us, to lessen this Affection.

Thou informest me in thy Letter of the Departure of *Isouf* for *Mecha*: I give thee a thousand Thanks for the Money thou hast given him, for the offering a Sacrifice in my Name on the Sacred Mountain, and to distribute here below the Alms which I enjoined him. I admire thy Bounty, and the charitable Care thou hast had of the Salvation of thy Friend *Mahmut*, in sending one of our Devotees to *Medina*, to go the Pilgrimage, and say Prayers for me. In a Word, I see thy Kindness makes thee foresee and provide against all my Wants. There is no Place or Time where I receive not the Marks of thy Favour.

Seeing I am so dear to thee, and loving thee so greatly as I do, let not Distance of Place, Poverty, Disgrace,
Im-

Imprisonment, or any other Misfortune, extinguish, or so much as damp, our mutual Affection.

I have in a manner, stole the Time I write to thee. For I have nothing which is truly mine, and I make thee a Present of a Thing which I owed the Kaimacham, for whom I ought to employ more Time in writing. But let us lay aside all these troublesome Affairs, and entertain one another with an entire Confidence and Familiarity. Thou wantest not Wit, employ it in the Study of History, after the sufficient Instructions in the Matters which concern Religion. If thou wilt be a Prince among other Men, separate thyself from the Crowd, by the Application to good Authors; read much, yet read little; read ever good Books, there being few of them, and thus thou wilt read much. If thou canst attain to the Knowledge of whatsoever is known of Men, thou wilt be a Kind of God amongst them; whereas thou wilt be of the Number of Beasts, if thou failest of acquiring the Notices thou oughtest to have. I wish thou wouldst mind more for thy Friend's Sake what passes in the Seraglio, in the Divan, and in the Prince's most secret Councils, to know what is said there against me, and for me: Good and reasonable Advice does oftentimes hinder much Mischief, and does a great deal of Good. Friendship makes those Things, which are otherwise hard, very easy: 'He that is not ready (says an holy Man amongst the Christians) to suffer all Things, and to lose all, and his very Will too, for the Sake of him that he loves, deserves not the Name of a Friend.'

Let us ever forget the Words *Mine* and *Thine*: Thy good Fortune is mine, even as thy Disgraces are; if we thus establish our Friendship, why may we not, though modern *Turks*, compare ourselves to those ancient *Greeks*, who have given such glorious Marks to the World of their Friendship? Why may we not be the Imitators of *Pelopidas* and *Epaminondas*, who contracted so strict an Union, that nothing could change it? Altho' we were not born the same Day, in the same Climate, and in the same Town, as *Polystratus* and *Hy-*

peclides, who were born in the same House, at the same Hour, and lived always together, and fell sick at the same Time, and loved equally; yet let us surpass them in Affection. Love we one another more than *Theſeus* and *Piritheus*; more than *Damon* and *Pitias*; the former of which contracted in Arms, and the other in Studies, that strict Amity that has rendered them so commendable to Posterity. If thou knowest any Secret whereby to restore my Appetite, which I have lost, send it me. I am here Spectator of a Million of Mouths, who eat four times a Day, and consume 15000 Oxen every Week, and 15000 other Pieces of Animals, besides Mutton, Véal, Hogs; not to reckon all Sorts of Fowls, and Fruits produced by the Earth, and the Fishes from the Seas and Rivers.

I am forced to die with Hunger with my Meat in my Hands; and in a Town where there is an Abundance of all Sorts of Things, I want all Things. Bread, which is so pleasant to the Eye, and so Savoury to the Taste of all other People, is nauseated by me. Wine only, because it is forbidden by our Law, rejoices the Sight of me, and stirs up a Desire of Drinking. Let me hear oft from thee; let thy Letters be instructive, and be levelled against my melancholy Temper. The God of *Mahomet* keep thee ever in Health, and make thee love me, as thou dost, continually.

Paris, 15th of the 10th Moon,

11th of the Year 1640.

LETTER XVII.

To Adonai the Jew, at Genoa.

THOU art as lazy in Writing, as inconsiderable in thy Judgment of Things. Thou hast written to the Grand Vizir, that this Republick is disposed to join its Forces to that of *Venice*, for its Assistance in the War against the *Porte*; but what Ground hast thou for this Advice? And if the Grand Vizir should oblige thee

thee to give a Reason for this, how canst thou satisfy his Curiosity, and hinder him from accusing thee of great Lightness?

I now received a Copy of the Letter thou did'st write to *Constantinople*, for which I thank thee. It would have been better I had received the Original; for I would not have sent it. There is no likelihood that a Republick, so desirous of establishing Peace in her Dominions, will disturb her own Quiet for the Service of a State, with which she is always at War.

Had the *Genoefes* any Cause of Complaint against *Amurath*, they would want neither Soldiers, nor Arms, nor Vessels, nor Money, to raise Enemies against him. But at present, whilst their Affairs are in a full Calm, both Abroad and at Home, they make (with greater Prudence than the *Venetians*) War in the *Spanish Indies* with their Registers, and Arithmetick; and they have always the Advantage in this Kind of Combat, wherein there is no Example they ever lost. Let this Nation alone in Peace: Write rather to the *Porte*, that the *Genoefes*, condemned by Nature to dwell in the Rocks and desert Mountains, have found the Means of making these the most delicious Abodes in *Europe*.

Tell the Grand Vizir, that so many extravagant Philosophers, who continually search for what they will never find, have at length shewed, that there is no other Place where are more perfect Chymists to be found, having converted into Gold almost all the Stones in the Country, changed the Horror of their Desarts into most pleasant Gardens; and the Cottages of the ancient *Ligurians* are transformed into Palaces, enriched with Marble and Porphyry, with so great Manificence and Propriety, that no Houses are comparable to theirs. To which thou mayest add, that the Inheritance of the poorest *Genoefes* does at this time much surpass those of their Predecessors. Shew him they have begun to give considerable Succours to great and puissant Monarchs, by immense Sums; and that, in fine, in the Registers of particular Traders, one may see the Names of the greatest Monarchs on Earth, to whom they are become Creditors.

Be more careful of what thou writest for the future; and when thou givest Advice, set down what thou knowest without Exaggeratings, and be reserved in what is doubtful: Never write Falshoods in thy Dispatches. Be also never the Author of vulgar Rumours, and Stories made by People at Leisure, who abound with Extravagancies. God help thy Understanding, and heal thy Distempers, if thou hast any.

Paris, 10th of the 11th Moon,
of the Year 1640.

L E T T E R XVIII.

To the Kaimacham.

THE *Christians* are become Magicians; or, to speak better, the *Spaniards*, who make War in *Piedmont*, have filled the World with Astonishment by an extraordinary and new Inchantment. I wrote to thee, there were two great Armies before *Turin*, one to take it, and the other to secure it; but I have not yet made known to thee, that the Cannon of the *Spaniards* are become Couriers, who carry their Dispatches in the Air into the besieged Cities; and moreover Ammunition, Powder, Salt-Petre, and Money; a marvellous Invention, which fills me with Admiration in writing it. There is a Man in the Camp of General *Leganex*, who makes Brass Bullets so artificially, that having shot them into the Ditch of the Place, they have for a long Time succoured the Besieged. It is said, that being made in a Vice, and hollowed within, they have served for two Uses, and convey into *Turin* what was wanting, and to bring back into the *Spaniards* Camp the Things they most needed. But this Industry proved in the End useless; and after several Conflicts *Turin* has fallen again into the Hands of King *Lewis*, who has therein re-established the Duchess of *Savoy*, to the great Satisfaction of

of her People, who have thereupon shewed the Signs of the greatest Joy. This Re-establishment is owing to the Valour and Conduct of Count *Harcourt*, who hath sustained and repelled the Assaults of two Armies stronger in Number than his own. This Captain has made his Name as famous in *Italy*, as were heretofore those of the Heroes of *Rome* and *Athens*. The Marquis of *Leganes* undertook the Siege of *Cazal*, an important Place belonging to the Duke of *Mantua*, situated on the famous River of *Po* in *Italy*. Count *Harcourt* not being able with all his Army to put Succours into the Place, he took the Party of forcing himself the Besieged, entering on Horseback into the Lines with his Sword in his Hand, where he was followed by some of his Gentlemen. The *Spaniards*, being surprized and astonished, found no Safety but in Retreat, which they made disorderly; and the *French*, under such a Captain, bore away that Day the greatest and most glorious Victory they ever won in *Italy*.

If thou requirest an Account of me of what has passed in *Germany*, I can tell thee, that the War has been carried on there this Year with equal Success and Losses to both Parties, to whom Fortune has been sometimes favourable, and other whiles contrary.

But I am informed there is a Design of making a great Assembly at *Cologne*, to re-establish a Peace between all the *Christian* Princes; and that the King of *France* has named for his Plenipotentiary there the Cardinal *Julius Mazarini*, an *Italian* by Nation, a Man of great Parts and Experience in Business.

Prince *Casimir* is set at Liberty, at the Entreaty of the King of *Poland*, his Brother, and has been since well received by the King, who made him dine at his Table, and presented him with a rich Diamond. The Town of *Arras*, which the *French* have taken in the *Spanish* Netherlands, is of great Importance, and is a considerable Loss to the *Catholic* King, and will give great Reputation to his Enemies, that have taken the Place in the Sight of a great Army, commanded by the Cardinal Infant, Governor of the *Low-Countries*;

which Conquest has mightily raised the *French* Courage, and increased the Glory of their Prince.

The Queen is brought to Bed of a second Son, who was born the 21st of *September*, and he is named the Duke of *Anjou*.

The *Spaniards* are as unfortunate on the Sea, as at Land. Their Fleet, which returned from the *West-Indies*, richly laden with Commodities of all Sorts, have been most of them dispersed by the *French* Naval Army, commanded by the Duke of *Breeze*. The *Spaniards* truly fought with much Valour, but fifteen Thousand of their Men were slain, and two Hundred taken Prisoners, together with five great Vessels richly laden. One of the great Galleons was burnt, and it is said the other Ships were saved, having first thrown the best Part of their Lading over-board, which they had brought with such great Care and Pains from the other World.

That which has passed on the Ocean has not hindered the Archbishop of *Bourdeaux* from shewing the Strength of the King his Master on the *Mediterranean*; where he hath sought an Occasion of fighting the *Spaniards* with a lighter Army, consisting for the most Part of Gallies. He had sent a Defiance to the Duke de *Farrandine*, General of the *Spanish* Gallies; who being unwilling to accept of the Challenge, this Prelate advanced towards the Coast of *Naples*, where he did some Mischief.

One may say, that the Misfortunes of *Philip*, King of *Spain*, are as great this Year as his Power is. But it is said, these Losses are not comparable to what he is threatened with, if *Portugal* and *Catalonia* shake off the Yoke of his Domination, as the common Report runs.

I have heard much Talk in general on those considerable Affairs, without being however informed of any certain Particulars. But henceforward, when I shall be able to leave my Chamber, to go into the Churches, Walks, and Gardens, about the City and the Court, I shall let nothing pass without a strict Enquiry, and give a faithful Account of whatever deserves thy Notice,
and

and should'st thou desire any particular Thing of thy Slave *Mabmut*, it is but mentioning it, and thou shalt not want an exact and humble Answer.

It makes me tremble in telling thee, that a Report runs here of the Death of the invincible Prop of the World, the Mighty of Mighties; in fine, of the Glorious *Amurath*. It is false News, I hope, yet however asserted with great Confidence. The Arbiter of Heaven and Earth confound all Enemies, and give the *Grand Signior*, and thy self, a Life which knows no End, and attended with Happiness which cannot be increased.

Paris, 7th of the last Moon,
of the Year 1640.

L E T T E R XIX.

To Dgnet Oglou.

THE lovely *Greek*, after whom thou enquirest so earnestly, is long since retired into *France*, and has been married Eighty Moons to a great *French Merchant*, with whom I am not well acquainted, but am informed is very rich, and fortunate in his Dealings; but infinitely more fortunate in being the Husband of *Daria Lena Maani*, by whom he has several fine Children.

This charming *Greek* does now profess the *Roman Religion*, which is the only Fault I find in her. I never knew Woman, whose whole Carriage is so graceful, who does all Things with such a careless Exactness, and whose Virtue is less morose. Mere Chance brought me acquainted with her; whom I no sooner saw, but I was struck with Admiration. She came to *Paris* the last Year to solicit a Law-Suit against a Stranger about an Estate. It was at Court, and in the Presence of the King himself, that I first saw *Daria*. She spake to him so sweetly, that she soon obtained what she desired; and, at the same Instant, I felt such inexpressible

ble Passions and Longings after her Acquaintance—
Suffer me, my dear *Dgnet*, to tell thee, that never any
Creature made such deep Impressions in the Heart of a
Man, as this charming *Greek* did in mine.

I drew near to her as soon as I could; I spake to her
in her own Language, telling her I was an *Arabian*;
and she answered me with as great Modesty as Benig-
nity. I went the Day following to give her a Visit in
her own Lodgings; where this adorable Person receiv-
ed me with the greatest Civility, not forbidding me a Re-
turn; being pleased, perhaps, to meet with one that
could speak her own Language, which is very rare in
these Parts.

Since then I could not for my Life forget her: I have
served her with the greatest Diligence, and so doated on
her, that I forgot my self and thee, and if I may dare
to say so, the *Grand Signior* too. Pardon this Infidelity
on the Account of a Passion which knows no Moderation,
being not able to withstand the Force of so invincible an
Enemy.

Daria is young, of generous Temper, and in whose
whole Department there is no Grace wanting. Her Vir-
tue is far above *Lucretia's*; for this *Roman* Lady killed
herself, having first endured the Violence of a Tyrant;
whereas she would die before she would come to such a
Tryal. If you have seen her at *Constantinople*, you must
have known her Perfections: I, for my part, who only
knew her, at *Paris*, have remarked four Beauties in her
Person, which I believe are not to be found in any of
those Ladies kept in the Seraglio. Her Eyes, her Mouth,
her Teeth, and her Hands, seem to have been made only
to furnish the God of Love with Darts. She is sure to
strike where she will with her fine black Eyes full of
Fire; and she has also the Secret of healing the Wound
she makes, when she pleases. As soon as ever she opens
her Mouth, the three Graces are seen to sit sporting in
her Countenance; and her Body moreover is so propor-
tioned in all its Parts, that had she lived in the Time of
Phidias, he had certainly taken her for the Model of his
Venus, which was the Admiration of the World.

I have

I have plyed this fair Greek with Visits, loved her even to Idolatry; my Respect has been ever equal to her Virtue; and the greatest Favour I obtained from her, was to suffer me thus to speak to her: I love you, *Daria*; *Daria*, I adore you; but she would not suffer the least Expression which might make her understand any thing else.

This incomparable Beauty often said to me; *Mahmut*, I have a great Respect for you, because you are discreet and virtuous, and should also love thee, were thou not a Man. Live on still as thou hast done, and thou wilt thereby oblige me to respect thee more; but think not to obtain from *Daria* any more than an innocent Affection: I owe all to my Husband, and I will never be unfaithful to him. If I ever attempted to snatch any small Favour, it was always in vain, having ever repelled me in such a Manner, as made me lose all Hope, and at the same time feel a new Increase of Passion. Consider, dear *Oglou*, what passed then in my Heart, and what a War I was to sustain.

In my greatest Inquietudes, and sharpest and cruellest Pains, Philosophy supplied me with no other Remedies but Patience: She set before me the Examples of the Esteem which the Ancients had for Pudicity; but she hindered me not from also remembering, that we find in History almost all the Philosophers more transported with Venereal Pleasures, than retained by any Precept of Wisdom. *Diogenes* and *Aristotle*, became they not Fools thereby? And *Sempronius*, whose Morals are the Rules of the Wise, was he not driven out of *Rome* for his Adulteries? I tell thee plainly, the Precepts of Philosophy have influenced me not a whit; I derided them, and was resolved to love on, and that more excessively, than all the Philosophers together. *Daria's* soft Severity has laid on me stronger Laws than all the Dogms of the Stoicks; so that nothing can make me change my Resolution of loving her eternally. If it be true, that Love is a Weakness, only Men, who are noble Creatures, are thereunto subject; it being certain, that mean Souls cannot love, because they

have no Heart. Nature's Religion is far higher than Reason; one is the Work of God, whereas the other comes from Man: Be not then astonished, if Reason does so oft yield to Nature.

Daria had a Mind to learn *Italian*, which she thought a better Language than others. I taught her a great deal of it in a little Time: But Business quickly deprived an unhappy Master of the most perfect of Scholars. She said once to me; ' *Mahmut*, let us have a perpetual Amity for one another, but let us love and esteem Virtue far before Friendship. Teach me History and Geography, to the end, that knowing Kingdoms, Towns, and Provinces, and those that govern them, I may know into how many Parts this Earth, which appears so admirable, is divided; I may know learn the Forces, Methods of Government, Manner, Religions of Nations, the Difference of Seas and of Mountains, of Lakes and Rivers, of inhabited Places, Islands, and Desarts, that I may not confound the barbarous with the civilized Nations, and Republicks with Monarchies.

My worthy Friend, so noble an Inclination, joined with a singular Grace, and attended with so many rare Qualities, as well Spiritual as Corporal, have reduced the poor *Mahmut* to a Slavery more rigorous than that which he suffered with thee in *Sicily*. How many Nights have I passed in horrible Restlessness! And how many times have I vainly believed I was with *Daria*, whom I sought in my Chamber, when Sleep succeeding long Watching represented her to me in a Dream more complaisant than ordinary. In a Word, *Daria* so filled my Thoughts, that I forgot my Books, and avoiding also the Company of my Friends, she alone was my daily Study, and I renounced all other Diversions; the finest Ladies were nauseous to me: the finest Gardens seemed horrible Forests, which serve for a Retreat to savage Beasts. In fine, my Passion (Friend *Oglou*) comes to that Excess, that I can find no Remedy. My Tears were of none Effect to soften *Daria*, and I have cast myself a thousand times

in

in vain at her Feet; all my Cares and Respects have served only to give me Proofs of her Virtue. Receive as thou oughtest the Confidence I put in thee; and if thou hast not a Heart that can love so ardently, at least have some Complacency towards a Man whose Passion has no Bounds, and reproach me not with having had too much Weakness, for having been vanquished by a Woman. It is Women that have always won the greatest Victories; it is their Trade to conquer, and ever those too who subdue all Things. It is impossible for me to comprehend, how I could live so strongly without dying; neither can I imagine how I shall live, if I be long deprived of the Sight of her I love. *Daria* has left *Paris*, and is distant thence above three hundred Miles; consider then the Condition I am in: I reckon myself in a solitary Place, although there be above a Million of Inhabitants in the Town where I dwell. I stir not out of my Chamber; and as to my Books, they will yield me no Comfort. My only Care is to nourish my Distemper, whereby I study to make my self more miserable, because it is not in my Power so much as to seek the Way the only to Happiness I wish for. *Mahmut* may be said to be the Son of Sorrow; my Beard is nasty and overgrown; I am out of love with my self, comfortless, avoiding all Society, and am become invisible to all People. I have no Hope amongst so many Causes of Despair, but the Assurance which *Daria* has given me, that I possess a Place in her Heart; and I believe it, because she says so. Heaven has given her a frank and generous Soul, and promises her great Things in the Course of her Life. I have secretly drawn her Horoscope; as far as I could find, all the Planets are favourable to her; she is to live a great while; Fortune will second her Intentions; she will enjoy an uninterrupted Health; and this lovely Person will ever gain the Advantage of all that shall oppose her. Happy is he that will be of the Number of Friends; but more happy is he that shall be beloved of her, for he may assure himself of being beloved of the handsomest and most deserving Lady in the World.

Read

Read my Follies with some Indulgence, and be not angry with me when thou knowest I was ready to renounce my Religion for that of *Daria*; she began to convince me, and I began to believe, that the Religion of the most perfect and most virtuous of Women was the best. If thou hast Interest enough in the Grand Vizir, or the Kaimacham, obtain for me the Permission of leaving *Paris* for six Moons only, but by no means let them know the Occasion. I love much, absent from *Daria*; but it seems to me, I do not yet love enough: I would have more violent Transports during her Absence, than those I suffer whilst I see her; to the end I may say, that at all Times, and in all Places, never any body loved so much. I have discovered to thee my whole Heart; excuse my Passion, if thou wilt not excuse thy Friend so horribly tormented with it. And remember that the beautiful *Roxalana* said to the Great *Solyman*: *That the Pleasure of commanding, and making one's self obeyed, is to be reckoned but in the second Rank of Pleasures; whereas that of loving and being beloved is the first.*

Henry IV. was one of the greatest Kings of *France*, than whom no Man ever more greatly loved. When he reproached the Duke of *Biron* with the Love he had for a Lady, mark what this Cavalier told him: *Great King, how is it possible thou shouldst not be indulgent to Lovers, who hast so often said when thou wast in Love, thou forgettest thy self, thy Kingdom, and thy Subjects?* And this, dear *Oglou*, is what has happened to me, at *Paris*, with this admirable Person, whom thou couldest not find at *Constantinople*. But alas! I should be an unhappy Friend, if with such a Love as mine I should prove thy Rival. I will not imagine it; yet I will tell thee, that rather than yield thee *Daria*, I will sacrifice to thee all the Time I have to live. I have given my Picture to this Charming *Greek*, who has received it very courteously, yet rather as the Work of an excellent Painter, than the Picture of a Lover.

But being full of Goodness, and perfectly discreet, she said thus to me when I gave it to her: *Mahmut,*

thank

Thank Heaven thou art not handsome; such sort of Men have not ordinarily all the Success they pretend to in their Amours. Wise Ladies think these kind of People doat too much on themselves; and those that are disdainful find them not submissive enough and respectful; and such as fear evil Tongues, dare not look on them; and also those Gentlemen imagine Ladies Favours are granted them because they cannot withstand them, and they expect often-times to be intreated to receive them: Whereas those to whom Nature has not been so liberal of her Favours, do more than barely love; they adore their Mistresses, they are always humble, and know how to gain the coyest Beauty by their Respectfulness. As to thy part, who art none of the fairest, thou wilt be happy if thou changeest not thy manner of living with me.

It is impossible for me to say whether *Daria* has any considerable Imperfection, being too greatly prepossessed by my Passion, to discover Defects in a Person whom I regard as an *Angel*. Time and her Promises will one Day shew me, whether she has the Vices usual to those of her Nation, which are commonly an Infidelity covered over with the most specious Pretences, and continued Dissimulation.

However, send me a Cask of the white-Balm of *Mecha*, and of the best Sort for Scent thou canst get; and at the same time send me also some of that precious *Eastern Wood*, whose Scent is admirable to perfume the Body. I have promised the fair *Daria* this Present; let me soon have it, to the End I may accustom *Daria* to the Neatness and Delicacies of the *Mahometans*. Preserve also thy Health; and if thou enviest me, love as much as I do; but love with Continency, if thou wilt love long, and be long beloved.

The Great God preserve thee from loving however so excessively as thy Friend *Mahmut* does; the Dolors being therein always certain, and the Fruition uncertain.

Paris, 10th of the 1st Moon,
of the Year 1641.

LETTER

LETTER XX.

To the Invincible Vizir Azem.

THE *Chiaus* arrived here this same Moon in which I write to thee, and is in perfect Health with all his Attendants.

I do not tell thee in what Manner he was received by the People at *Paris*, it being of small Importance; seeing they have no other Part in the Government of the Kingdom than that of obeying.

The Populace curiously observed his Habit, his Beard, and his Gait; all is extraordinary. It is certain (invincible Leader of his Armies, in whom God has placed his Authority of governing in the Earth) our Envoys are not esteemed where-ever they come, unless amongst the most rational and honest Part of Mankind, which are always the least Number.

Not only the common Sort run to see our Ambassadors, for the Vestments they wear, to which their Eyes are not accustomed; but even considerable Persons have the same Curiosity. Some silently approve; others lift up their Hands, to note their Astonishment; and others, by an insolent Murmur, discover their Contempt, not understanding the Justice due to Strangers, whose Manners and Fashions ought never to be blamed: It being impossible but whole Nations must have good Reason for their Customs and Practices since so many Ages.

But he was not thus received at Court, where the King and his Minister do all Things with great Prudence; being respected as a Man that brought good News, and sent by the greatest and most puissant Emperor in the World. As to the Subject of his coming, every body speaks diversly. The Ministers of foreign Princes are fearful, lest the new Sultan should attempt the entire Ruin of *Christendom*, and prove more terrible than *Amurath*. In the mean time, this Heathenish People

People shew incredible Joy at the burning of the Imperial City of *Constantinople*. But the King has no Part in the Sentiments of his Subjects.

Many say, that the King of *Red Heads* will renew the War with the Empire, and is persuaded to this by the Great Mogul, and there are some who affirm, he has already laid Siege to *Babylon*. But those who speak with more Sense, and less hatred, affirm, That all the *Porte's* Enemies are like Reeds exposed to the Wind, which will be easily overthrown, if the *French* take not part with them; and it is the Folly of this Nation (who believes herself superior to all others, and the Arbiter of the World) to think too well of itself, because she is respected as a Friend to the faithful *Mussulmans*.

The *Jews* (invincible Vizir, Principal Minister of the Empire, favoured of God) are the cursedest Race of all Nations; the *Christians* accused them of having set *Constantinople* on Fire; and greatly praised the *Greeks* for quenching it, to which, say they, they have no less contributed by their Hands, than by the Fervency of their Prayers; and that Heaven had preserved it from a total Ruin, because of the sacred Reliques of so many *Christians*, whose Bodies lie buried in our Mosques.

The News which came from Foreign Countries does every Day denote the Disorder there is in all Parts; there being nothing heard from the Side of *Spain*, but secret Conspiracies, and publick Revolts.

The People of *Catalonia* are in a continual Commotion, and so irritated, that they give no farther Quarter to the *Spaniards*. And from *Portugal* there comes more surprizing News.

London is as full of Disquiet, new Parties every Day forming themselves against their Sovereign *Charles*, Master of these three famous Islands; whence it appears, that the God of the *Nazarenes* is angry with these unbelieving People.

I shall not fail to inform thee in due Time of such Events as deserve thy Knowledge. For if Things do not soon change their Posture, these Countries, forsaken
of

Heaven, (seeing the true Law, established by our Prophet, is not received here) will soon change their Masters, their Manners, and Religion.

I adore, with the profoundest Humility, and with my Head lying at thy invincible Feet, the Authority which the Sultan has intrusted thee with; and which thou deservest, as well for thy Faithfulness, as the Greatness of thy Actions.

Paris, 20th of the 1st Moon,
of the Year 1641.

LETTER XXI.

To Cara Haly, *the Physician at Constantinople.*

SINCE I received thy Letter, and the Marks of thy Remembrance, I imagine myself much better. I make two Meals a Day. I walk about in the Morning, my Appetite increases, I have no more of those nauseous Belches, I can read longer, and sleep a Nights more soundly: Yet I cannot say I am in perfect Health; so long an Illness has deprived me of that which I do not find return. There is wanting to my intellectual Faculties a certain kind of Vivacity, and Readiness in their Operations, which is extremely abated; but I know not whether this be an Effect of the Pain I suffered, or whether it comes not from Nature weakened; as fast as our Life advances to throw itself, as it were into the Arms of Death, which is what is most certain for me. I would willingly entertain thee on the Condition wherein I find myself, could I overcome the Weakness of my Disposition, and the Coldness of the Season, which pierces me, maugre all my Care to prevent it in this Icy Climate. Thou hast I write with freezes on my Pen, and a Body may say, the Fire freezes too, wanting as it does its usual Activity, the Cold being so sharp, that it extinguishes the natural

atural Heat. The City where I dwell appears on a sudden transformed into Chrystal: The Northern Wind has in one Night frozen the River; and all the Fountains, which were wont to quench the Thirst of a Million of People, are dried up. All Trade seems to have ceased; the Rich are retired to their Fires, and the Poor are creeping about the Streets; where, notwithstanding the Exercises they use to oppose the Cold, these seem already starved. The Bread is become like Marble or an hard Stone; all Things are frozen, and ancient People affirm, never the like has happened in their Days, or in the Times of their Fathers. There has been found some few Miles from *Paris*, in the great Road, two Men clad in very coarse Stuff without Shifts, their Legs naked, Heads shaved, and Cords about their Middle, dead with Cold; They were found embracing one another, thinking thereby to communicate mutual Heat, to keep off, or at least retard their Deaths. These People are Dervises of the *Latin Church* which are called *Capuchins*, whose Life is a continual Pennance. They rise in the Night to their Devotions, and spend their Time in Contemplation. They Live upon Alms which they receive of the *Christians*, which consists of Bread, and Roots, and Herbs; and if the Charity of these *Nazarenos* extends to the giving any Thing more, they use it with Sobriety. They sleep on Straw, and are obliged to wear the Habit Night and Day, which is dreadful to look on, and in which they are buried when they die. When their Occasions require them to Travel, they are not permitted to go on Horseback, in a Coach or Chair, but only in Vessels when they go by Sea, or on Rivers, so that they have only that granted them, which *Cato* was so afraid of, and every Body else, but Fools; which is, To travel by Water.

In fine, their Life is accounted a continual Hell; and they will be finely choused, if they find not a Heaven when stripped of their Mortality.

These Religious are under the Direction of one General; observe a long Silence, which is a great Virtue among

among them, and with this are so exactly obedient to their Head, that they have no Will left.

They have very obscure Prisons under Ground, whereunto they thrust those who scandalize their Order by their Crimes; for notwithstanding the Holiness of their Rule, and the Vigilance of their Superiors, to make it observed, there is never wanting some who wander from the right Way, and often make use of the Esteem which Men have their Piety, to commit such Enormities as would be soundly punished by the Men of the World. These kind of Dervises cannot handle Money without being guilty of a mortal Sin. Notwithstanding this Profession of Poverty, I have seen these Dervises drest up with greater Magnificence than our Mufti, in the Time when they celebrate their Masses, ascending up to the Great Altar, covered with the finest Linen, and thereon Vests embroidered with Gold, the most delicately wrought as can be imagined, and oft enriched with Pearls and precious Stones. In their Sacrifice they eat the Consecrated Bread, which they call the Messias his Body, which they are wont to Place in a Plate of fine Gold; and they also put into Cups of the same Metal a Liquor, which they say is changed into the Blood of their God, as the Bread into the Body, as soon as they have pronounced certain Words, which they secretly mutter.

The Sacrifice is offered every Day, and not only the People are present at it, but the greatest of the Kingdom, with their Monarch on his Knees, and in a supPLICATE Posture. There stand about the Altar several stately Candlesticks, wherein burn white Wax-Candles, which render the Sacrifice still more solemn.

I relate to thee what I have so often seen; for I chuse to be frequently in these Infidels Churches, and at their solemn Festivals, the better to conceal what I am.

Yet happy is he that lives satisfied with himself, assured he serves God in the Manner he will be served. Thou hast this good Fortune, and that of being in thine House at thine Ease. When thou goest out thou wearest a long Vest down to thy Heels, lined with soft
and

and warm Furs, whilst I am obliged to cover myself barely with a black short Cloak, which scarcely reaches below my Knees, and is too thin to resist the piercing Northern Blasts, and is, in Truth, a very ridiculous Habit; yet which I am obliged to wear, for the Service of him whose Slave I am, which cannot cover my bandy Legs, and ill-shaped Body. I expect, with great Impatience, the Season which overspreads the Gardens with Flowers, the Fields with Grass, and crowns the Trees with Blossoms, and brings back the pretty Birds, who publish the joyful News of the Spring's Approach: That being the Time wherein I may expect my Health.

As to what remains, thou wilt oblige me in making Trial of my Friendship, that thou mayest know, there is not in all the Empire of the true Believers a more faithful Friend, and one that loves thee more cordially. Adieu.

Paris, 10th of the 2d Moon,
of the Year 1641.

LETTER XXII.

To the Kaimacham.

THE Court of *France* is an Assembly of Politicians, who discover or hide themselves according to their Interests, and are more wont to hold their Peace than to talk. They explain themselves in more than one Manner on the Things which they cannot conceal; and I draw from them that is necessary for my Instruction, and thy Information. There have happened such sudden and surprizing Motions in *Spain*, as cause considerable Advantages to be hoped for by *France*, which seems to have a great Hand in them, on which thou mayest make what Reflection thou thinkest convenient.

The Mountains, which divide *France* from *Spain*, were called the *Pyrenees*. *Catalonia* is a Province watered
on

on one hand by the *Mediterranean* Sea and bounded by *Navarre*; it lies situated at the Foot of these Mountains; the People have taken up Arms and vigorously opposed the *Catholick* King's Ministers; and the *Portugueses* have done the same Thing, but with different Success. The Kingdom is comprised within the State of *Spain*, and the Richest under her Dominion. Her Situation is advantageous, lying between *Galicia* and *Castile*, and watered with the Ocean, which brings her immense Riches.

The principal Town of *Catalonia* is *Barcelona*; and *Lisbon* is the chief Town of *Portugal*. The first has been taken for the Pretence of its Insurrection the Insolencies committed by the *Protestant* Troops, which served the *Catholick* King, and were quartered in this Province. And the other, having long concealed its Design, has at length shaken off the *Spanish* Yoke; and set up a King of their own Royal Race.

It is said that Count *Olivarez*, the King of *Spain*'s chief Minister and Favourite, designing to mortify the *Catalonians*, horribly charged that Country with Soldiers, and sent thither the most licentious Troops to quarter; imagining to chastise the Pride of this People in this Manner, without any Form or Process.

This Minister's Design has had so far its End, the Province being full of Divisions and Slaughters, there wanting nothing to compleat their Miseries. The Soldiers exercise unheard of Cruelties, they shed indifferently the Blood of Infants, Old Men, and Women; overthrowing Altars, and ruining Temples. The most courageous Peasants gather together to repel Force with Force, and revenge themselves most cruelly on as many of the *Castilians* as they can light of, without sparing the King's Ministers; killing all they meet, seeking those who are hid, to punish them with the greatest Rigour; running after those who seek their Safety by Flight; nor pardoning the very Priests, if never so little suspected.

The Count of *St. Colomme*, commanded not long since in *Catalonia*, with the Title of Vice-Roy; which poor
Man

Man is now before God, where he receives the Recompences or Chastisements he has deserved, being the first Victim sacrificed to the Peasants Fury. His Blood was the Prologue of a dismal Tragedy, which will not end without more dismal Event to the *Spanish* Monarchy, and the *Catalonians* themselves.

The Vice-Roy withdrew himself into the Arsenal of *Barcelona* at the first Insurrection of the Peasants, where he was besieged by a great Multitude of these seditious People; and seeing he could not remain there in Safety, he went out to go on board the Gallies; but the Grossness of his Body hindering him from hastning as fast as those who accompanied him in his Flight, he remained alone; and being tired fell into a Swoon, and lay dead for some Time on the Sand between the Rocks which lie upon the Sea. His Servant, the only one that remained with him, brought him again to himself, by casting the Sea-Water on his Face; but he opened his Eyes only to see his own Departure more early. He was set upon in this Condition, wherein he could not stir himself, by a Crew of Blood Hounds who first shot at him, and then hacked him in Pieces, having first stabbed him in a thousand Places. His Servant defended him as well as he could, in covering him with his Body, but his Zeal was fruitless; and all the Wounds he received saved not one from his Master. He was an *African*, and had been his Slave. The Courage and Fidelity of a Man of so mean a Birth deserves, at least, that it should be said of him, That he lived in imitating the Virtue of those ancient *Romans*, which are at this Day praised and admired by all the World.

The Vice-Roy's Death stopped not the Peasants; they proceeded to Excesses scarcely imaginable; and their barbarity made them commit such horrible, together with such ridiculous Actions, as can hardly be expressed.

The Wretches went to the Palace of the Marquis de *ville Franche*, General of the Gallies, where having cut the Throats of as many as they met with, they burnt and battered all the Household Stuff, and carried in

in Proceſſion on the Top of a Pike a little Braſs Figure which they thought a black Angel; which Figure was only that of a Man, wherein a Clock was included, whoſe ingenious Springs made him move his Eyes; which Sight ſo ſurprized theſe Peaſants, who had never ſeen or heard of ſuch a Machine, that they remained in ſuch a Stupidity, as retarded for ſome Time the Effects of their Fury. But there was one more bold than the Reſt, who approaching to the Piece, cried out, *It was the familiar Spirit of the Marquis de Ville Franche, and ought to be ſeized on and thrown into Priſon to take away its Power.* Which he had no ſooner ſaid, but he laid Hands on it, and tied and bound it faſt on the Top of a Spear, and with great Shouts walked it about the Town. The ignorant People capable of any ridiculous Impreſſions, as well as the Women, who are not hard to be deluded, followed them, convinced that the Marquis's Devil was carried triumphantly along the Streets. Having ran through all the Town of *Barcelona*, this Rabble gave the Clock into the Hands of the Biſhop and Inquiſitors to exorcise it, and drive out the Devil, whom they thought capable of deſtroying their whole Province.

Affairs are carried on more ſeriously in *Portugal*, and at a more moderate Rate; the Inhabitants of *Liſbon*, as well as the Nobility, have treated the *Caſtilian*: with more Humanity: They immediately elected a King, who reigns peaceably as Heir of the Crown, and therefore aſcertained of being maintained by the Affection and Fidelity of the People. There is already News of his Coronation; the Ceremony of which was performed with great Pomp and Magnificence. The People as a Mark of their Affection have preſented a Million of Gold to their new Lord; the Clergy, fixty thouſand Crowns, and the Nobility four hundred; and the new King has taken on him the Name of *John IV.* King of *Portugal*, inſtead of that of *Don John Duke de Braganza.*

Never any Plot better ſucceeded: The *Portuguſes* have driven out from them a puiſſant and politick Nation

Nation without Bloodshed, saving that of a Villain : But of that thou shalt hear more the next Opportunity ; for I shall carefully inform myself of the Particulars of so extraordinary Event, to give an exact Account to the Vizir. It is said King *Philip* is the most unfortunate Prince that ever ascended the Throne, committing his Affairs to the Management of another ; so that it may be said, the Duke, who reigns as Sovereign in *Madrid*, has chosen *Philip* IV. for his Favourite. The Minister commands, and the King obeys ; the Master's Weakness authorizes the Servant's Power ; the Confusion of that Nation being so great, that those made by Heaven to receive Orders, are the only Persons who give them.

I kiss the Hem of thy Garment, with all the Submission possible of a poor and humble Slave.

Paris, 10th of the 2d Moon,
of the Year 1641.

LETTER XXIII.

To Dgnet Oglo.

TO what Purpose dost thou bewail the Ruins which the Fire has caused in *Constantinople*, if there be no Remedy for the Losses thou hast suffered ? Not all the Vizirs together, nor the Prince himself, whose Authority knows no Bounds, could resist the Fury of this Element. What then can we do, Wretches as we are, liable to all Injuries and Disgraces ? Art thou the first honest Man that has been ruined ? It is true, Heaven had enriched thee : Thy Chambers were hung with the finest *Persian* Tapestry ; thou hadst a great Number of Slaves, fine Gardens, and Bathing-places, beset with delicate Fountains ; must thou despair for the Loss of the greatest part of these ? Comfort thyself, seeing thou art not in a Fault, nor hast contributed to thine own Misfortune ?

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L

Thou

Thou tellest me, that the burning of the chief City of the Universe has deprived thee in one Day of all the Commodities and Conveniencies thou hast laboured for many Years: And I answer thee, That He which gave thee these Goods expects Thanks from thee, in that, having enriched thee with what thou hadst not, he did not take from thee thy Life at the same Time.

Hast thou so soon forgotten *Seneca's Demetrius*? Hast thou lost any thing which thou didst not receive from the Liberality of Fortune? And if whatever thou hadst was given thee, wherefore dost thou afflict thyself, as if thou couldst not obtain again as much? Stretch out thy Hand towards Heaven; pray and beseech: He that has given thee once is not impoverished by the Liberalities he has shewed: But rather ask of him spiritual, than these temporal Gifts, which do all wither and die.

If thou livest, thou wilt see thyself in the same Condition again: I cannot give thee a better Consolation: I will not lament with thee, it seeming to me a fruitless Thing. If thou beest desirous to forget the Losses thou hast suffered, consider the great Damages the same Fire has caused to so many Believers, in the same City where thou bewailest thy Misfortunes. How many People, that had less than thee, have lost more? And how many better People than thyself, as more submitting to the Will of Heaven, have suffered Miseries infinitely greater than thine?

So great a Conflagration, wherein the chief City of the World saw itself near reduced to Ashes, must needs have been a very dismal Spectacle. When I read the Relation which thou hast made me, I tremble with Horror, to see so many magnificent Houses, and stately Mosques, devoured by the Flames, and reduced to nothing; with such Riches, Goods, Household Stuff, and inestimable Merchandises, publick Registers, and choice Manuscripts, whose Loss can never be repaired, being become the Prey of this Element, which devours all Things. But thou and I are not the first,

neither

neither shall be the last, who bewail the Ruins of our Country. How many Towns in *Asia*, how many in *Greece*, have been swallowed up in an Instant by dreadful Earthquakes! And how many Ruins are to be found in the famous Cities of *Syria* and *Macedonia*? And how many times have the Isles of *Cyprus* and *Paphos* been entirely depopulated! We see not only the most solid Edifices perish, which are the Works of Men, but even Mountains annihilated. There are whole Countries which have (as it were) vanished; the Sea has covered such Spaces of Land as might have made whole Provinces, and which were extreme populous. How many Promontories do we see, which were heretofore certain Guides to Pilots, but are now buried in the Sands, and cause oftentimes Shipwrecks! And if the Works of Nature be exposed to such great Ruins, what may not mortal Men expect to suffer! But I spend Time in relating ordinary Accidents, when I might remember thee of greater Ruins, which the Fire made in the same Imperial City, after it had been built by the *Great Constantine*, to whom she owed all her Splendor, before the mighty and successful Emperors of the *Mussulmans* had therein established the Seat of their Empire.

Under the Reign of the Emperor *Leo*, if I be not mistaken, the whole Continent lying along the *Bosphorus*, between both the Seas, was entirely ruined by Fire. And twelve Years after, under the Reign of *Basil*, the famous Library, so carefully collected, and with that extreme Charge and Trouble, and which consisted of above two hundred thousand Manuscripts, with the Skin of a Serpent 220 Foot long, wherein were written the entire Works of *Homer*, was consumed. The Fire which happened in the Time of *Justinian* might make one forget others; the famous Temple of *St. Sophia*, which is at this Day our chief Mosque, could not be preserved from the Fury of the Flames, being almost wholly consumed by it. I shall not mention the Ruins which have happened by Earthquakes, under the Reign of the Emperor *Zeno Izoria*.

There was a far greater under *Bajazet II.* for in *Prussia*, an entire City, with its Houses, Walls, and 3000 Inhabitants, were buried in the Entrails of the Earth: Which must convince us, there have been in all Ages such Events, as may instruct us to bear our Misfortunes with Patience, and to believe a Providence, and submit ourselves wholly to it.

Let us (my dear Friend) for once rejoice in an Occasion, wherein all others mourn; in that we are able to persuade ourselves, *There's nothing here below deserves our Care.* I do not say, we should laugh like *Nero*, when he saw *Rome* burning, which he himself had fired, and sang the Passages of *Homer*, wherein the Conflagration of *Troy* is described: Rather do as *Aeneas*, who having saved from the Flames, which devoured his Country and Estate, his Tutelar Gods, his Father *Anchises*, his Family and himself, became an Hero that served for an Example to Posterity. He did not spend his Time in bewailing the Goods he had lost, but always kept an undaunted Courage in the Midst of the Tempest which threatened to overwhelm him, as soon as he was on the Sea, and which forced him to wander from Port to Port, void of all Help, persecuted by a Goddess, and other Gods who were of her Party; and having gallantly endured so many Disgraces, he became the Founder of the bravest and famousst Nation of the Universe. *Aeneas*, in saving his Gods, and his Father, who were the Companions of his Fortune, drew down the Graces of Heaven, which put an End to his Miseries, in settling him in a Country, where he laid the first Foundations of an Empire; which since has given Laws to all the World.

Our Sins have kindled the Fire at *Constantinople*: the Debaucheries, Impieties, Hypocrisies, and continual Rapines, which remain unpunished, are the Causes of the Destruction of the most famous City of the Universe.

Can we imagine, when God sends his Judgments down upon us, that we can be able to resist them? Amend thy Life, if thou desirest to be revenged of Fortune, and be Proof against all her Darts. Increase
in

in Virtue, if thou wouldest be invulnerable; be as good in Prosperity as in Adversity. Nothing but good Works can make thee happy in this World, and live when this World shall be no more.

If Reason cannot stop our Tears, Fortune I am sure will never do it. We seem herein very unreasonable; for when we first see the Light, we weep; and when we leave it, we groan.

Live ever with me more nearly than an intimate Friend, and imitate (if a Man can so express himself) the Fire, which (according to what appears to us) consumes all Things, and converts them into its own proper Substance; but which yet, according to the Rules prescribed by its Creator, burns not the Air, nor the other Elements; but keeps them united, warms, and conserves them. God has indued Men with an Instinct which ought to do the same Thing; he has fastened them one to another, with such Bonds as nothing can break; I mean the Interest and mutual Needs which they have of one another. There being no body that can be happy, and become rich of himself, there must be Dependencies and Commerce, without which it is impossible to have what is most necessary. There is also a more refined Commerce, to wit, the Marks of Esteem which Men give one another, Succours in Cases of Need, whether of Money or good Counsel; the latter of which is all that can be expected from thy faithful *Mahmut*.

Paris, 10th of the 2d Moon,
of the Year 1641.

LETTER XXIV.

To the Bassa of the Sea.

THE Vessels of *Africk* have again been worsted by the Infidels. The Particulars of which must needs be known to thee before they could come here, where there is much Discourse of the Accident at *Goulette*, and the Battle of *Caragoe*, to the great Disadvantage and

Prejudice of the *Mabometan* Name. These Heathenish People made publick Rejoicings for the Victories obtained by another Nation. It is said, that of five Gallies, and three other great Vessels, only one Ship saved itself by Flight, several being sunk to the Bottom, together with the Admiral of *Caragoe*, the rest having been brought into *Malta*; and that there were six hundred *Mussulmen* killed; in whose Death our only Consolation is, that they died Martyrs, and their Blood will cry for Vengeance against the Infidels that have shed it.

It is hard to find the Isle of *Malta* in the Chart, and yet harder in the Sea; it being a mere Atom of invifible Earth: But it is not so with the Knights, who are the Masters of it; they being a Hundred, often seen and felt by us.

Malta is a Seminary, wherein are brought up the bravest Sparks in *Christendom*, picked out from amongst the most illustrious Families. These Persons know not what Fear is; they have imposed upon themselves the Necessity of Vanquishing or Dying; and therefore they get the Mastery of whatever they attempt; and with those few Vessels they have, they make the *Ottoman* Fleets tremble. They wear a golden Cross on their Stomachs, which is always dipped in the Blood of the faithful *Mussulmen*. Eclipse this impious Order, by opposing the Sacred Silver of the *Ottoman* Moon against the Force of so small a Number of Knights. My Zeal obliges me to say such Things as may be troublesome to thee; and which, perhaps, thou knowest as well as I; which is, that I am persuaded thou wilt be the Conqueror of these Pirates, provided thou once resolvest to draw out in good earnest thy Scimitar, and cast its Sheath away.

The King here is very well: He said publicly, when he heard of the Victory of the *Malteses*, That if he were not a King, he should chuse to be one of the Knights of that Place. Thou wilt gain greater Honour, and more Trophies will be raised to thee, than were to *Ariademus* and *Cigala*, if thou undertakest effectu-

effectually the Destruction of this People. Thou hast my Prayers, that our Holy Prophet would strengthen thy Arm; and that God would give thee still Favour in the Sight of our most puissant Emperor, chosen to be the chief Commander of the World.

Paris, 15th of the 3d Moon,
of the Year 1641.

L E T T E R XXV.

To the Invincible Vizir Azem.

AN illustrious Woman of the House of *Savoy* governed not long since in *Portugal*, in the Name of *Philip IV.* King of *Spain*. Her Name is *Margarita*, and commonly resides at *Lisbon*; but this Princess, with the Title of Vice-Queen, had not the Credit or Authority necessary to sustain the Dignity, though she had otherwise all the Prudence and Courage requisite thereunto.

Michael Vasconcelli, her chief Secretary, having usurped all the Authority, carried all Things with a high Hand; to which he added a most griping Covetousness, which was no less disadvantageous to his Mistress's Reputation. And the Marquis *de la Puebla*, a *Castilian* Minister, an Accomplice of *Vasconcelli*, had established himself in this Court, as a rigid Censurer of all the Vice-Queen's Actions.

The *Christians* call these two Men two Pedants, set over the Princess, as if she had still been in her Minority, to correct and regulate her Actions.

The too great Authority of these two Ministers became at length a kind of Tyranny. The Nobility complained for the Loss of their Privileges, and the People at their being oppressed with Taxes; which made the Ministry of *Vasconcelli* seem insupportable, in which it was seen the Vice-Queen had no Part. This Princess, not having the Power to stop the Course of the Mischiefs which began to spring up, gave Advice of it to the Court of *Spain*, and expected thence the Remedy.

But whether the King was not in a Condition to give any, or his Ministers concealed from him the State of Things, the Mischiefs increased, and *Vasconcelli's* Friends, by excusing him, made it almost impossible to avoid them.

When *Margarita* represented the Danger wherein *Portugal* lay, she was heard as a weak and credulous Woman, and was often accused of being over-timorous, which caused a general Revolt in this Kingdom, which was few Days in contriving, and as few Hours in executing.

If thou wilt hear thy humble Slave, I will relate to thee all the Circumstances of so great an Event; which will seem a Fable, should we refer ourselves only to Reason; but which however is a real History, as is now well known throughout all *Europe*.

Never was there a greater Hatred between two Nations, than that which was between the *Spaniards* and the *Portugueses*: And tho' they had one and the same Religion, and almost the same Humour, yet it is not to be imagined, how far their mutual Aversions carried them.

The *Portugueses* have a common Proverb, which says, That a Man is obliged to treat and love another Man as his Brother, whether he be a *Turk*, a *Jew*, a *Pagan*, or a *Moor*; without excepting the most barbarous of Mankind; yea, though he were a *Spaniard*.

They have lived with great Patience under the Domination of *Philip II.* and his Successors, since the Death of their King *D. Sebastian*, (who was killed in *Africa*, in a Battle against the *Moors*) whilst they were suffered to enjoy the Privileges which were granted them. Moreover, they still expected the Return of their Sovereign, who was said not to have died in the Field, but, having long wandered about in strange Countries, was, in fine, about to return. But the Example of the *Catalonians* made them at length resolve upon what they now executed. The Nobility were the first that began the Revolt, and passed over these Bounds which Respect does ordinarily place between

between the Sovereign and his Subject. They al-
 ledged several Pretences for their Rebellion; but the
 most specious was, Their Unwillingness to be sacrificed
 in unjust Wars; wherein the most dangerous Posts
 were committed to them, and they several times re-
 proached the Duke, Favourite and Minister of King
 Philip IV.

They immediately carried on their Intelligences with
 great Secrecy; and when they came to declare them-
 selves, the greatest Persons consented to the Conspiracy,
 and the boldest amongst them have executed it with
 great Valour.

Don Juan, Duke of *Braganza*, is the greatest No-
 bleman in this Kingdom, and perhaps in all *Spain*, and
 already of the Age wherein Men are wont to have
 Wisdom, together with Strength of Body. He wants
 not for Ingenuity and Sweetness of Temper. He re-
 ceived the Crown, after long Pressings and Refusals;
 and indeed is the more worthy of it, as being the law-
 ful Heir to it.

The Favourite Duke was well enough informed of
 the Reputation and Authority of the Duke of *Bragan-
 za*; and considering him as a Prince who might law-
 fully pretend to the Crown, he made use of several
 Artifices to drive him out of *Portugal*, to seize him
 Prisoner. But having always tried this in vain, whe-
 ther by Reason of the extraordinary Watchfulness of
 Don Juan, or that the Heavens, on which depend the
 Things here below, had otherwise ordered it, it was im-
 possible for this Minister to get so good a Prey into his
 Hands.

This crafty Minister has tryed all Ways, and some-
 times made use of the Fox's Skin, and other whiles of
 the Lion's Voice, to bring about his Ends. Some-
 times he tried to draw him to Court, offering him the
 most honourable Employs there, persuading him to
 accompany the Catholick King in his Voyage into *Ca-
 talonia*. But the Duke knew how to defend himself
 against the Snare, and timely withdrew to *Vila Rica*,
 the ordinary Place of his Abode; and then designed for
 what could accomplish
 it.

excused himself from going to *Madrid* sometimes, for that he had not sufficient to bear his Charges according to his Quality in such a Journey; and other whiles on other Pretences, with which the Favourite Duke was obliged to seem contented. Though he was not, yet he feigned himself to be satisfied, to put in Practice the most exquisite Piece of Policy he ever made use of.

He sent him forty thousand Pistoles, to buy Necessaries, and at the same time sent him also the general Command of the Troops in *Portugal*; with Order to come to *Lisbon*, and, as High Constable of the Kingdom, to observe the Motions of the United Provinces, which threatened *Spain* and *Portugal* with a powerful Fleet. But he had sent the following Order to *D. Lopez d'Osso*: *Thou hast the Command of the Naval Army; get immediately before Lisbon. Don Juan de Braganza has Orders to visit the Vessels: As soon as he shall enter the first Gallies, clap him in Irons, and immediately depart with this Prisoner to Cadiz, where I have appointed People to convey him to Madrid.*

Don Lopez could not execute his Commission; his Army was lost in the *English* Seas, and it was written in Heaven, that *Don Juan* should live, and be a King. This Artifice having failed, the Duke had Recourse to another, which was, To send an Order to the Duke of *Braganza* to visit all the Forts on the Frontiers, where there were strict Injunctions to detain him. But he, perceiving the Project of the *Spanish* Minister, knew so well to excuse himself from undertaking this Business, that he made the Design of his Enemy to vanish this time also, and got leave to retire to *Villa Viciosa*. Those who penetrated not the Artifices of the Court of *Spain* were astonished at the Accumulation of so many Favours and Honours on the Person of the Duke; affirming the Court had Intention of raising him to the Throne, or bringing him to the Scaffold; in which last they were not mistaken.

were the first that who let slip no Occasion of laying Snare
these Bounds which the more obstinate by the Difficulties

culties he met with. He sent him a new Order to raise Troops, and to lead them himself into *Catalonia*, for the Chastisement of the Rebels; this being of absolute Necessity, said he in his Letters, for the upholding of the *Spanish* Monarchy, to which the Revolt of this Province caused great Mischiefs.

The Duke obeyed in part; he raised a considerable Number of Troops at his own Charge; but he took Care of his own Person. He wrote to the Court to excuse him from that Voyage, and added to his Excuses most earnest Prayers; representing, that, being sick of the World, he had retired to his own Estate, to lead there a quiet Life, free from the Vexations of Business; which obliged him to intreat his Catholick Majesty to grant him that Rest, which was the only Thing he desired. The Duke *de Braganza's* Letter drew no Answer from the *Spanish* Minister; but his Designs were discovered; and the Nobility, foreseeing how likely they were to be brought under a more strict Subjection, began to murmur, saying, It was their Duty to rid themselves of those Oppressors, who had so long peeled them, and set up a new Form of Government. The Poor, who suffered more by the Taxes, were the boldest, and encouraged the rest. Some were for setting up an Elective King; others proposed the raising to his Honour the Family of *Braganza*, who alone seemed worthy of it. Some there were who were for putting themselves under the Domination of *France*; and other Persons of Credit among the People were for a Democratical Government; and others again were for turning the Kingdom into a Republick.

The Nobility were in great Perplexity in the Choice they should make; for it was not known whether the Duke of *Braganza* would receive the Crown, in case it was offered him again; for the most qualified Persons of the Kingdom had promised it to him.

There was none but *D. Gascon Cattique*, a Gentleman as eloquent as stout, whom Heaven designed for the persuading of this Prince, that could accomplish

it. He pretended to fight a Duel with a Nephew he had; whom having slightly wounded, he left *Lisbon*, as a Man that had brought himself into Danger; and wandering about from thence, uncertain, as it were, of the Place of Retreat he would chuse, he went at length to *Villa Viciosa*, where having found *Braganza* in his Solitude, he thus spake to him:

I bring thee this Day a Crown, which the Nobility of Portugal present thee; and if thou hast the Courage to receive it, we are ready to put it on thine Head. This Kingdom belongs to thee, as the undoubted Heir of our natural and lawful Princes. If thou acceptest of the Crown, the Kingdom justly belongs to thee; and if thou darrest not receive it, we will chuse another Sovereign of greater Resolution, and who is willing to command us. The Scepter shakes in King Philip's Hand, by reason of the Wars made against him from all Parts, Consider, if thou receivest not at present what Fortune presents thee, thou wilt be obliged against thy Will to obey another: Neither the Nobility, the Clergy, nor the People will any longer suffer the Arrogance of the Castilians. It belongs to thee, at present, to declare, Whether thou wilt reign, and be a happy Prince. All the faithful Portuguese breathe after thee, and desire thee for their Sovereign. Resolve to accept of what is so advantageous, and let us alone for the executing of our Parts.

Don Juan answered coldly to such a bold Proposition; more affrighted at the Peril there was in such an Enterprize, than flattered with the Hopes of possessing a Kingdom.

But in another Conference, wherein the Duke was told, the Conspirators were resolved to raise on the Throne another King, if he came not to a speedy Resolution; the Dutchess his Wife, who has a Man's Heart, and is more courageous than her Husband, coming into the Conversation, thus spake to him with great Assurance.

My Lord, The Catholick King has sent for thee again to Court; at Madrid thou wilt certainly meet with thy Death, and in receiving the Crown which is offered thee,
thou

thou art still in Danger of it: But if thou must perish, which Way soever thou turnest thy self, is it not more honourable to die a King in thine own Country, than to die in Chains in a Prison by the Hands of thine Enemy?

So courageous a Discourse brought Don Juan to a Resolution; wherefore he sent Word to the Nobility of his Readiness to comply with them.

The Conspirators were ready at the Hour appointed for the Execution of their Design; being well armed, and each of them accompanied with a good Number of young Men, who were to follow them, although they knew not the Design. As soon as ever the Signal was given, they all set forth from the Places where they were assembled; and those that were farthest distant joined the rest, and all together soon possessed themselves of the Palace of the Vice-Queen; they immediately made themselves Masters of the Guard, finding no Resistance from them, and this without spilling a Drop of Blood, or doing any Violence. They afterwards cried out altogether, *Long live the new King, Don Juan de Braganza, and let them die that govern ill.* They seized on the Vice-Queen, and intreated her to retire into an Apartment, where she should be treated with the Respect due to a Princess, but not obeyed as having Authority to command them.

Vasconcelli, who knew himself faulty, and to whom his Conscience reproached his Crimes, in this Moment hid himself in a great Press, under an Heap of Papers, where having been discovered by an old Woman, he had immediately his Throat cut, and his Body thrown out at a Window; where he served for some time a May-game to the People; who left not one part of his Body free from some Mark of their Indignation.

One of this Minister's Domesticks threw himself out at the same Window his Master was thrown; not in a Design of following his Fate, but of saving himself; and he died without its being known whether it was by his Fall, or the Musquet-shot which he received.

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The Confederates with as little Trouble seized on the Gallies and other Vessels in the Ports, whence they drove the *Spaniards*. They afterwards commanded the Vice-Queen to retire. This Princess thought she ought on this Occasion to insist on the Greatness of her Birth; she threatened the Conspirators, and afterwards flattered them, assuring them of the Clemency of King *Philip*: She set before them the greatness of his Power, and forgot not to speak of the Authority of his Favourite, who must needs be much offended on this Occasion; exaggerating the Offence committed against her, both as a Princess, and Depository of the Catholic King's Power. But as well her Promises as her Threats were in vain, and she herself was at length glad to accept Conditions from them, who a while before, by Connivance from the Prince, might have executed an absolute Power.

In eight Days time, all the *Castilians* were subdued, or driven out of the Kingdom. All the Forts were surrendered, without any Trouble to the new King, except the Castle of St. *John*; which, having made some slight Resistance, was sold for forty thousand Crowns by the Governor.

The Duke of *Braganza* appeared immediately afterwards in the City of *Lisbon*, where the People soon shewed the Affection they had for him; the Prison Doors were set open, and all poor Debtors freed, and a great part of the Taxes taken off. Such an astonishing Success was attended with whatever might set forth the Joy of the People, who solemnized the Festival with the Sound of Trumpets, and the Noise of the Cannon, and by Shouts and Acclamations, which reached up to Heaven, whom the *Portugueses* thanked for the Liberty which they believed they had recovered. This Event was accompanied with so many miraculous Things, that the Wisest, as well as the Vulgar, were persuaded, it was marked in Heaven from all Eternity, by the Finger of God. The Clergy, the Nobility, the Citizens and Peasants, were profuse in their Liberalities on this Occasion, to give their new Sovereign

Sovereign ample Marks of their Affection; and even the Poor hid their Misery, that they might not lessen the publick Joy.

The *Spanish* Vessels which returned from the New World, which then entered into the Ports of *Portugal*, remained at the Disposal of the new King, the Pilots not knowing what had happened: So that the Coffers of the Prince were filled thereby (as it is said) with some Millions.

The King was exalted to the Throne in the last Moon of the last Year: And wise People do hope he will reign very happily, all the Planets being too well disposed, not to make him finish his Reign with the same Fortune as he began it.

The vigilant *Portugueses* have ordered out several Vessels, filled with good Soldiers and necessary Provisions, to seize of Places and Ports which this Nation possesses in the New World, and in the *East Indies*; and it is to be supposed, they will meet with good Success, if Fortune prove as favourable to them in *America* and the *Indies*, as she was to them in *Europe*.

As soon as the Duke of *Braganza* was proclaimed King, he sent Manifestoes into all Parts, and dispatched Couriers and Ambassadors to give Advice of his Promotion in the Courts of *France*, *England*, *Holland*, *Sweden*, and *Denmark*. It is not to be imagined the Joy which this Adventure gave to the *Catalonians*. The King, imparting to them what had happened, offered them also his Assistance; and these People answered him with the same Offers. And this is the End of sixty three Years of the Despotick Authority, which the *Spaniards* have exercised on the *Portugueses*.

The News of so strange a Revolution having been carried unto *Madrid*, hear, and consider well the unhappy Condition of the *Catholick* King, to whom this Favourite declared this News.

Sir (said he) *I come to rejoice with your Majesty at the good News I bring. Your Majesty is now become Master of a considerable Dutchy. Don Juan de Braganza has had the Baldness to make himself be proclaimed King*
of

of Portugal; has thereby fallen into the Crime of Læſæ Majeſtatis: All his Eſtate belongs to you, and is devolved to the Crown, and his Perſon will ſoon be in your Power.

Don Juan was Son to Theodoſius Duke of Braganza, Granchild to Donna Catharina, who was the Daughter of Don Duarte, Brother to Henry King of Portugal; and Philip II. King of Spain took away the Crown from this Catharine, to whom it is ſaid it did rightly belong.

The Titles he aſſumes are, King of Portugal, of Algarves, Africk on both Sides of the Sea, Lord of Guiney, of the Navigation and Commerce of Æthiopia, Arabia, Perſia, and the Indies.

This new King is not above thirty ſeven Years old; of a middle Stature, but well proportioned; his Face marked with the Small-Pox, his Hair inclining to yellow, an aquiline Noſe, high Forehead, lively Eyes, his Mouth indifferent great, and a masculine Voice. His Carriage is grave, affects great Modeſty in his Cloaths, is temperate in his Diet, affable to all Sorts of People, unleſs Slaves, and ſuch as he believes are Hypocrites; and his common Word is, *That mean Cloaths will keep out the Cold, and ordinary Meats ſatisfy Hunger.*

This Prince is not much verſed in Books, is of an healthful Conſtitution, loves laborious Exerciſes, eſpecially Hunting, wherein he is never tired. He is alſo muſically given, and ſo light of Heel, that there are few People can out-walk him. He is wont to go to Bed late, and riſe early, as knowing that Sleep does take off much from Man's Life; and to compleat his Happineſs, he has Children of both Sexes. His Wife is a Spaniſh Lady, of extraordinary Merit, to whoſe marvellous Courage and good Qualities he owes his Crown.

The Kingdom of Portugal contains one hundred and twenty Leagues in Length, forty in Breadth, and has ſeveral Millions of Subjects, comprehending thoſe in the two Indies, It has three Archbiſhops, and eight

eight Bishopricks, keeping ordinarily forty Vessels, which
and Ports in eight Places of the Country. They can
maintain thirty thousand Foot, and several Regiments of
Horse. The Revenue of this Kingdom may amount to
twenty Millions of Gold, reckoning in the Riches which
come from the *Indies, Brazil, Angola*, and several other
Islands.

The *French* Monarch will hold a good Intelligence
with the House of *Braganza*; *England* will enter into
an Alliance with her; the Pope will concern himself on
neither Side; the Emperor, united by Blood and Inter-
est to the *Spaniards*, will be an irreconcilable Enemy,
but unable to do them any Hurt; and the *States of Hol-
land* will find greater Advantage than all others in this
strange Revolution. These are the Sentiments of those
that pretend to penetrate into the Future, and to know
more than others. And if it be true, that this new So-
vereign has had, as all Men in his Place would have had,
a secret Desire of being King; he has so well concealed
his Ambition, that it is to be supposed he will prove a
most judicious Prince, that will uphold his Authority
more by his Wisdom and Prudence, than by Force.
The just God cut short the Course of his ill Designs,
should he have the Courage and desire of revenging one
Day the Death of his Predecessor, *Don Sebastian*, on the
faithful *Mussulmen* of *Africk*.

Thou wilt find, invincible Vizir, the faithful and re-
spectful *Mahmut* always ready to execute the Orders
which thou shalt send him for the Emperor's Service;
and ready to obey the least Signs of thy victorious Hand,
to Death, whether natural or violent.

LETTER

LETTER XXVI.

To Enguruli Emir Mehemet Cheik,
Man of the Law.

TELL me this once, whether thou beest alive and at Liberty; and whether thou dost really love me, or only pretend. My Friends return no Answers to my Letters, which makes me strangely Ignorant of all Things; I know only by Conjecture that which is never so little doubtful; and that which is certain cannot be known here truly as it falls out, as being related according to People's Passions and Interests. There is no Body dares write to me freely what he thinks; and there are few that will inform me of what is come to their Knowledge, lest their Letters should be intercepted.

I know very well we have a new Master, but I know not whether he is thought a more able Prince than *Amurath*, and has the same Courage and Fancy for War. The *Cbiaus* that lately arrived in this Court of *France* is very reserved to me, and makes a Mystery of every Thing.

Amurath is dead: Those who say he was cruel, yet declare him to be the most dextrous, valiant, and completest Man in his Empire. The *Christians* are Fools, who will not hence gather, that our Monarchs most certain Maxim, to reign with Authority, and perfect Security, is, To make themselves to be feared, and not to be shy of spilling the Blood of those who serve them ill; who are suspected by them, or may prove troublesome to them. The Troops of Mutes, which abide always in the Seraglio, ready to obey the least Sign of those who give them Orders, maintain, increase, and render formidable the *Ottoman* Power: For the Empire would never be at Peace, but in continual Trouble, should all the Sons and Nephews of our Sultans be suffered to live: And we should have a whole Nation of Princes, who

who would be always a biting and tearing, and ruining one another by civil Wars, as is often seen to happen among the *Christians*. Whence this certain Maxim is practised, That it is better it should cost innocent Persons their Lives, than to destroy those who may be guilty.

Indeed, I must confess, I knew not that *Amurath* himself killed, with his own Hands, his own Sister. Thou that knowest the Secret of this Tragedy can't tell whether he was transported to that Excess, because she answered with great Haughtiness to the Sultaneſs her Mother, who reprehended her on some secret Love she entertained: If this be the Case, she died not innocent, and I have a great Curiosity to know the Particulars of it.

But do not relate to me the unhappy End of his two Brothers, *Bajazet* and *Orcan*, lest thou make an old Wound bleed afresh. Poor Princes, what a Crime have they committed, if their Brother reigns? Cruel King! How great was thy Inhumanity, seeing they obeyed without murmuring.

But *Amurath* was a dreadful Lover, who tamed his Passions with a Ponyard; he stabbed the most beautiful of his Sultaneſſes; and for what Reason? The *Christians* pardon him the Blood of his Brethren, which he spilt, of his Sister, and of the brave *Faccardin*, several Vizirs of his Friends, and so many brave Commanders, and illustrious Persons; but they will not Pardon him the Death of a Mistress: For they cannot conceive how a Prince, a *Muſſulman*, can play the Hangman, in such a delicious Place where he has nothing to do, but to think of giving his Love agreeable Marks of his Passion. But you will tell me, perhaps she was so bold as to wear in his Sight Flowers and perfumes which came from his Brother: It is certainly a great Crime not to obey those who have all Power to command us; but it is a greater Crime to lay on Commands, to have an Occasion for Cruelty. They say, a Man which does such an Action is a Monster, but I do not say so.

Inform me what the new Sultan *Ibrahim* does, of his Humour and Inclination. It appears he is still infirm,
and

and stupified with his long Imprisonment. What Alterations has his Entrance into the Empire produced? Will he be sanguinary as his Brother was, or gracious and merciful?

Speak to me once, my dear Friend, with all Freedom, void of Disguise; is he amorously inclined? I much value such Princes, for they are generally mild; and this Passion softens them, how cruel soever they may be; makes them liberal, and Strangers to covetousness, that cruel Monster, which clouds and sullies the brightest Virtues. How Many Persons are employed to chuse fine Women for the Seraglio, to contribute to *Ibrahim's* Pleasure? Happy will the handsomest Women of *Asia* be. But the Eyes of this Monarch will be made like other Mens, which are not always allured with the greatest Beauties. Hence it is, That we have seen in our Emperor's Seraglio Ladies which surpassed in Charms all others, and yet died Virgins, and neglected by them to whose Pleasures they were consecrated.

The *Chiaus* has only informed me, that *Ibrahim* appears often on Horseback in the City, and seems a just and merciful Prince, and designs to make the Shepherd *Hassien*, Prime Vizir; he that was so long the Companion of his Prison. It is said he often made it his Employment to divert *Ibrahim* in his Confinement, by playing on his Pipe, and making him Discourses without Art, and extream innocent, of what he did when he kept Sheep. He told me also, that he often went for his Diversion on the *Black-Sea*, to take the Air, and enjoy that Liberty of which he was so long deprived; that he is also much delighted with the Reading of *Greek Books*, especially *Xenophon* and *Plutarch*; that he is very devout, though not superstitious, according to the Humour of the Devotees of our Law, who will have our Sovereigns be implacable Enemies to the *Christians*. If this be necessary to Salvation, to persecute a Religion contrary to ours, what will become of all those who are dead, and never did it? I am of Opinion, That true Holiness consists in doing Good, and living in Charity with all Men.

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The Infidels with whom I live at present for the Emperor's Service, whose Subject I am, do glory in their strict Observance of this Precept, which is their Religion, and they are happy if they keep it. But tell me, Dost thou think our Emperor is like to have Children, as is already reported, and that he cannot live long? They are not only the idle People that talk at this Rate, but those whose Interest obliges them to know who is to be the Successor; and many of the solidest think, it will be the King of the *Tartars*, and that those of the Race of *Mula Honkair* will be excluded.

This Race is really illustrious, but every Body knows not the Rise of it. The Head of this Family descends from *Tamerlane*; thou knowest the Rest, and I will not dispute with thee about Genealogies.

Whatever passes here below is so uncertain, that thou mayest accuse me of Imprudence in discoursing of Things at this Distance; for, in Effect, *Ibrahim* may be a Father by this Time. Pray to God, who disposes of Thrones, makes Races endure, or decay; merit from him, by Fastings and Prayers, and beg of him, that he would give me the Grace to live blameless, and die innocent; that I may enter with thee into Heaven, and there enjoy those unspeakable good Things which are reserved for the faithful.

Love me, though distant from thee; and let me have Tokens of thy Friendship, by stealing some Moments of Leisure from thy ordinary Business to write to me.

Paris, 25th of the 4th Moon,
of the Year 1641.

The End of the Third Book.

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LETTERS

WRIT by a

SPY at *PARIS*.

BOOK IV.

LETTER I.

To the Venerable Mufti, Prince of the Religion of the Mussulmans.

THERE is now found in one Man alone whatever several Persons of great Ingenuity could acquire by long Experience; and this Man is Cardinal *de Richlieu*, to whose Reputation thou art no Stranger. He was designed, like thee, for the Affairs of his Church, and dedicated to Religion; but he is not so much employed about them, but that he applies himself with as great Care to the Affairs of the World; and it is he, who, under the Authority of the King his Master, governs the Affairs of the *French*. I obey thee, Venerable *Mufti*; thou hast enjoined me to inform thee of the Particular Actions of this famous Prelate: But I shall not say much of him, it being impossible to fathom him. He is the most dextrous and subtle Politician that lives in all the Countries of the Unbelievers. The famous *Greek Lysander* was never so cunning; neither did *Tiberius* shew half so much Dissimulation

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tion at *Rome* in Judgment in Affairs, as he; not in the Time when he set himself to remove his Rivals, and take away all Obstacles which might hinder his obtaining the Empire. He interprets all the Doubts which arise in his Religion; he is the Arbiter of Rewards and Punishments, and the King, who knows his Zeal and Ability, leaves to him the Direction of his Kingdom and People; which he governs and leads as *Jacob* did the Flock of *Laban*. This Cardinal wants only the Affair which this great Patriarch had, to make Men be born as he pleases, as this holy *Israelite* made the Sheep.

There came some Days since a Person from *Germany* who went immediately to the Palace of this Minister, and sent him Word by his Captain of the Guards, that the Letter *B* was come. The Officer was unwilling to deliver this kind of Message to his Master, and therefore desired the *German* to explain this Riddle; but he only told him laughing, that the Cardinal's Alphabet was like the famous Knife of *Delph*, which served to all Purposes; so that he need only Mention the Arrival of the Letter, and he would be understood; which was no sooner done, but this *German* was privately introduced into this Minister's Closet, where he had a long Conference; but I could never hear the Subject of it.

He that by his Word created all Things, increase thy Health; and make thy Authority ever adored, and sacred, even in *Rome* itself.

Paris, 25th of the 4th Moon,
of the Year 1641.

LETTER II.

To the Reis Effendi, Principal Secretary
of the Ottoman Empire.

I Come but now from learning an Adventure, which yet happened some Days since; but all Things are carried

carried on with such Secrecy in *France*, that it is almost impossible to know any Thing before it is made public.

There was apprehended here, in the last Moon of *January*, certain *Ruffians*, in the Habit of *Hermits*, who were to assassinate Cardinal *Richlieu*.

These Wretches confessed before the Judges, as soon as they were put on the Rack, their Intention of killing the King's Favourite, because he was no Friend to the Duke de *Vendosme*, who is natural Son to the deceased King *Henry the Great*. This Adventure has greatly surprized the Court; each Man speaking of it according as his Interest or Affection inclines him. The Duke of *Vendosme's* Friends have declared themselves against the Cardinal; and this Minister's Creatures have much aggravated this Attempt, to render this Prince's family more odious, and heighten the Cardinal's Reputation. But the Duke de *Merceur*, the Duke of *Vendosme's* Son, rode immediately to *Paris*, with the Duke de *Beaufort*, his Brother; the first incognito to consult his Friends, and the other to present himself to the Cardinal, to obtain that their Father might justify himself before the King, from the Accusation laid against him.

The Grand-child of *Henry the Great* has since desired to be confronted with the *Hermits*, and has obtained it; but his Departure at the same Time into *England* has wrought much Amazement.

Some say he has taken an unwise Course, and others say no; because he could not prudently expose himself to the Testimony of such Wretches, who would not matter what they said.

However, these *Hermits* were publicly executed, and their Accomplices are not yet discovered; neither is it yet known, whether any Person of Quality have had a Part in the Conspiracy; which is not the first that has been carried on against this Favourite; and it is believed will not be the last. He has a great many Enemies; and the absolute Authority with which he governs, by the Favour of his Prince, will always

raise him such Adversaries, as will either ruin his Fortune, or take away his Life.

If I write not oftener to thee, thou oughtest not to think my Affection ever the less. Set down in thy Register what I inform thee. Let me have thy Friendship and Protection in Things which are just, and change not thy Opinion of me, till I am changed myself.

Paris, 15th of the 5th Moon,
of the Year 1641.

LETTER III.

To the Kaimacham.

JULIUS Mazarine (a Man of about forty five Years of Age, of a solid Judgment, and incredible Perspicuity; of whose Family I know no more, but that he is originally from *Sicily*, and born in *Italy*, in the chief City of *Rome*) is lately introduced into this Court. He has by his ingenuous Carriage gained the Favour and Confidence of Cardinal *Richlieu*; and he begins already to be employed in the most important Business. Those who make Reflections on the Affairs of the World, and carefully examine the extraordinary Talents of this *Italian*, are persuaded one may expect great Things from him; yet, however, the best Way is, not to be hasty in judging of the good or bad Qualities of a Man. He has already been employed in Quality of Plenipotentiary of the King of *France* in *Piemont*, to negotiate an Accommodation between all the Princes of the House of *Savoy*. And he has laboured so fortunately, that every body, is astonished that his first Undertakings should meet with such happy Success; especially considering the Hatreds and Preensions between the Duchess of *Savoy* and her Brothers-in-Law. Thou mayest remember that I wrote to thee, that the Differences of this Family were like to last, and unlikely to be determined without great Blood-

Blood-shed both of the *French* and *Spaniards*. But *Mazarine*, who is a most expert Courtier, and dexterous Agitant, has ended this Affair much to his Master's Honour, to the Satisfaction of the Parties interested, and the Cardinal who procured him this Commission. He established the Peace in *Piemont*, and an Union betwixt the Parties, by bringing over to the *French* Interest two Men who were Enemies to it, who were Prince *Thomas*, a Captain of great Reputation, and the Cardinal of *Savoy* his Brother, a Person of a consummate Policy, and an excellent Soldier, though a Churchman.

It is mentioned in the Treaty, That these two Princes should be received into the King of *France*'s Protection: That if the young Duke dies without Children, and the Cardinal marries, his Children shall be the Heirs of the Estate of *Savoy*; and in defect of those, Prince *Thomas*'s.

It is moreover declared in the same Treaty, That the King of *Spain* shall be sought to, touching the Liberty of the Wife and Children of Prince *Thomas*, who are detained Prisoners at *Madrid*; and he shall be also solicited to surrender the Places he holds belonging to the Duke of *Savoy*. And in case the *Catholick* King shall not restore them, and set at Liberty the Wife and Children of this Prince, he shall be obliged to serve against the said King in the Army of *France*. It is moreover inserted among these Articles, That the most *Christian* King shall procure a Marriage to be made between one of the Children of the said Prince, with the Duke of *Longueville*'s Daughter, who is a rich Heiress; and that *France* should never make any Treaty with *Spain*, without comprehending the Liberty of the Princess, and the aforesaid Princes.

Prince *Thomas* is now expected here; and it is said he will command the Army of *France* and *Italy* against the *Spaniards*, it being certain they will never restore what they have once taken, neither will they set their Prisoners at Liberty.

The King, entertaining himself some Days past with the Ambassador of a Foreign Prince, said to him these Words. *When the Spaniards shall restore to the Duke of Savoy the Places they keep from him, I shall willingly discharge myself of the Burthen of the Government of those I keep.* And the Cardinal has publickly expressed himself to this Purpose: *That his Master's Design was only to humble the Pride of the House of Austria, and reduce it to such a Condition, as that its Neighbours might have no such great Cause of Fear from them; seeing the least Motion of theirs raised Alarms among them. That his Endeavours were not laid out in aggrandizing the Dominion of France, seeing the Bounds of it were large enough already; his Intentions being only to give his Sovereign the last Proof of his Zeal and Affection, by leaving the Kingdom in a profound Peace, which might make his Majesty beloved of his Neighbours, and feared by these who are jealous of his Greatness and Power; he being hereby the Arbitrer of Europe, and reigning more absolutely by this Means, than if all their Estates belonged to him.* What I have written to thee happened some time since; but what I am now to inform thee of is quite new.

We have an Account, that the Princes of Savoy have not kept their Word with the King, Cardinal Richlieu, and Mazarine; and Designs are now taking in hand to punish so great an Affront; and these are busied in Thoughts of revenging a Widow Princess, who has been so long forced to behold bloody Tragedies in her House, by the Wars which the Princes of the Blood make continually; wherein Strangers do interest themselves, who ruin the Estates, and keep them up in perpetual Discord.

This Business will cause new Troubles in Italy, and thou shalt therefore not fail of Intelligence of the Particulars. However, the Princes of Savoy are blamed by all the World, and charged with want of Sincerity. But this being almost a Rule amongst the *Christians*, To observe their Word no longer than they find their Advantage in it; thou needest not therefore much wonder at what these Princes have done: Whereby thou wilt know

know, That a mean Interest being the Motive that sets them at Work, and which is all their Reason of State ; he that will one Day equally judge all the World, and can overturn all the Universe in less Time than he created it, will destroy the little Powers of these weak Politicians, who acknowledge the Law of the *Nazarites*, to the immortal Glory of the venerable and holy Name of the Faithful *Mussulmen*.

Paris, 25th of the 5th Moon,
of the Year 1641.

L E T T E R IV.

To Dgnet Oglou.

I Must forget myself, if I forget thee ; but thinking often on myself, I cannot forget thee ; because thou art my second self. Be persuaded, I speak my Heart, and that I have no other Design but that of loving thee, that thou mayest Answer me with the same Affection : For I desire thy Happiness as I do my own.

I am endeavouring to procure thee the Confidence of the invincible Vizir Azem, without his perceiving my Design ; and this is the best Manner I could devise of doing it. Thou shalt pretend to receive from some Friend, which thou shalt leave at *Palermo*, the Memoirs which I send thee with this Letter ; and it will not be difficult to make it be believed, thou holdest a Correspondence in this Town of *Sicily*, considering the Time we have lived there together, during our Slavery.

The august Vizir, who rules and governs the Empire under the Orders of the most mighty and dreadful Potentate of the Earth, will receive by this Ordinary an ample Information of extraordinary Events which have happened in *Portugal* ; and I have also in-

formed him of the strange Revolutions of *Catalonia*, which do much weaken the Strength of *Spain*, and notably mortify the Pride of this haughty Nation. I have made known to him, that *Portugal* has already made Choice of a King, and that *Catalonia* is departing from her Allegiance. But I have given him no Account of the choice Memoirs which I send thee; with which thou mayest make Advantage, if thereby thou canst find the Way of introducing thyself to the Grand Vizir.

Thou mayest then say to this great Minister, That thou hast received the Memoirs thou presentedest him with, and assure him thou hast translated them out of *Italian* into *Arabick*; and thou must transcribe them with thine own Hand, that they may not appear to have come from me.

The King of *Spain*, *Philip II.* died of a shameful Disease, which happens only to base People; which appeared a Chastisement from Heaven, for having, like *David*, numbered the People which dwell in the Countries subject to him, to make known to all Nations the Greatness of his Power.

It is certain this Monarch reckoned as far as 750 Cities erected into Bishopricks; therein comprehending 60 Archbishopricks: That he had Abbies 114000, Chapters 9230, as many Collegiate Cathedrals; Parish Churches 127000, Hospitals 4000, Confraternities 23000, Congregations of Seculars 2300, Houses of Entertainment for Pilgrims 3000, 46000 Convents of Religious People, and of Virgins 13500; with 15200 Chapels wherein Mass is said, as well in publick Churches, as particular Houses and Prisons.

And after an exact Search this King found, that to serve so great a Number of Churches, Monasteries, Convents, Hospitals, and Chapels, there were 12900 Religious Monks, Priests or Clerks; amongst whom there might be found 12400 Priests, which celebrate what the *Christians* call the Mass. And to maintain so many People, it was computed that the Revenue for this amounted to 3000000 of *Roman Crowns*, without reckoning

reckoning the Alms which were distributed every Day, which amount to the Sum of 4000000 of Gold.

The Curiosity of this Prince went farther; he would know the Number of all his Royal Officers, Governors of Provinces, Towns, Castles, and Citadels; and, in fine, of all Officers, as well of Sea as Land, Judges, Justiciaries of all kinds, and of all these who had Patents from him or his Vice-Roys. And he found they were 83000 who were employed under Letters sealed with his Hand, and 360000 who had them signed under his Principal Ministers.

He would not know the Number of Persons that lived in his States, lest he should become too proud, and to prevent his Fall, said he, into the Sin of *David*, which he yet could not avoid in his own Person, as I have already said; God having spared his Subjects, who had otherwise sufficiently suffered.

One may now say, that this puissant Monarch begins to be dismembered by the Loss of so many Provinces, Kingdoms, and the Places; and that *Philip II.* knew not the full Extent of his Power; *Philip III.* knew not the Greatness of his Forces, nor the Riches which he possesses, because his Ministers governed him; and *Philip IV.* not seeing when he might see, could not see at last when he would.

I think I have said enough to thee to be understood. Do now what thou canst, to make thyself understood by Persons to whom these Advices may be agreeable or profitable; and if thou believest the Knowledge of these Things may be acceptable to the invincible Vizir, who is one of the Lights of the World, endeavour to procure the Favour of this great Man, who governs all the Faithful, and to whom the Divine *Alcoran* serves for a Law. I embrace thee, and cordially kiss thee with the Lips of my Soul, if a Man may so express himself. Adieu.

Paris, 4th of the 7th Moon,

of the Year, 1641.

LETTER V.

To the Invincible Vizir Azem.

THE Post, which came some few Days past here hath brought ill News. One of the King's Armies has been defeated by an Army composed of Foreigners; at the Head of whom was a Prince of France and several Malecontent Lords, who followed him. This Loss has much afflicted the Court, and Paris seems to be thunder-struck. The People discourse and argue hereupon according to their different Humours, most making the Loss greater than it was. But those who having lost their Kinsfolk threaten Revenge; and only those that have heard of the Death of their Friends are silent, because their Grief is above Expression. But all in general appear in such a Consternation, as would make a Man imagine this Stroke is irreparable; so true it is, That Losses are insufferable to those that are not accustomed to lose.

One would think, to hear the *French* talk, that the *Spaniards* are already at the Walls of *Paris*, and that these rebellious Princes are ready to give an Assault to this great Town. They have retired into a Place which they say is impregnable, and which belongs to a *French* Lord; which Place is called *Sedan*, and it is not far thence where this bloody Battle was fought, wherein the King's Party were worsted; but the Malecontents are much afflicted at the Loss of their General, who was killed in the Heat of the Fight. Some say he died by Treachery; others by the Enemy: And there are who affirm, That Cardinal *Richlieu* got rid of him by means of an Assassin, whom he entertained in his Troops: Others also say he killed himself, by lifting up the Vizor of his Helmet with his Pistol, which discharged itself: However, there is dead in the Person of this Prince a Prince of great Valour.

I shall

I shall make thee a Recital of this Adventure ; I shall learn thee the Motives of this War ; inform thee who were the Malecontents, and their Qualities ; and, in fine, by what Cabals this Tempest is raised ; that thou mayest know, great and principal Prop of the *Ottoman Empire*, that Ambition and Jealousy cause Disorders in *France*, as well as in other Countries.

Lewis de Bourbon, Count *de Soissons*, was a Prince of the Blood ; he had such a Fierceness in his Youth, as drove away all from him, who once came near him ; but having got over this Humour, which disoblinded every body, he became popular, and so courteous, that he was now followed as much as he was shunned before. He used the Nobility as became their Quality ; had acquired the Friendship of other Princes, and those of inferior Rank could not enough admire him, He was adored by the Soldiery, beloved and esteemed by the People ; and he had, in a Word, so behaved himself, that he had gotten the general Applause.

Cardinal *Richlieu* has a Niece named *Madam de Cambraillet*, who, having been married to a Gentleman, aspired to an higher Match, seeing all Things to give Place, and humble themselves before her Uncle.

The Cardinal designed by the Marriage of this Niece, to procure himself such a puissant Prop, that nothing should be able to overthrow his Fortune, or oppose his Authority ; He pretended also, his Life would be more in Safety ; and that such an Alliance, with those he already had, would put him out of a Capacity of being ever attacked by any Enemies, secret or declared, whose Number increased as fast as his Authority.

Several affirm, this Priest had Ambition enough to give an Heir, who might one Day ascend the Throne ; when it appeared by the Queen's Barrenness, the King could have no Child to succeed him.

But the State of Affairs being changed, he took other Measures ; and thinking of having the Count in his Alliance, he caused the Proposals of this Marriage of his Niece to be offered the Prince, by one of his

most intimate Confidants ; who offered him at the same Time considerable Sums of Money, and Dignities, to make him Heir of all his vast Estates, and to procure him the greatest Office in the Kingdom, which is that of Constable.

The Count of *Soisson*'s Answer to him that made the Proposal was a Box on the Ear ; being in an extreme Passion at any one's daring to offer him a Match so greatly beneath him, when *Madam de Cambalet* was the Widow of a Gentleman of mean Condition, and Niece to a Cardinal whom he hated, and himself a Prince of the Blood.

The Cardinal's Messenger, desirous his Negotiation should succeed, was not repelled by this Affront. He insisted on the Virtue of the Cardinal's Niece, saying, she would be courted by the Greatest in *France* : And added farther in Commendation of this Lady, That she was a Virgin, although married ; because her Husband, out of Respect, dared not approach her ; and that Heaven has so ordered it, that this Adventure should be found written in the Anagram of her Name.

This Minister could not dissemble his Vexation at the Refusal ; his Choler became excessive, and he resolved to practise his usual Maxim, of violently persecuting those whose Friendship he had sought with most Eagerness. He therefore wholly set himself against this Prince, spoke all the Ill he could of him, publicly threatened his Enemy ; but he valued him not, looking on the Cardinal as beneath his Notice.

In the mean time, the Cardinal plotted to put his Threats into Execution, and brought the King in to countenance him by his Authority ; which obliged the Count to absent himself, and make a Voyage into *Italy*, to avoid the Storm he was threatened with. Yet his Voyage lasted not long, and at his Return the Cardinal did all he could now to win him ; he procured him suitable Employments in the Armies, and made him at length be declared General of that which the King sent on the Frontiers of *Picardy*. Yet this haughty Prince received all with Indifferency, saying only, That

That a Captain was given to the Army, and not an Army to a Captain.

The Grandees of the Court who observed afar off what passed in this Intrigue, instead of mollifying the Count's Humour, did all they could to sharpen it. The Duke of *Orleans*, the King's Brother, who was always this Minister's Enemy, linked himself with *Soissons*, exhorting him not to yield to the Cardinal's Pursuits; and it is said he drew a Promise from him under his Hand, that he would never accept of the Marriage proposed; and they afterwards swore Fidelity to one another, and that they would join together for the Destruction of the common Enemy; and for this Effect they took Measures with Prince *Thomas*, of the House of *Savoy*, who is at present General of the *Spanish* Army in *Flanders*: They also brought the Duke de *Valette*, and several Lords of the Kingdom, into their Party. Almost all the Conspirators were for killing the Cardinal, and the Time of the Stroke should be when he visited the Quarters of the Army which besieged *Corbie*: But the Count alone would not consent to dip his Hands in the Blood of a Priest.

But the Duke de *Valette*, who saw the Danger wherein he was, when the Conspiracy came to be discovered, resolved to shelter himself by the blackest Treachery that could be imagined: He discovered to the Cardinal all the Accomplices; of which the Count de *Soissons* having Notice, he speedily withdrew to *Sedan*. I shall not make thee (invincible Leader) a Description of this Place, which regards on one Side *Luxemburgh*, and on the other *France*, it not lying in my Way to make Draughts of Fortifications like an Engineer, but to give thee a full Account of what the Infidels do, and discover their Designs, whereby thou mayest gather what may make for the Advantage of our Great Monarch, whose Power cannot be shaken, but by the entire Overthrow of the Universe.

Sedan is a Dominion which formerly belonged to the Dukes of *Cleves*, who were Sovereigns of it, and at the same Time Dukes de *Bouillon*. When the Count

was in this Place, he thought himself safe; the *Marſchal de Bouillon*, who was the Maſter of it, by the Teſtament of the laſt of his Family, declared himſelf of his Party, either to make War together againſt the Cardinal by open Force, or drive him out of this Kingdom, or to get rid of him by Death. Here it was they made their ſecret Treaties with thoſe who commanded for the *Spaniards* in the *Low Countries*; and a Prince of the Houſe of *Lorrain* entered into the Cabal. He bears the Cardinal as much ill Will, and appears as reſolute as the reſt for his Deſtruction: He is called the Duke of *Guiſe*.

There wanted only to this Party the Duke of *Orleans*, the King's only Brother; and therefore the Duke of *Guiſe* diſpatched a Meſſenger to him, who ſold in one Day, both his Maſter, and all the reſt that were of the Conſpiracy. He diſcovered all the Secrets of the Cabal; and the better to carry on his Deceit, he cauſed himſelf to be apprehended and thrown into Priſon, having given his Diſpatches to the King's Brother, which he had before ſhewed the Cardinal. This Traytor was not contented with revealing theſe Gentlemen's Secrets, who had ſent him; but alſo made it appear, that the Prince, the King's Brother, was guilty as an Accomplice of the others Rebellion. Thus theſe great Men, grown deſperate at the Diſcovery of their Projects, which were indeed contrary to their Sovereign's Interests, and the Kingdom's, were forced to throw themſelves into the Arms of the *Spaniards*, and to join with them.

They have raiſed Troops amongſt their Vaſſals and Friends, and openly declared themſelves; and fought with great Valour, as I have already mentioned in the Beginning of my Letter. The King's Army has been very ill handled, and it appears that the Advantage was wholly on the Confederates Side; but it has coſt the Count of *Soiſſons* his Life, who was General and Chief of the Party; and it is at preſent diſputed, to whom is due the Honour of the Victory.

I pro-

I prostrate myself continually at thy Feet, to kiss with all Humility the Dust of them, assuring thee, thou hast in me a most faithful Slave, that will never change.

Paris, 15th of the 8th Moon,
of the Year 1641.

LETTER VI.

To Solyman, his Cousin, at Constantinople.

Pontius Pilate was an honefter Man than thou. He, although a *Pagan*, excused himself of the false Sentence he should pronounce on the *Christian's* Messias, by washing his Hands before the *Jews*, who sought his Death: And thou that art a *Mahometan*, as I am, and wafhest thy whole Body in the Baths at *Constantinople*, in the Presence of our Friends, accusest and condemnest me rashly without any Scruple. Thou usest me, like a Rogue; so maliciously art thou set against me, who am of the same Religion which thou professest. How canst thou justify the Hatred thou bearest me, in endeavouring to make the Kaimacham believe, I have been corrupted by the Cardinal, who is the King of *France's* chief Minister? Adding, that he ought no more to heed my Letters and Relations sent to the Sublime *Porte* (where lie prostrate all the Powers of the World) as not written by an *Arabian*, but by a Sacrilegious Heretick; that I deceive the Mufti, so venerable for the Authority which he has in such an Holy Religion, of which he is the worthy Head; and that I amuse him by my Letters, the better to conceal my Change, seeing I adore in my Heart, and publicly profess an entire Submission to the Decrees of the *Roman* Prelate.

The Quality of thy Cousin, which I have whether I will or no, is so far from with-holding thee, that it is made use of to carry on thy pernicious Designs. O!
unworthy

unworthy Kinsman! Infamous Hypocrite! Thou wilt discredit me, and break off the Course of my Employment, because I serve effectually the greatest Prince of the Universe. Thou approvedst not only my Conduct when I began my Endeavours, under the Orders of the Ministers of the Divan; but thou applaudst me, gave me Praises: And now, when all the Ministers are satisfied with me, and approved of my Behaviour, and gave me their Commendations, thou art the only Man who thinkest it fitting to traverse me, to obscure my Reputation, and blacken my Actions. Is this the Fruit of thy Studies with *Hippo* at *Athens*, to whom thou owest thy Knowledge of *Greek* Authors, which thou so greatly braggest of? Answer me unjust Cousin, What is thy Design of having me called away by thy base Defamations? When did I offend thee, and wherein I pray? But thy Artifices, how great and malicious soever they be, will not prevail over the Sincerity of my Heart and as I shall always, exactly perform my Duty, so I fear not the Loss of my Prince's Favour; he will approve of what I do, and thou wilt die with Envy and Despite.

I needed not have been mistaken: I might have seen the Falseness of thine Heart by thy Countenance. Thou art an *Heraclitus*, always melancholy, and out of Humour, that cannot rejoice, should Heaven favour our invincible Monarch's Projects. Thou art a false *Zeno*, who, under the affected Appearance, of a Stoick, concealest a cynical Heart, whose critical Humour is always biting on the Actions of others. Nature has covered thy Face with Sadness mixt with a deadly Paleness, because thou art always busied about some doleful Matter. In like manner it appears, that *Pythagoras* has instructed thee to speak little, as knowing thou art not fit to say or do any Thing but what is hurtful. I know not what is become of *Isauf*, having no Account of him. I am afraid thou hast corrupted this my Kinsman, that I might have no Ally or faithful Friend. Thou hast not failed to instruct him well, having given him so good an Example; and, he has
without

without doubt, been ungrateful, as to imitate thee. He is returned from *Mecha*, and makes me no Answer, giving me no Account whether he has made the Offering for me on the Mountain, whether he has sacrificed the Sheep, whether he has distributed the Alms I enjoined him, whether he will send me, as I intreated him, a small Piece of the old Hangings of the sacred Mosque. But I will not concern my self so much at what others do, my Intention being to complain only of thee, because others Offences are not comparable to thine, thou having not left one Stone unturned to ruin me.

Continue then in thine ill Nature: I write only to acquaint thee, that I am not ignorant of whatever thou hast done against me. There is no Body but old *Babs* thine Uncle, who can work a Change in thee: Go to him; be not ashamed to see a Man who is employed in the meanest Works, to have more Judgment than thee: Shew him the Infirmities of thy Soul; or, to speak better, confess to him all the ill Things thou hast done, if thou hast any Intentions of becoming an honest Man. Although he be but a Carpenter, he knows better than thee to form the Mind; and can teach thee how to polish and square thy Soul, as he polishes a Piece of Oak, though never so hard and knotty.

He is perfectly instructed in the Law; he is brought up in the Principles of Religion; he will guide thee, if thou wilt suffer him, in the Way which leads to Perfection; he will not permit thee to lye; he will put thee on making Restitution to those, whose good Name thou hast unjustly taken; and he will comfort thee, if thou beest really sorrowful for the Ill thou hast done, and if thou shewest thy Regret at thy former Purposes of destroying a Kinsman that loved thee, and still wishes thee all kinds of Happiness, if thou repentest of thy unjust Persecutions, and if of a bad Cousin, which thou hast been, thou wilt become a sincere and hearty Friend.

Paris, 25th of the 10th Moon,
of the Year 1641.

LETTER

LETTER VII.

To Dgnet Oglou.

I Say not that those are Fools that are in Love, but must needs think, that those who believe lightly, are not overladen with Discretion. It is hard for a Man always to keep himself from falling into a Passion; but it is not so hard for a Man to keep himself from believing Things with too great Facility, and from being caught with Falshoods, which are the most constant Attendants of Women.

Thou hast spoke the Truth to me, in sending me the Balm of Aloes I wrote for; and I shall not answer thee with Lyes, in speaking of *Daria*, who is the Subject of the Letter which I received from thee. Let me thank thee, without saying any Thing of the Present thou madest me, which is very magnificent and acceptable; and suffer me to complain to thee freely of the Hurt which another has done me. I need not consult my Register, to remember whatever I wrote to thee about this *Greek*; my Heart, which is yet full of it, reproaches me every Moment for having said too much to thee on that Subject.

Never any Thing appeared to me so desireable, as that Herb which *Homer* called *Nepente*, to cure me of the cruel Distemper, with which I am tormented. This Prince of Poets makes a Queen of our *Egypt*, to present this admirable Simple to *Helena*, which has the Virtue of appeasing immediately all Dolours, and makes us forget the Vexations and Offences offered us. But thou wilt not understand me, unless I tell thee clearly, That *Daria* has forgotten all the Promises she made me, as soon as ever she was from me; not remembering in any Sort my Love. It is true, she wrote twice to me since her Departure, but in so cold a Style, that it is plainly seen her Heart is as cold as Ice to me. As soon as ever she saw herself in the Arms of her
Husband,

Husband, she made him a Sacrifice of my Passion ; and, the better to make her Court him, and persuade him of her Fidelity, she delivered to him my Letters. The Husband laughed in reading them, and said to her, in a Jeer to me: *A Man then so desperately in Love has only sigh'd and wrote ? He has done something more* (replied this dissembling Woman) *having promised to send me a Box of White Balm of Mecha, and Aloes-Wood, to perfume me, which yet I do not expect to receive soon, and perhaps never : For if Mahmut be not become a Fool, he will as soon forget me, as I shall certainly forget him. And what hast thou promised this Barbarian ?* replied immediately the Husband. *I promised,* replied Daria, *to send with my Picture that of the most chaste of all Women ; which yet I do not pretend to do, without your Consent, nay, and Command.*

What I now inform thee comes from a Place, which makes me not at all doubt the Certainty of it But having learned by what I relate the Virtue of this Woman, now hear what the Husband's was ; who having seen my Picture, and commanded the Painter that drew it, embraced tenderly his Wife, whom he respected as a most singular Example of Conjugal Fidelity. Thou wilt wonder at Daria's Weakness in shewing him my Picture ; she did do it, and her Confidence has turned to Account, she having received a thousand chaste Embraces for a Recompence. Thou seest here the Happiness of the *Christian* Women, who have Husbands who take so favourably the Offences done them during their Absence.

In the mean time, Daria's Picture does not come ; she returns no more Answer to my Letters, which has discouraged me to write to her for some time. My Passion begins not to be so violent ; and this great Fire which consumed me, will soon turn into Ashes. I have been mightily mistaken, for it is only amongst Persons of an equal Condition, where true and lasting Friendships are to be found. Let us Love, my dear Dgnet, let the Bonds of our Friendship be such, as will never break nor be dissolved. Daria is really a great Example of Fide-

Fidelity to her Husband ; but she is also an Example of Inconstancy and Treachery to a Lover, who had sacrificed all to her.

I am resolv'd henceforward to love no Woman ; and I am certain, my dear Friend, that my Resolution shall hold. Rejoice with me at my Cure, and believe, that if a fine and charming Woman disorder'd my Brains, the good Humour and Patience of her Husband has brought me again to my Senses. My Adventure should make thee careful to avoid the like Inconveniencies ; but thou canst not run that Risque, being happy with the other *Mussu'men* of *Constantinople*, who have Laws which restrain and hinder them from falling into the like Irregularities.

I hope also, thou wilt give over being my Rival, if thou hast ever had any Kindness for this ungrateful *Greek*. If Men must love once in their Lives, let them have a Care of falling into these Excesses which deprive them of their Reason, and make them repent of their Love all the Days of their Lives. My Repentance is great ; and though my Passion be not wholly extinct, yet I feel a Joy which makes me know, That I shall by degrees lose my Passion for her.

Thou mayest be well tired with this long Discourse ; but I shall end it, in sending thee a Description which one of the greatest Wits in *Spain* has made of Woman.

He says, *They be the Sources of Life and Death, that they are to be considered as Fire, because they use all that come near them as that Element does ; yet they give Man a certain necessary Heat : They are fine Things ; bring Joy to Families and whole Towns ; but are dangerous to keep, enflaming all that comes near them, and reducing them commonly into Ashes. They usually give a great Lustre, but this Lustre is never without such a Smoak, as darkens the Understanding, and makes them often shed Tears, who only behold them. He that has a Commerce with Woman, spends his Life in Melancholy, and yet they are seldom seen without Danger. The Way to manage them is not to do excessive Things for them, no more than wholly to neglect them,*

them. *A Man oft obtains them easily, and commonly loses them more easily. Fire and Women are exactly the same; and he that said Women are Fires which burn all Things, has said likewise, that Fire is like Women, which consumeth all Things.*

But our religious *Arabians* have spoken yet more elegantly, when they wrote, *That God made a particular Paradise for them; because, say they, should they enter into that of a Man, they would soon change it into a Hell.*

Eve played her Part so well, when she was seduced by the Serpent in the Terrestrial Paradise, that she deceived her Spouse also, that he might lie under the like Condemnation. But however, this Sex having, among so many Defects, something that is amiable, let us love them at least, because of their Usefulness for continuing the Species, but not for their Beauty; whose Enchantments corrupt the Mind, and hinder all the excellent Operations of it: For *Men perhaps would be Angels, were there no Women; I mean bad Ones; for good Women, as well as good Men, can do no Hurt.* Adieu.

Paris, 20th of the 10th Moon,
of the Year 1641.

LETTER VIII.

To Carcoa at Vienna.

THE Courier, which is now arrived, has brought me Letters and Money from thee. I shall receive the Money upon the Bill of Exchange, when it is due, under the Name of *Titus*. I am extremely obliged to thee for the Care thou hast taken in procuring it me, being in a Country where good Words are of no Credit. I have received also the Box, wherein is the Balm and Aloes sent me by my Friend *Oglou*, all in good Condition, and come in good Time. I want

want only to know how it is with *Ihsuf*; for he writes no more to me. I am informed he is returned from his Pilgrimage, and yet has not sent to thee what I desired him to bring from *Mecha*.

I will not complain of any Body; if I do, it shall be of my self. Take Care of the Letters I send thee, and let me know whether we may hope well from the *Grand Signior*, and what is reported at the Court where thou art, and if there be any Likelihood of making War afresh against the Infidels.

My Health is indifferent. I live here without Suspicion; and though Cardinal *Richlieu* be an *Argus*, he is blind to what concerns me; for he knows nothing of my Business; or feigns so at least; neither do I do or say any Thing which may make me suspected for an Enemy.

I assure thee I love God, have a great Respect for his Law, and follow my Business with great Fidelity. If thou wilt have me do more, advertise thy Friend of it, whom thou knowest; shew me the Example, and live happily.

Paris, 22d of the 10th Moon,
of the Year 1641.

LETTER IX.

To Berber Mustapha, Aga at Constantinople.

WE have arrived to the End of the Year which the Infidels solemnize by Bonfires, and which I mark by an extraordinary Sadness. I complain not, in that Time, making it self the Master of my Heart, will soon begin to weaken it. I understand the Follies of those Vows, which are made to Heaven, for the obtaining of a long Life. Those that desire it are wont to make contrary ones, when they become overwhelmed with the Infirmities which attend for the most part old Age. The Occasion of my Complaints is of another

other Nature; I am troubled at the being so far from my Friends and Country, and at my being banished into an Enemy's Country, where I must live like a Man that is in continual Fear, among People who seem to matter nothing.

Thou art now above fifty Years of Age, and I not above thirty two; and yet I know thou reflectest not much thereupon, thinking thou hast still a long Time to live. Thou art of a strong Constitution, art a Lover of Pleasures, searching them every where without any Thoughts of Death, who will spare thee no more than others whose Health is decayed; for he comes taking great Strides towards us all. Thou art very fortunate, I must needs say, in conserving in a Body so near old Age a young Man's Spirit; which is far from my Disposition: For when thou art in Pursuit of Divertisements, I am continually thinking of Death; because I believe I have lived too long.

Should the King, or Cardinal near whom I live, know this Night, that *Mahmut* who writes to thee is one of the *Grand Signior's* Spies, I should lose my Life, perhaps, before the next Light: Yet the Fear of such an Adventure gives me no disquiet; having entirely sacrificed my self to the Master I serve, who commands all Men on the Earth. Should these Barbarians put me to Death, I shall only finish a little sooner, that Course which I must certainly one Day put an End to; and if I live, I shall have neither Recompence to expect, nor Pain to apprehend.

Here is much Talk about the Duke of *Lorraine*; yet there has been more done against him, than said. The *French* affirm, That in stripping this Prince of his Countries he has been very mercifully dealt with; for Justice required more. There are, on the contrary, other People, who do not believe it is possible to do a greater Piece of Injustice. In fine, every Man speaks after his Manner.

It is said moreover, that this Sovereign being come again into the King's Favour, who had given him a thousand Testimonies of good Will, after what has passed

passed in 1634, when this Court had great Reasons to complain of his Conduct; he drew down again fresh the Indignation of *France* upon him, by a Fault which cannot be excused. I think, this Duke had concluded two Treaties that Year, promising a Submission and eternal Obedience. He had the Honour to dine with the King; and having rendered him Homage for the Duchy of *Bar*, he again threw himself into the Arms of the *Austrians*; although he had sworn on the Gospels, (a Book as much respected amongst the *Christians*, as the *Alcoran* is among the true Faithful) that he would never forsake the Interests of *France*, what Wars soever she might find; that he would be perpetually fixed to the Interests of that Crown; and never hold any Correspondence with the House of *Austria*. In consideration of which, *Lewis* should re-establish this Prince in his Estates, which he was to surrender entirely, bating some Places, and the Capital, called *Nanci*, which he would retain during the War, as a Pledge for the Performance of what he had sworn to; and which yet was to be given up, after the Conclusion of the Peace. It is added, that this Sovereign having Occasion to complain of the *Spanish* Ministers, and the Grandees of this Nation who carry on the War in *Flanders*; he had writ to the Cardinal Infant, Governor of the Low-Countries, a Letter to this Purpose, and very near these Words.

The King of France having required me to join myself with my Troops to his Army near Sedan; I would not obey this puissant King, much less your Highness, seeing the Towns subject to the Spaniards treat me as if I were an Enemy.

The Ladies have had a great Part in this Accommodation of the Duke of *Lorraine*; which has had, like a the Works of Women, a direful Event. This Prince, being become amorous of a *Frenth* Lady, was for repudiating his lawful Princess, to whom he owes all his Estate; beginning to separate from her, that he might give himself entirely to the Countess of *Cantecroix*; whom he used as his real Wife.

Good

Good People are sorry for their Prince's Disgrace, as believing his Condition to be past Remedy. The devout Party say, That having been unjustly deprived of his Estates, God will work Miracles in his Favour; considering no less than three hundred Saints, as they say, have been of his Family, which must needs reconcile him to the Favour of Heaven; amongst which is the famous *Godfrey of Bullen*, who won *Jerusalem* and all *Palestine* from the *Saracens*; whom we must own to have been a great Man, whether we consider his Courage or Zeal for his Religion, which ought to make his Memory famous to all Ages.

I can tell thee nothing more certain on this Subject, having endeavoured to be informed of what I write to thee to satisfy thy Curiosity: And whatever I now recite, has past in *France* with little Noise, or rather with great Silence, as to me; for indeed I must with Shame confess, that I have scarce heard in *Paris* this Event, so famous throughout *Europe*.

Man has nothing but what comes from Heaven, and commonly the strongest, when he has Right on his Side, subdues the Weak, and enriches himself with his Spoils.

By the Law of Nature, every one has Right of judging his own Necessities, and the Greatness of the Danger wherein he finds himself; and if it be contrary to Reason, I should be judge of my own Danger, it is reasonable another should be so. But the same Reason, which establishes another Judge of what concerns me, has made me his Judge; and, consequently, gives me Authority to judge of the Sentence which he shall give against me; and to decide whether it be just, when it is favourable to me, or unjust, if it be contrary to my Interests.

Nature has given all to Men, and thou, and I, and all Men have an equal Right to all Things, hence we have Power to do whatever we will, to possess and enjoy what we think is fitting; and yet, such an extensive Right is just as if we had Right to Nothing: For, at the same Time, I have Right to a Thing which
pleasea

pleases me, another stronger than my self by Virtue of the same Right takes it from me, and enjoys it in spite of me. Hence it is, that one Man invades another with the same Right with which he defends himself, whence do, and will spring up always the Occasions of Jealousies and Discord which are among Men; which make them at continual Defiance with one another, and keep them in a continual Watchfulness over their Neighbours.

It is this Liberty founded in Nature, which makes it lawful in time of War to resist and invade, not only by open Force, but with all the secret Arts and Stratagems that can be devised; and when a Man would avoid the Danger he is in, in fighting, and his Enemy in his Hands, he has a Right to use all Means to avoid him, and secure himself from him.

Thou wilt approve of these Reflections, which shew thee the natural Right thou hast of commanding me, as being thy inferior; and, I hope, by what I have written to have satisfied thy Curiosity; and by my Submission and Obedience, to have given thee a Proof of my profound Respects to thee.

Paris, 7th of the last Moon,
of the Year 1641.

LETTER X.

To Bedredin, Superior of the Dervises of Cogni in Natolia.

LET me, most holy and patient *Dervise*, salute thee with my Head bowed down to the Ground, with the greatest Humility I am able. I now write to thee with my Feet naked, without either Hose or Shoes, as a Mark of my Respect or Veneration, which I have for thy old Age, and the Admiration I have at thy incorruptible Innocency.

The

The Kindness thou shewest me by the long Letter I have received, has given me such Joy as I cannot express; as makes me forget my past Pains, and hinders me from thinking of those which are to happen to me; for I can now willingly leave this World, having had such Testimonies of thy Affection. Thy great Age does not astonish me, seeing thy Father, who is yet alive, is 107 Years old, and thou not above 82; which makes me hope to see, a great while yet, both one and the other draw down, by their Prayers, and Merit of their good Actions, the Blessing of Heaven on the glorious Empire of the Ottoman Court, to whom all the Empires and Monarchies of the World ought to submit. The thirty Brethren, who presented themselves to *Se-lim*, to be enrolled in the Troops which were to serve against the *Persians*, made the Father, who had them all by one Woman, to pass for the happiest of all the *Mussulmans*, in having the good Fortune to beget such a Number of the most noble Species in Nature. But thou and thy Father must needs be more happy than this fertile Parent. Thy Father has fought, and come out victorious, from the Perversity of the Age, full of Scars and Sufferings, through the Force of his Courage, the Innocency of his Manners, and his great Sobriety; and, as to thy Part, what hast not thou done to make thyself the worthy Son of so glorious a Father? Thou hast not only done what thy Father did before thee; thou hast acquired the same Virtues, and hast so far out-done them, that one may say, Thou hast surpassed Virtue itself. Thy Strength is admirable in the midst of Abstinencies, and other Austerities which thou undergoest; in which, it is certain, thou canst not be imitated. But Heaven, to whom only thou livest, will recompence in this World thy pure Faith, which the Enemy of Mankind can never weaken.

The *Christians* say, when God gave them the Commandments, he promised long Life to such only who perfectly honoured those, who, under God, brought them into the Light. If this be true, as it is very like-

ly, it is not to be doubted, but that a Long Life is the Recompence which God gives those who live well: And the Nazarenes, who are Criticks, affirm, That Sin alone is the Cause that Men do not live so long as they did before the Deluge, for then they remained such a while in Life, as would tempt one to think they were to have been immortal. They say, that after the Deluge God changed the Nature of Men, and instead of that great Number of Years, which made up the Course of so long a Life, they cannot live at farthest above 120 Years, and that there are few which arrive to 80; and whatever is beyond this is Misery and Torment, or a Kind of Senselessness, which makes Men like Beasts.

I know few People but what are agreed, one may cure or mitigate the Inconveniencies which happen to us; but few are of Opinion, That Life can be lengthened; yet, if this is possible, we may then believe a Story which is believed here, and which happened the Year past in *Paris*.

An ancient Man went to a Dervise of this great Town, and thus accosted him: I am come, Reverend Father, to know of you, whether I may in good Conscience determine to live no longer, being quite weary of living. I have already arrived to the 120th Year of my Age, by means of a Liquor which Chymistry has taught me, whereby I did scarce perceive from any thing I felt, that I was going down; yet, however, this long Life appears at present to me irksome and intolerable. My Blood is so purified in my Veins, that I have remained without any of those Passions wherein Mankind are generally subject. My Taste serves me no longer to discover the Delicacy of Foods. My Ears, although they be not deaf, yet will not let me distinguish true Harmony from what is only a Confusion of Sounds. Mine Eyes are open to see, but are not charmed with any Object. My Faculty of Smelling is struck with Darts, yet they make no Impression on it. I touch, but I feel not what I touch; and I touch all Things indifferently. Mine Heart is no longer sensible, nor affected with Tenderness and Passion for my Friends. Bile in me has

no longer its usual Heat. Joy and Sorrow, Anger, Desire of having, Hope and Hatred, are extinguished in me; whereby I am become insensible in conserving, if I may so say, all my Senses. I am resolv'd therefore to let myself die, provided you can assure me I may do it without Sin; for should I remain two Days without taking this precious Elixir, I am certain I shall soon expire, and so be deliver'd from the Vexation which overwhelms me. It is said that the *Derwize* answered this *Philosopher*, That he might not desire Death, but, on the contrary, preserve his Life; and supposing he made Use of no Secret of Magick to prolong his Days, he should believe that the marvellous Portion, of which he had found the Secret by his Study and Travel, was a Present from Heaven: That it is true, he would be rid of a troublesome Life, but he could not procure the End of it without a Crime; and that he was oblig'd to preserve it, to suffer with greater Submission the Pains he complain'd of, which could not be comparable to the Pleasures he received, by enjoying the Gift which God had bestow'd on him.

The Great God preserve thy Days beyond those of this *Philosopher*, and accompany them with whatever may give thee Satisfaction: But I beseech him, above all Things, that he may never slip out of thy Memory the Promise thou hast made me, of having always a particular Respect to thy Servant *Mahmut*, who reverences thy Holiness.

Paris, 15th of the 1st Moon,
of the Year 1642.

To the Redoubtable Vizir Azem.

LETTER XI.

I Make thee an Answer, invincible Warrior, by whose Counsels the formidable Empire of the *Ottomans* is govern'd under the Orders of the most mighty of the Princes of the Earth, and whose Arm is terri-

rible to all the Potentates of the World. I have read thy Letter, wherewith thou honouredst the most submissive of thy Slaves, with all Humility which is due to thy sublime Grandeur, whereunto thy Merit has raised thee. And, having cast myself at thy Feet in Spirit, seeing I cannot really kiss them, I obey the Orders thou sendest me, which are to me inviolable Laws.

Banniere, the *Swedish* General, is dead. When *Picolomini*, one of the Generals of the Emperor's Army, lay just by him; in half an Hour's Time he saved himself, the Army, all the Baggage and Cannon, and retired with incredible Swiftneſs over Mountains and Forests, where the Beasts alone could make Passages, having continually the Emperor's Army at his Back. He was a Man of great Valour, had been highly serviceable to the Crown of *Swedeland*, and acquired the Reputation of an excellent Commander. The Emperor had offered him some time before great Recompences, and the Dignity of a Prince of the Empire, if he would change his Master, and forsake the Confederates Party. He had also offered, thinking this might more move him, to make him General of his Army against the *Grand Signior*: But he refused all these Offers, his Fidelity being unmoveable.

This great Captain was born in *Swedeland*, and when a Child, he fell down from a high Window, without receiving any Hurt; which made the King imagine, Heaven designed him for something extraordinary. He travelled much in his Youth, and he was seen never tired in running to all Places where there was any War; sometimes in *Poland*, and other whiles in *Muscovia*; and being become General of his King's Army, he soon acquired the Reputation of one of the greatest Captains of the Northern Parts. He was perfectly skilled in the Art of Encamping, and no body could ever better draw up an Army for Battle. His Way of Retreat from before an Army stronger than his must needs be admired by all the World. He ever chose good Posts; and when once he was possessed

essed of them; he knew well how to keep them; so that he was never defeated, whatever Forces his Enemy might bring against him. He has destroyed four-score Thousand Men in different Rencounters, and *Swedeland* glories in having above six hundred Standards. He was so like King *Gustavus*, that they have been often taken for one another. He was never covetous, but was observed to be a good Husband. Among so many Occasions wherein he signalized himself, what he did when the *Swedish* Army was worsted at *Norlinge* is most remarkable; he preserved the rest, though wholly forsaken by the Allies; and so ordered the Matter, that he raised fresh Troops almost in an Instant, and gave his Party Time and Courage to rise up. And this is all I could learn of this great Captain, whose Reputation has given thee this Curiosity.

Although *Don Duarte de Braganza*, the new King of *Portugal's* Brother, served with great Reputation in the Emperor's Army; yet it is said, the *Spaniards* had been very urgent with this Monarch, to make him be apprehended, as soon as ever they heard the King his Brother was raised to the Throne. But, it is said, the Emperor was scandalized with such a Proposition, alledging this would be against the Rules of Hospitality. But the Empress's Confessor found such Reasons in his Divinity, as brought over the Emperor to yield he should be delivered into the *Spanish* Minister's Hands, who conducted him with a very strong Party to the Castle of *Milan*, whence he is not like to stir out, till his Brother shall restore the Crown of *Portugal* to *Philip IV.* of *Spain*.

I shall write what remains behind to the *Kaimacham*, who has the Honour of being thy Lieutenant; that I may not tire thee, who art to be revered as the Instrument of the Will of the Master of Lights, and all whose Hours are destined to the Government of the World.

May it please him who of nothing has created all Things, that thou mayest lay one Day at the Feet of the *Grand Signior* the Crowns of all the Monarchs,

who command in the Infidels Countries, and become thereby the Arbitrer of the Universe.

Paris, 18th of the 1st Moon,
of the Year 1642.

L E T T E R XII

To the Kaimacham, at Constantinople.

THIS King here has mortified his Parliament, by the Advice of Cardinal *Richlieu*. The Parliament are Bodies of learned Men, who decide all Affairs in the Kingdom, as well Civil as Criminal; and the Parliament of *Paris* has a larger Jurisdiction than all others, and as considerable Prerogatives. What I have to say on this Subject has happened from the Beginning of the last Year; and now I relate it, because I forgot to do it when the Thing happened: And I will inform thee, before I enter on the Matter, what obliged heretofore the Kings of *France* to set up this great Seat of Justice.

The ancient Kings of *France* gave it Authority of approving and verifying the Edicts and Declarations which they should make, which was a Bar which these wise Princes would fix between the People and the Sovereign Authority. Whence it appeared, that Monarchy was mixed with Aristocracy; without which the Wise have thought that States could not long subsist. And the Princes of this Age have submitted to a Tribunal, re-established by themselves, the Resolutions they take, to the End they may discharge themselves towards God, to whom they are accountable, as well as other Men; and to obtain Confidence from their Subjects, in taking from amongst them Arbiters to regulate them. Yet they have ever reserved the Liberty of making Use of their absolute Power, as is seen in their Letters Patents, where they forget not to insert these Words: [*For such is our Will and Pleasure.*]

These

These Monarchs also thought hereby to have found out a Way to defend themselves from the Importunities of the Grandees, who often demanded such Things which could not be granted without Prejudice to the whole Kingdom.

The Authority of the now reigning King being out of Danger of being shaken or destroyed, this Monarch having his Exchequer well stored, his valiant and experienced Captains, stout Soldiers, and numerous Armies, and good Fleets of Ships at Sea; whereby he would make known to this puissant Tribunal, That if it had been set up to assist the King by its Counsels when required, yet it must not pretend that its Decrees should become Laws to their Sovereigns. He went to the Parliament with all the Marks of Grandeur with which he is usually attended on these Days of Ceremony, and with such a great Company of Lords, as made the Power of this Monarch easily discerned. He gave these Gentlemen to understand, he would have them ratify, without more ado, the Orders he would send them, which they term Edicts, requiring them immediately to be enregistered. He afterwards gave them an express Charge not to concern themselves henceforward in Affairs of State; and to humble them the more, he declared to them, That he would be henceforward the Disposer of Graces and Offices, and bestow Recompences to such as deserved them. He added hereunto an Order of giving an Account every Year to his Chancellor of their Departments, and to come and receive every Year his Majesty's Approbation to continue them in their Offices. And, as a Mark of his Indignation and Authority, he put by the President and some Counsellors from their Places.

This bold and politick Action was done (as I may say) in the Midst of Dancings and Diversions, the more to denote the Monarch's Authority; and in the Time of such magnificent Feastings as became the Pomp of the greatest Emperors, in the Palace of the Cardinal for the Marriage of his Niece, *Mademoiselle*

de Breze, with the Prince of *Conde's* eldest Son, called the Duke *d'Enguien*; a Prince from whom the World expects great Things, and who all *France* believes will prove one of the famousest Princes in *Christendom*.

The *Catalonians* are obstinate in their Revolt; their Deputies have been already seen in this Court, to intreat a good Supply from this King; and it is not to be doubted but they will earnestly sue for his Protection: And *France* has already sent Troops near those Parts, and its Fleets appear on the Coasts to encourage this Nation, and mortify the *Spaniards*. There are a great many Troops raised here; and this Monarch will have in the Spring eight Armies, commanded by Generals of great Valour and Experience, besides these two Fleets; so that *Germany*, *Lorrain*, the *Low-Countries*, *Catalonia*, and *Italy*, are like to be exposed to the Miseries of an impoverishing War. Only *Germany* seems to me able to defend itself.

The vast Genius of the *French* Minister astonishes all the Princes of *Europe*; he breaks all their Measures, and makes a secret War against them in their own Courts. Nothing can escape his vigilant Care; he keeps his own Secrets so strictly, that his nearest Friends cannot discover them. His Power and Authority are so great, that the Princes of the Blood are nothing in Comparison of him; and his Fame makes him as much respected Abroad as at Home.

His Friends affirm he is ignorant of nothing which is projected in *Europe*. *England* is the Place which he has last attacked, its Civil Wars owing their Original to his Designs.

I pray Heaven favour thy just Pretensions, and every Day increase thy heroick Virtues.

Paris, 15th of the 1st Moon,

of the Year 1642.

LETTER

LETTER XIII.

To the most Excellent and most Venerable
Musti, Sovereign Prelate of the Holy Re-
ligion of the Faithful Mussulmen.

HE of whom I wrote so many Particulars, some Moons ago, to obey, as I ought the express Command thou laidest upon me, not only is still living, but is more absolute than ever, in what concerns his Ministry. Yet is it false, that this Cardinal finding nothing more (as thou writest to me, it is talk-*ed of Constantinople*) to satisfy his Ambition, (which puts him still upon desiring something farther; being become the absolute Master of what depends on the Kingdom of *Lewis XIII.*) had Designs of making himself absolute Master of what concerns Religion. But he was too knowing a Man, to design the being the Superior General of all the *French Dervises*; a Thing which neither the King of *France*, nor the Pope would permit. I rather think, this Minister's Design has been to subject all the *Christian* Princes to his Master's Interests.

The *Ottoman* Empire would have some Reason to be afraid, were all the *Roman* Prelates wise enough to chuse this Man for their Pope. We should see in a short Time all *Asia* agitated by his Intrigues against the Followers of the great *Mahomet*; and those that follow *Ali* would not enjoy a much greater Security. Thou knowest that the greatest Marks which the Popes can give of their Piety during their Pontificate, is to stir up Wars, and make Leagues against us to overthrow our Empire. Think then what this great Man would do, were he the Head of the *Christians*, with those Abilities, and great Vigilance which he every where keeps; seeing, that being only a Subject, and Minister of one Prince, he so governs himself, that there is no

Nation, how far soever distant, but holds its Eyes open on his Conduct: And a Pope being always chosen from amongst the Cardinals, and the Pope now reigning being very old, it may happen that this dangerous Man shall be chosen.

Thou then, whose pure Life makes us believe thou art a Saint, pray the Great God to hinder such an Event, which will without Question disturb the Empire of him whom he has chosen to humble all other Potentates, and shew on Earth the Greatness of his Power; and rather than such a Misfortune should befall us, pray him that has created all Things, that this Man's Eyes be opened to know and embrace the true Faith: For, it were better (if I may so say without displeasing thee) that this Cardinal should be a bad Musti at *Constantinople*, than a good Pope at *Rome*, at the Head of all the *Nazarenes*.

It is said that a foreign King consulted this Oracle; (for he is held in as great Veneration as if he was one) what Conduct he should hold to live securely: And it is said, the Cardinal made this Answer: *That Kings should live in Fear, and then they would live in Safety; it being certain they would receive no Poison from the Hands of those who do not present them their Drink, no more than they can receive Wounds from those whom they keep at a great Distance from them. Those who will not flatter them, will not deceive them; and where they shall think themselves in greatest Safety, that will always be the Place of greatest Danger.*

I am persuaded, grave and wise Prelate, thou wilt approve of the Answer of this Minister. *Julius Caesar* lived in the midst of Combats, but died in the midst of the Senate.

Next, after God, it is before thee, Great Minister of Heaven, that I humble myself, intreating thee to receive graciously the profound Respects of thy Slave *Mahmut*.

Paris, 25th of the 2d Moon,
of the Year 1642.

LETTER

LETTER XIV.

To his Mother Oucoumiche, at Constantinople.

IT may be said, I have escaped from a mortal Sickness, and remain in Life, only to hear the Complaints of my Friends, who recite to me their Misfortunes; and of my Kindred, who entertain me with the Losses they have sustained. Thou addest, my dear Mother, a new Torment to the Pains I already suffer, by shedding so many fruitless Tears. Oh! how cruel is my Country, that gives so many Occasions of Affliction to those to whom she has given their Birth! Thou hast lost the greatest part of thine Estate in the Fire of Constantinople, and Death has deprived thee of thy second Husband. I was but a Child when my Father died, so that I could not then judge of thy Grief; neither was I sensible of my own Loss. Now that I am a Man, I enter into thy Sentiments, I share in thy Grief; and do all I can to comfort thee.

Thou hast lost thy first and second Husband, and thou hast reason to afflict thyself. If the first was an honest Man, it is certain the other loved thee extremely; and the Charms of thy Countenance have not a little served thee to acquire the Affection of these two Husbands, which thou knewest how to keep by thy Complacencies and blind Obedience to their Wills; and by such a prudent Carriage, as, one may say, thou wouldest force them to love thee, hadst thou not done it by the Charms of thy Beauty.

But what shall we do in this thy extream Affliction, and in the troublesome Condition I am for the Grief thou endurest, which mingles my Ink with my Tears? Yet we must endeavour to be comforted with a firm Resolution not to afflict ourselves but at the Loss of such Things which will never be in our Power to recover. Thou at the Loss of the Reputation which thou hast acquired of a virtuous Woman; and I at that of an honest Man.

When my Father died, it was not all the Philosophy nor Eloquence of the *Greeks* which could comfort thee; thy Affliction was stronger than all their Reasons; and when these officious Comforters had forsaken thee, thou soughtest Ease to thy Trouble in a new Spouse. Him now thou hast lost, but now thou art still in a Condition from hindring this Loss from being irreparable. Thy Virtue has never been questioned, and thou art not as yet so old, but thou mayest think of another Husband. Seek a third, which may make thee forget thy Sorrow for the second. And if thou findest him not immediately, or if thou have some Trouble in seeking a like Comfort to thy Affliction, receive in this Letter the Tears of another Mother, which will shew thee there is a Woman of a far higher Condition, that is more afflicted than thou art.

Paris is still full of the Cries and Sighs which come from a Princess of the first Rank. She has now lost a great Prince, her Son, who is slain in a Battle which he had won by a strong Army, of which he was General. Read in my Letter the lively and tender Expressions of the Grief of this illustrious Mother, which draws Compassion from his Enemies, who are forced by the Rules of Civility to make her Visits. Thus does she speak every Day and Hour to Persons who come to visit her; and when there is no Body, she thus speaks to herself.

This unfortunate Woman is not a Moment without sighing; and one would think by her Language, she intended to recall the Soul which has quitted the Body of her Son, the unhappy Count of *Soissons*: Poor Count, a Son so tenderly loved, and so greatly deserved it, where is thy Body now to be found, dyed in Blood, and in that of thy Enemies? What Victory? Where are those glorious Marks, that should give me so great Joy, and which give me such Cause of Despair? Why did I bring thee forth into the World, unfortunate Son, if I must so soon lose thee? Miserable Mother, Unhappy Son? How art thou Conqueror, when I see no other Trophy of thy Victory than thy Death! I hear from all Parts, that the Count

is victorious, and yet I hear every where that his Enemies rejoice. I see, dear Son, all thy Domesticks that followed thee return without Wounds, and yet I do not see their Master. None of them can tell me where he is, and in what Place their General lies, who fought with so great Valour, and Success to his Party. But, they are all agreed, the Battle was won, that my Son is a Conqueror, and that he has lost his Life. Unfortunate Fight, which has made equally bewailed the Death of the victorious General by his Mother, and the Defeat by the Vanquished! Would to God thou hadst been vanquished, thou mightest have lived. I should not have been in this Condition of following thee. It would have been no Shame to have been defeated, it would have been only a Misfortune, which would have been common to thee with Pompey and Hannibal, to whom Antiquity had nothing to impute, but their ill Fortune. A sincere Reconciliation, a Pardon, or a Peace, might make all that is past forgotten. A voluntary Exile might have appeased the King's Anger, and perhaps disarmed the Cardinal; my Son might have lived, France would not have been troubled, a Mother would not have been at this Day comfortless, and the Count's Enemies would not have rejoiced at his Loss. But, to my Grief, nothing of this has happened. Alas! the Stay of this illustrious Family is dead: Unhappy Mother, how are all thy Hopes vanished? But, good God, how was this my dear Son taken out of the World? I know but too well that his Enemies laid continual Snares for him. Methinks I see my Son's Murderers give him the deadly Stroke in the Heat of the Fight, and in the Instant he was going to enjoy his Victory. Ah! my dear Son! Ah! unfortunate Mother! Why did I not breathe out my last on the dead Body of this Son, so worthy the Esteem of all the World, and whom I so dearly loved? Why didst not thou, too powerful Minister, give me the mortal Blow, rather than let me see so sad a Tragedy: Do you kill me that hear me; or thou, my Son, give me thy Hand to descend into the Grave where thou art to be buried.

But my Reason fails me; I must, for my Son's Honour, stifle these Motions of Weakness: It is true, he lives no longer

longer : but he died in the Bed of Honour, with his Sword in his Hand ; he died full of Glory ; he died victorious ; and even in dying vanquished his Enemies.

Let us cease from shedding Tears. But what do I say ? He died assassinated, a Victim sacrificed to the Vengeance of his Enemies, by the blackest Treason, it is clear. And yet I would live : No, I must die ; let us imitate the Greatness and Courage of those illustrious Women, who threw themselves on the Pile whereon their Husbands were burnt : My Son is more dear to me ; let us then die, and weep no more : These Tears are fruitless, but let us live, seeing Heaven ordains it, and let us live to die every Day : I shall have ever present before my Eyes the Death of my Son ; I shall see every Day his bloody Body : I shall continually remember his Respect, his Tenderness for me, and I shall never forget the tender and violent Passion which I had for this Son, for whom alone I lived : But at least, cruel Cardinal, restore me his dead Body. Thou hast thy Revenge, he is no longer alive ; give this sad Consolation to a desolate Mother ; perhaps this Sight will work the Effect thou desirest, cruel Wretch as thou art ; it will unite my Soul to that of my Son.

Dear Mother, if thou canst not comfort thyself by so great an Example of Misfortune as this Prince's, it will be hard for thy Son to say any Thing which can diminish thy Grief. Imitate this illustrious Woman, who having suffered whatever Sorrow and Despair can do to a Mother who loves vehemently, and with Reason suffers herself to be persuaded not to give an entire Victory to her Enemies, who triumph still over her Son, by the Grief which they see his Death has caused. She has been ruled by the Advice of her Friends, and received great Comfort from a Letter sent her by the King, written with his own Hands :

Cousin, The Grief which you shew at your late Loss obliges me to testify the Share which I have in it, and the Displeasure I conceive at the Fault of him which has caused it. And though I ought not to be sorry, by reason of the Conjunction wherein it has happened, yet I must heartily

Heartily condole with you, and contribute what I am able to your Condition.

I can say nothing more to thee, my most honoured Mother, unless it be, that thou shalt always have in me a most obedient Son; and if thou takest a third Husband, thou wilt be perhaps less unfortunate; but please thyself.

The great God who has created all Things, and provides for their Necessities by his infinite Goodness, comfort and fill thee with his Blessings.

Paris, 25th of the 2d Moon,
of the Year 1642.

LETTER XV.

To the Grand Signior's Treasurer.

THE Priest which played the Tarpaulin, whom the French call the Archbishop of Bourdeaux, of whom I believe I have given thee some Account the 10th Moon of the Year 1637, has lost the Credit which he had with the King, and is at present disgraced. The Opinion of his Valour at Court is much lessened, by his not hindring, with the Fleet he commanded, the Spaniards from putting Succours into Tarragone, a famous Sea Port near Barcelona. They lost the last Year twelve Gallies in Fight against the French Naval Forces; but having fitted a mightier Fleet, they have put into this Place the Succours they intended. The Archbishop could not, or would not hinder them, which will be the Cause that this Place will not come so soon under the Power of the French.

It is said, that this Prelate was banished France, and was retired into a City situated on the Rhosne, named Avignon, and belongs to the Roman Prelate.

It being a Thing very usual to run down the unfortunate, all the World blames this Prelate, having not always met with equal Success on the Sea in the Employments

plays he sought, and which did not at all agree with his Function of Archbishop; which he might have performed with Applause, in imitating his Predecessor, who was his Brother, the Cardinal *de Sourdis*; and who had left him a Diocese well regulated, rich, furnished with great Store of Churches well served, Pastors of great Piety and Learning, whom this Man had procured and settled in his Diocese with great Care; which made his Death extremely lamented.

The *Catalonians* are at length become the King's Subjects; they maintain their Revolt with the *French* Forces, and strengthen themselves after the Example of the *Portugueses*. They fight with such Courage, that they come off continually conquerors: But I shall make no Relation of their Fights, nor of the Blood which is spilt on either Side, which are Matters I do not care to treat of.

God give thee a continual Tranquillity of Mind, make thee in love with Peace, and preserve in thee that vigilant Spirit, so necessary for the keeping the Treasure entrusted to thee.

Paris, 25th of the 2d Moon,
of the Year 1642.

LETTER XVI.

To the Kaimacham.

THE Cardinal Favourite of *France* has such long Hands, that he makes Seizures of those Places which are not subject to his Jurisdiction; and when he has made them, he keeps them without any Thoughts of restoring them. There is no Probability at present that this bold Politician will lay Hands on what belongs to the *Grand Signior*: However, I have some reason to write this.

There has been carried, some Days since, an illustrious Prisoner into the Castle of the Wood of *Vincennes*,
and

and thou shalt hear this new Way of apprehending a Great Man in another's House, and in the Court of a Foreign Sovereign, who is absolute in his own Estates. This Prisoner was apprehended in the midst of the finest Ladies in the Court of *Turin*, at a magnificent Ball which the Duchess Regent of this Estate gave in her Palace. It was this Princess whom I mentioned to thee, who was a Widow of *Victor Amadeus*, Duke of *Savoy*, and Sister to the King which now so happily reigns over the *French*.

The Duchess, who had a particular Consideration for this Prisoner, could not behold this Exploit of the Cardinal's without extream Vexation. His Name is, if I be not mistaken, Count *Philip d'Aglié*; a Person of great Quality, and whose excellent Parts and Courage do yet render him more illustrious than his Birth.

It is not yet known why the Cardinal undertook such a bold Stroke, though it is said the Council of *France* has had great Reasons to secure the Person of this Favourite. The chief Motive they say was, that he was carrying on some Designs against the Interests of this Crown with the Cardinal of *Savoy*, whom it is thought he would have married to the Widow of *Amadeus* his Brother.

Richlieu attempted not to carry off Count *Philip* till having made several Trials to remove him from the Court of *Turin*, under the Pretence of some Embassy to which he would never consent; so that his Obstinacy cost him his Liberty.

The Duchess greatly complains and reproaches the King her Brother with the Violation of the Right of Nations and Sovereignty; but only her own Court are sensible of these Complaints, they being not heard in that of *France*; and her Ambassador has been seen there in a suppliant Posture humbly begging for the Count's Liberty; or that he might be sent on an Embassy to *Rome*; or at leastwise, that, in leaving the Castle of *Vincennes*, he might be imprisonned somewhere in *Paris*.

The

The Cardinal answered the Supplications of the Ambassador of *Savoy*, That the King his Master did not apprehend *Philip* and bring him into *France*, but out of regard to the Interests of his Sister of *Savoy*; and that she might be assured that for her Sake he would be well used.

Thou may'st see by this Answer a great Haughtiness, and frivolous Reasonings, which sufficiently denote, that this great Minister does not love to be contradicted or opposed in the Resolution he takes; and if an Account of what is done in the World must be given to any one Man alone, he would take it very ill if it were to any Body but himself.

I shall not fail to send thee the Books thou requirest, and inform thee the best I can of the false or true *Don Sebastian*, King of *Portugal*, whom his Subjects do believe to be still alive, when I have made sufficient Enquiries into the Truth of the Matter. I kiss with a profound Humility the Hem of thy rich Vest, on which I fasten the Lips of a respectful and obedient Slave.

Paris, 21st of the 3d. Moon,
of the Year 1642.

L E T T E R X V I L

To the Reis Effendi, Secretary of the Empire.

TH E R E was found last Night a Man dead in the Streets of *Paris*, who seems not to be above thirty Years old; he is a *Spaniard*; and had about him a Letter or Memoir, which it seems he had written to some Confident at *Madrid*, in these Terms.

Cardinal *Richlieu* told me he did not know the Hand nor Signature of Count *Olivarez's* Secretary; and that when he should fill up his signed Blank, which I presented him, and let fall the pretended Letter of the Secretary into the King of *Spain's*

Hands,

Hands, he saw not what Advantage could result hence to the King of *France* his Master. I am very willing, added he, that the King of *Spain* should suspect the Count or Secretary of Infidelity, and of having some Commerce with me; but it would not be advantageous to us he should be plainly convinced of it, seeing the greatest Happiness *France* could have, is, that Count *Olivarez's* Ministry should be perpetual; for being the most unhappy of all the Favourites that have ever been in the Place he possesses, all good French Men are obliged to pray to God to give him a long Life, and to continue him ever in the King his Master's Favour, to perpetuate by his Counsels the Disgraces of *Spain*.

He pursued his Point of Raillery in this Manner.

Of a Duke of *Braganza*, *Olivarez* has made a King of *Portugal*; of a King of *France*, a Count of *Barcelona*; of a Sovereign Duke of *Lorrain*, a Vassal; of a Prince Cardinal, a Knight Errant; of a Lord of *Monaco*, a Duke and Peer of *France*; and in fine, of Philip IV. King of *Spain*, he has made a Count Duke of *Olivarez*.

This is all I could get from so great and illustrious a Genius.

The just God, who has sent us his Prophet, ever direct thy Actions, that thou mayest enjoy an happy Eternity, and give thee Opportunities of doing Good.

Paris 24th of the 4th Moon,
of the Year 1642.

L E T T E R XVIII.

To William Vospel, a Christian of Austria.

GOD be praised, thy Patriarch *Elias*, and his Companion; forasmuch as I see thou art a Saint, and content in the Religion of the bare-footed Friars, which thou hast embraced. Thou stirrest me up to do Good,

Good, and encouragest me to suffer, and become serious enough to renounce the Pleasures of the World, seeing thou tracest me a Way so necessary to walk in, in order to arrive at Heaven. I did not believe, indeed I confess it, thou wert endued with that Constancy, and was afraid thou would'st change; but seeing thou hast the Courage of keeping thy Resolution, and enduring all the Incommodiousness which is to be met with in that kind of Life which thou hast embraced, I am sorry for my Suspicions, and profess I have all due Esteem for thee. I love thee as much as one honest Man ought to love another, who, having found out the true Good, has run impetuously after it; and who has past immediately from a soft and voluptuous Life to the Severities of an austere Religion, in search of an assured Porte, which is more usually found in Sufferings and Macerations, than in Delights and Pleasures. There is one Thing, amongst others, which extremely pleases me in the Order thou hast entred; all Things are in common amongst you; one Key opens an hundred Doors; you have no *Meum & Tuum*; all clad in the same Fashion, all go bare-footed; you eat at the same Table, and no Body has better or worse Fare than another. In fine, your Prayers are the same, and so are your Vows of Poverty.

But prithee tell me, what would a Thief have found in thy Cell, whom I saw yesterday hanged with a Key about his Neck? He had the Dexterity of opening with his Key all sorts of Locks, and has done a thousand roguish Exploits, which have at length brought him to the Gallows. He told the People he died a most happy Man, as having practised with great Success an Art inferior to none: That the only Crime he thought he had been guilty of for these thirty Years, was his committing but small Thefts; that had he found the Doors always open he had never entered into any House; and exhorted Magistrates to chastise only those who suffered themselves to be robbed.

Spanish Authors have written, there is no Law which allots Penalties to those that rob with Prudence and Ingenuity.

genuity. Thus call they those who steal wherewithal to appease the Envious who would accuse them, the Witnesses which might serve to convict them, and the Magistrates by whom they are to be judged; so that the Thief that shall have stolen for himself, and for all others I now mentioned, shall be ever sent away absolved; which makes me think that a Thief is of the Nature of Women, for both one and the other seem only this Day to be necessary Evils, just as Keys seem only good now a-days to preserve what may be stolen, and not hinder it from being so.

How many Things has the Injustice of some People authorized for the Safeguard of a Town? It is not enough to have a strong Garrison of Soldiers; three Elements are not sufficient to defend it against a greater Power that would oppress it. The Earth is raised to make thereof Trenches; the deepest Ditches are dried up, whatever Quantity of Water may be in them; and Fire is inclosed in Cannons, the Effects of which are terrible. If thou surveyest *Italy*, thou wilt find in several Towns Palaces which have more Gates than *Thebes* had heretofore; and if thou countest the Keys which serve to open them, thou wilt find the Iron they are made of to cost more than the Doors themselves.

Men are not contented to use these Keys according to the common Use they seem to be designed for, their Ambition makes them serve for Marks of Honour in several Princes Court, where they be Recompences for Services, for Virtue and Valour. The Golden Key in *Spain*, which the great Lords wear, denotes, that they know how to open the Gate of Favour. And it is the same in *Germany*, and especially in the Emperor's Court.

Happy was ancient *Rome*, whose Citizens were so wise, that being advised to turn the Front of their Houses on that Side where they could not be observed by their Neighbours, they answered the Architect, *We rather desire our Houses may be overlooked into, because we do nothing wherein we fear a Surprise.*

Whereas

Whereas modern *Rome*, on the contrary, may be termed unhappy, wherein there are not enough Gates, and Porters of them, to conceal what is done in the most retired Places of their Palaces.

It is in this City, where Luxury grew to that height under the first Emperors, that all Mens Studies were to find out new Pleasures.

But I must end this Discourse of Keys of Doors, and Door-keepers; I must not expect to reform the World, nor would I weary thy Patience. Pardon me my passing from the Cell to the Story of the Thief whom I saw executed, and from the Thief to a Discourse of Keys, and other Things with which I have entertained thee. I was so full of it that I could not forbear the Discourse, no more than I can now to speak of the Subtily of the *Spaniards*, who have vaunted of the Worth of their *Escorial* by the great Number of the Keys which belong to it: like that foolish Emperor who valued the Greatness of *Rome* by the great Weight of Spiders Webs which were there. The *Spaniards* affirm, There are so many Doors to this stately Edifice, that the Keys which serve to open them weigh above ten thousand Weight.

But it is Time to end this tiresome Letter. Let me then counsel thee to watch over thy Conscience, as the *Parisians* do over their Shops, to prevent Violences. Here are so many great and small Thieves, that should they be punished as they were chastised in *Syria*, where the same Punishment is imposed on him that is robbed as he that robs, this great Town would be soon unpeopled, or become a Prison to an infinite Number of People who would be found faulty.

May it please the Great God, who should be adored by all Creatures, to incline thee, Great Prelate, (after thou art delivered from the Burden of the Flesh) to place thee among the Number of those for whom the Church has a pious Veneration, and respect thy Ashes in such a manner, as I hope thy holy and exemplary Life will deserve.

Paris, 24th of the 3d Moon,
of the Year 1642.

LETTER

LETTER XIX.

To the Venerable Musti.

THOU wilt not think me troublesome, if thou rememberest the Order thou hast given me; and I ought rather to hazard the tiring of thee by frequent Letters, than be accused of Neglect for not obeying thee. Obedience must needs be agreeable where the Command is made with Wisdom. When I write to the Grand Vizir, it is in Trembling; and if I write to the Kaimacham, I am not without Hope; and I send no Letter to the other Bassas without Inquietude, and great Trouble. As to what concerns my Friends, I divert my self in writing to them. But when it is to thee I write, I may say, it is that I may hope, live, and obtain in the other World that happy State spoken of by our holy Prophet, that Life which is to be the Remercence of all those who shall perform good Actions whilst they dwell among Men.

Cardinal Richlieu would willingly be absolute in Matters of Religion, as thou art, he would also be thought a Saint, but he knows not how to be one; and indeed he would be every Thing. However, he does abundance of Things which thou dost not, and pretends to be above thee, because he does not live as thou dost. This Man, whose Head is full of the Affairs of the World, concerns himself in whatever passes in Europe; one only Employ cannot satisfy him; he is not contented with being the Favourite of a great King, under whose Authority he governs all Things: Some Time ago, it was reported he would make himself a Patriarch. He aspires extreme high, undertakes the most difficult Matters, and takes a singular Pleasure of making use of extraordinary Means for the Execution of his Projects, that Posterity and Historians may write, that being come into the World with a small Fortune, he died Rich; and being born in the Condition of a
private

private Man, he lived in the State of a great Prince: Observe (Venerable Prince of that Religion, which can alone be approved by him who drew the World out of Nothing) two remarkable Strokes, of this French *Tiberius*, which I have learned but lately.

The Cardinal sent to *Madrid* incognito a General of certain Dervises, a Man of a fit Genius to second his own, of a piercing and subtle Wit, and very understanding in secular Affairs; after having given him express Order, that as soon as ever he should be in *Spain* he should do such and such a Thing, and that at his Return into *France* he should remit into his Hands alone the Memoirs of what he had transacted. This Monk succeeded very well in the Employ he undertook, but in his Return the Cardinal sent an express Command to him, to deliver before he entered into *France*, all his Papers into the Hands of a Gentleman who brought him his Letter. The Dervis obeyed, but he was disgraced, and the Cardinal maintained it was a Crime to obey on this Occasion; for having once received an Order to entrust no Body with these Papers but himself, he could not be excused for delivering them to others; and for this Reason he forbade him to set Foot within the Kingdom. This poor Religious died some Time after, desperate at his Usage; and perhaps this is the first Time a Man has been punished for too punctual Obedience.

It is not many Moons since there came Post a Person of Quality from *Italy*, who brought considerable News to the Cardinal. It is impossible for me to express the Careless this Favourite made him. And to denote his Joy, he immediately presented him with a nice Diamond, and made him hope for still greater Recompence; yet this same Person that had brought this so good News was carried to the Bastile as soon as he came out of the Cardinal's Closet, where he remained for some Moons without seeing any Body; so that he imagined himself that while in a Dream; but at length his Prison Doors were set open, and the Cardinal would see him, and made him be given as

many

many hundred Crowns as he had past over Days in his Solitude. He accompanied this Present he made him with all the Civilities imaginable, and said these Words to him. *Thou art not to blame, and yet I could not but punish thee for my Fault, when I made thee enter into my Closet as soon as thou camest from Italy to bring me so advantageous News. The great Desire I had to know the Particulars of the Business made me forget to take off from my Table a Writing of great Importance, which thou mightest have read entire; which contained the Revolt of Catalonia, the Demands of this Province, and the Intrigues of France, which caused this Insurrection: And the Knowledge of so important a Mystery might make my Princee lose the Acquisition of so rich a Province; so that I could not imagine a more safe and speedy Remedy, than to shut thee up in a Place where it was impossible for thee to make any Use of the Notices thou didst get by my Imprudence. But Things being at present in such a Condition, wherein it is impossible France should receive any Prejudice, I restore thee thy Liberty, and intreat thee to forget the Severity which Reasons of State have put me upon. Receive from my Hands the Present which the King my Master makes thee; and be pleased to reckon me amongst the Number of thy particular Friends.*

I prostrate my self again at thy Feet, holy Prelate, intreating thy Benediction, and that thou wilt look on me as one of thy most obedient Children, having such a Respect to thy Holiness as is due to the greatest Minister of Heaven, that ever interpreted the holy Alcoran in the Empire of the Faithful.

I also intreat thy Prayers, that God, having Regard to the Supplications which thou shalt offer him, would give me the Grace to live honestly, and serve the Sultan faithfully, and that I may die in the Religion of my Fathers.

Paris, 24th of the 4th Moon,
of the Year 1642.

O

LETTER

LETTER XX.

To the Kaimacham.

THE Books of the *Arabian, Geber*, are not to be found in that Language which thou desirest them in, I have sought for them, I believe, in about two hundred Booksellers Shops, and there is no one of them knows they were ever translated into the Tongue in which thou wouldst have them.

It is now some Time since these Books have been common in *France*; and there are several Persons who apply themselves to Dr. *Geber's* Science; but there is no Translation of them into any of the common Languages of Europe. When I enquired for this Book, the Booksellers asked me several different Questions, and especially, Whether I sought for Receipts to prolong Life: Some there were who asked me grinning, Whether my Design was to fix some volatile Deity? And others answered the Question, I made them on the Book of the learned *Geber*, only by a Silence, accompanied with some Smiles; and at the same time putting into my Hands a Book, saying unto me, *Here's what you look for, this is what you want*, Monsieur Abbot: And this Book treated of impossible Things; of the Quadrature of the Circle in Geometry; of the Philosopher's Stone in Chymistry; of the Perfection of the Orator in Rhetorick; of a Republick, such a one as *Plato* would have in his Politicks; and of the perpetual Motion in the Mathematicks.

I did not seem to be much moved at these Merchants Dealings with me; but I found a very honest Capuchin, who put me in hopes of recovering the *Geber* thou seekest; for he assured me he saw it in *Chaldee*, or in the *Egyptian* Language, in a Learned Man's Library; without giving me any Encouragement to think it may be purchased, because he that possesses it is not needy of Money.

Thou wilt not, perhaps, be displeased to know what this Religious told me concerning Chymistry; and he appeared

peared to me not only to have Learning, but Experience. He assured me there was in *Paris* alone several Thousands of Men that applied themselves to this Exercise; and that there were above four thousand Authors who treat of this Science: That King *Geber* was the most knowing and clearest in his Expressions; and yet there are none but such as are real Philosophers, and wholly bent to the Study of Nature, that can easily understand him. Whereunto he added, There were several People who laboured with great Patience, but few with those Qualifications which are necessary to find Success; he affirmed, That speculative Knowledge is fruitless; that one must have a long Practice, and continual Exercise; that most People labour to no Purpose, because they do not take Nature for their Guide, no more than the Operations she makes in Minerals; because, according to *Geber*, the Principles of the Art should be those of Nature itself; and that it is only in Metals we can find Metals; and that it is, in fine, by Metals we can succeed in the making of perfect Metals.

This good Dervis maintained, that the true Way to proceed to the Perfection of this great Work consists in the Union of the Mineral Spirits purified by Art, with the perfect Metallick Bodies, having first volatilized them, and then fixed them, in conserving all the radical Humidity, and in augmenting the natural Heat, by a discreet Concoction of the Composition, which comes by this marvellous Ferment, which makes all this Mass boil, and puts it into a Fermentation: So that this marvellous Composition, insinuating it self by Penetration into the most subtile Parts of the melted Metal, by the external Fire, and radically dissolving it, it ripens it, and purges it from whatever is not of the Essence of Gold and Mercury, till the whole be driven out to an entire Perfection; which made the Master of Masters, the learned *Geber*, say, That this perfect Elixir being the pure Substance of Metals, it seeks in the melted Metals that which is of the same Nature with it self, and perfects it.

Now, as it is impossible for the Artift to produce any Thing that is new according to that Fancy, but only to join or separate what Nature has produced, *Raymond Lully* would have us understand, that the Body in this Art is the Metallick Being, in which lies the Mineral Spirit, because the Metals are nothing else but this Spirit, of which consists the Philosopher's Stone; and this Spirit is properly the Virtue of Minerals, in which is contained the Spring of Metals. But the famous *Geber* has plainly shewed, that this Stone is wholly created and formed by Nature, to which the Artift neither adds, nor diminishes any thing, but only makes it change its Place by his Preparation, which in every other respect is useless.

The Fryar affirms, this mineral Body, entirely spirituous as it is, has yet four Sorts of Superfluities, of which it must be purged by the Hand of the Artift, viz. a great Humidity, the Earth which is found therein, the ordinary Sulphur which burns, and the Salt which is corrosive; and it must be purified by Calcination, Diffolution, Sublimation, and Fixation, that there may alone remain the radical Humidity, fixed and permanent; which, being afterwards united in an indissoluble manner to the perfect Body, composes this incomparable Body, which is so much sought, and so seldom found, and which is an hot Elixir, powerful to ripen, and purify all imperfect Metals, and convert them into Gold or Silver.

There is afterwards given an Activity to the Gold, in refining it by new Degrees of Fire, added to that which it already had.

Thus far went our Conversation, when an old Woman came unhappily upon us, and bereaved me of the Satisfaction of learning of this Religious some important Secret which he seemed inclinable to intrust me with. This indiscreet and impertinent Woman, using the Liberty ordinarily with the People of this Country, cruelly interrupted our Conversation; and I remained struck, as it were with a flash of Lightning; when this knowing Fryar told me, that the Arrival of this
Woman

Woman forced him to take his Leave of Me; and he prepared to be gone, like a Man that was expected for some weighty Affair; when casting his Eyes on my Countenance, he perceived the Perplexity and Confusion which this Separation caused in me; and to comfort me, he said thus to me in my Ear: *I know very well, Friend, thou hast an inquisitive Soul, and designest great Things; meet at my Cell, and in the mean time I'll tell thee for thy Consolation in plain Terms, that it always has been, and always shall be my Opinion, that to labour profitably, one must follow Raymund Lully's Rules. This great Philosopher affirms, and I am of his Mind, that to make Gold, one must have Gold and Mercury; and Mercury and Silver to make Silver: But I understand by Mercury that mineral Spirit so refined and purified, that it aurifies the very Seed of Gold, and argentizes that of Silver.* These are the very Words he spake to me.

But in leaving me I intreated him to tell me, Whether it was easy to attain to the Accomplishment of this great Work? And what was necessary for that great End?

He answered me, it was very hard, which made almost all People despair of compassing it, there being very few People on whom Heaven bestowed the necessary Qualifications to acquire this precious Art; that these Qualifications consisted in being a true Philosopher, and in being perfectly skilled in Nature, in having a Patience Proof against all Disappointments; and that a Man should be in the Flower of his Age, strong and vigorous to endure Labour, well furnished with Wealth, and indefatigable. Whereunto he added, That if any of these Qualities were wanting, one might be certain that the other would be so also. That a Man who is unacquainted with Nature works like a blind Man; and that should one fail of Success the first, second, third, fourth, nay, fifth or sixth Time in the Operation, he is a Fool that then grows weary, and does not again begin to set to work with the same Earnestness and Hopes of Success; and that should a Man want a vigorous Health, Labour would

weaken and make him faint; and that, in fine, if one be without sufficient Estate, it is impossible the Work should succeed; which demands an entire Man, and such a one as minds nothing else.

The Dervise moreover told me as a Thing certain, That several Persons who had attained the Perfection of this Undertaking, which employs so great a Number of Virtuosoës in all Parts of the World; for were it not so, there would not be that Quantity of Gold there is; for all that of the *Indies* were not sufficient to satisfy so many People, who mind nothing else but gaining of it; and that, in fine, such great Treasures which are heaped up, and the Gold that runs in Traffick, never came out of the Mines which are in the Mountains, but that a great part has been made by Artists. He moreover assured me, that the Overseers of the Mint in *France* affirmed, as a Thing beyond all question, that there was more Gold brought to them than ever came from foreign Parts; which made him conclude that the Art is true, and that no Man need doubt that there is such a Thing as the Philosopher's Stone.

The Conversation, although interrupted, made me cease being incredulous; and if I were an Heretick in this Faith yesterday, I began now to have Faith, and believe: Only it is a Work extream difficult; and I do no longer wonder there are so many People who deceive others without any Design of doing it; and am not surprized they should apply themselves to all Sorts of Persons, not excepting Princes; for they believe still they shall meet with Success; and not being able to furnish the Charges they must be at, they use all Sorts of Tricks to move those whom Covetousness renders on this Occasion very easy to be persuaded; and all in general meet in their Operations with great Hunger, Cold, Labour, and Smoke.

It seems as if that which hindered those who have been fortunate enough to attain the Perfection of the Work from communicating their Knowledge in this Matter, was the Dread of the Prince's Power; as having oft experienced that they are jealous at the Riches

Riches of a private Person. Sovereigns cannot endure that a mean Wretch, born amongst the Dregs of the People, should have in his Power wherewithal to make himself happy and several others, which obliges them to deprive these Philosophers of the Means of working, and makes them labour in secret, and conceal themselves with more Care when they have finished their Work. Great Men cannot easily suffer private People to become Masters, by virtue of this Art, and do all those Wonders which by this marvellous Metal may be wrought in their Closets, without going to *Peru*, and ransacking there the Bowels of the Earth; they know very well that this long'd for Gold produces every Thing; gives Reputation; makes them follow one, who fled from a Man before; corrupts those who appear the most incorruptible; opens the strongest Doors; overthrows whole Armies; causes a Man to change his Mind in a Moment; makes him that was a poor Man presently talk Sentences. Nay, many *Christians* affirm this Metal to be efficacious, that it draws the Souls out of a doleful Abode, called Purgatory; so that it seems as if it appeased God's Wrath, and brings Men to Heaven.

These afore-mentioned Reasons obliged the cruel *Dioclesian* to put to Death as many Chymists as could be found in *Egypt*, and at the same Time to cause their Books to be burnt, lest the People who were naturally ingenious, being become too powerful by the Art of making Gold, should undertake a War against the *Roman* Empire. But we find in the ancient Writings of the *Arabians*, that *Moses* having learned of God himself the Art of perfectly knowing Nature, and that of the Conversion of Metals, and making Gold, to write in Letters formed of this Metal the Law he prescribed the *Israelites*: He taught it to *Carun*, a poor Man, but his intimate Friend and near Kinsman; who, being become very rich by means of this Science, had heaped up immense Treasures, and built himself forty Houses, which were filled with Gold, but were all swallowed up, and buried in the Earth, by Virtue of *Moses's* Rod,

with the Master of them, whom so great Riches had rendered proud, and made him think of withdrawing himself from obeying this great Servant of God, having falsly accused him before the People of divers Crimes, and especially of having abused a Virgin.

The last Thing which was discovered in the *Venetian* Territories was a great Urn found in an hollow Cave. In this Urn, which was considerably large, there was another less, and in it two Pots, one full of Gold reduced into Liquor, and the other of Silver of the same Fashion, and a Lamp which seemed to have burnt for many Ages. It was known by the Characters on this Urn that they were consecrated to the God *Pluto*; and there were on them *Latin* Verses, which shewed that *Maximus Olibius* had been the Author of them. Those then who say this Art is false, that the Beginning of it is a Lye, the Middle of the Work meer Fatigue, and the End Beggary, have not said true themselves; and yet one cannot accuse them as having not, in some sort, spoke the Truth.

I beseech the Sovereign Creator of all Things, from whom alone we hold what we own, as being the great and wise Architect of Nature, that he would bestow on thee the Science of the learned *Geber*, that thou mayest be as rich as *Solomon*; but above all, that he would grant thee the Spirit of *Aglaus*, who was ever seen to live content.

Paris, 20th of the 5th Moon,
of the Year 1642.

LETTER XXI.

To Mehemet, an Eunuch Page to the Sultaneſs.

THE Adventure which thou relatedst happened in the Seraglio, shews that Women are exposed to great Accidents. Their Condition is unhappy when they

they are handsome. but more when they are homely and deformed. The Fathers, Brethren, and Husbands guard the former, as *Cerberus* guarded the Gates of Hell; and the others guard themselves, and look on all Things with Eyes of Envy and Discontent, which makes them empoison every Thing. But that which happens amongst us is very deferent from what is in *France*, where Women enjoy a Liberty almost equal to that of Men. Not but that we see notable Adventures happen there; witness the Queen, who is Mother to a great King now reigning, and yet lives in Exile, as a Fugitive amongst Strangers, through the Credit of Cardinal *Richlieu*, for whom she has not all the Difference he expected. And an ancient Lady (I may call her so now she does not hear me) told me such Things some Days past on this Occasion, which I can scarce believe myself, did I not know them to be true from elsewhere.

I am farther told, that this Cardinal, not having succeeded in the Design he had of marrying his Niece with a Prince of the Blood, intended (if he could) to marry her to the King's Brother: But there is no great Likelihood, but so able a Minister must see into the mischievous Consequences into which this Promotion would bring him; for it would undoubtedly draw on him the Hatred of all the great People in the Kingdom. And I would not be mentioned at *Constantinople* for the Author of all the News talked of at *Paris*.

But it is certain this Priest sent the Chancellor, a venerable Person, and by his Office a Man of great Authority, to seize on this Princess's Papers, in hopes he might meet with some Letter which might favour that Design. The Chancellor executed the Order he had received, but found nothing of what the Cardinal pretended; so that this Persecution served only to manifest this Princess's Virtue, who lives in such a Manner, as may not only serve as an Example to all Queens, but all the Women in the World.

Some time after, this same Chancellor being come to compliment the Queen on the Birth of the Dauphin, she told him in a composed Manner, but very pleasantly,

Q 5,

That

That this Visit was very different from what she had received from him about a Year past.

If Persons that are seated in the highest Degrees be not secure from the bold Attempts of those who are infinitely below them, and who are born to serve them; the beautiful *Circassian* should comfort herself in the Misfortune she had of being accused. If her Innocency be well proved, she will be the more pleasing to *Ibrahim*, and the false Accusation laid against her will be a new Charm to him: Whereas, should she be found guilty, we must grant, she deserves the most dreadful Punishments, for having violated, if I may so express my self, the sacred Rights of the Seraglio.

However, the young *Persian* was found disguised in Woman's Apparel in some of the Neighbouring Stables; and though he in the midst of the Torments he suffered died without confessing any Thing, yet it cannot be said he died Innocent, after such an Attempt.

I hope thou wilt inform me what has happened since thy last Letters, and in what manner the Adventure of this beautiful Slave shall be ended: I shall be much troubled for her, if she be innocent, and cannot be wholly free from Compassion for her, if she prove guilty.

Leave not writing to me; and, if it be possible, be not weary of loving me. I speak in the Presence of our holy Prophet, I love thee with the same Affection as ever, and I dare not utter an Untruth.

Paris, 20th of the 5th Moon,
of the Year 1642.

LETTER XXII.

To the Kaimacham.

IT is about sixty Years since *Don Sebastian*, King of *Portugal*, died in *Africk*, by the Hands the *Moors*; and yet his Subjects will believe him still living. He

He departed from *Lisbon* in the Year 1578, in the Design of re-establishing on his Throne *Muley Mehemet Cheriff* of *Africk*, whom his Uncle *Muley Abdemelech* would bereave of his Kingdom; but in Effect to endeavour at the making himself Master of *Barbary*.

His Army consisted of a thousand Sail, well furnished with Provisions, few Soldiers, but a great many Nobility. This Prince was not above 25 Years of Age when he formed this Enterprize: He was a strong bodied Man, of a moderate Stature, but well set; his Hair was yellow, his Eyes great and full of Fire; his Courage was not inferior to his Strength, and he had no violent Inclination to Pleasures, which generally take Mens Minds off from gallant Actions; he was temperate in all Things, yet very forward in Undertakings, and always firm and unmoveable in greatest Dangers. He was a great Husband of his Revenues employing them in his Subjects Defence, or to the Increase of his own Power. He was agreeable to all those that waited on him; and in the freest Conversations he took care not to disoblige any one by sharp Raillery or distasteful Sayings; and so merciful was he, that he avoided all Occasions of condemning his Subjects to Death. He passionately loved War; but it is thought the Expedition into *Africk*, wherein he perished, came from the *Spanish* Counsels.

D. Sebastian was killed fighting with an invincible Courage. The *Moors* say, that his Enemies were so charmed with his Courage, that his Death drew Tears from their Eyes.

He was forsaken by his own; mortally wounded near the right Eye-brow; and pierced with Darts in several Parts of his Body. He had no Wound in his Head, because he was armed; but he had a great one in his Arm, which seemed to come from a Musket-Bullet. It is said he was buried in the Field, near a *Moor*, without any Ceremony, Prayers, or Company of his Relations or Subjects. And this was the End of this great King who made all *Africk* at first to tremble.

Although the Moors rejoiced at the Death of so puissant an Enemy, yet his Friends bewailed his Misfortune: The Kingdom of *Portugal* celebrated his Funeral in a magnificent Manner, and the King of *Spain* proffered several thousand Crowns for his Body, to bury him in a Manner answerable to the Dignity of his Birth and Merit; and four Kings have since supplied his Throne; yet there was found a Man bold enough to maintain in the Face of all *Italy*, That he was really *D. Sebastian*, King of *Portugal*. He presented himself at *Venice*, in an Assembly of the wisest Magistrates in *Europe*; and he recited to them the Accidents of his Life, the History of his Predecessors, the Misfortunes he met with in *Africk*, whence he retired into *Calabria*. He did more; for he stripped himself before this illustrious Assembly; he shewed them seventeen Marks on his Body, which were acknowledged, with Astonishment, by the *Portugueses* themselves, to be, at least, very like those which they knew their Sovereign had on his Body; and he also shewed that he had one Hand greater than the other, and a Lip disproportionable in the same Manner, which were the well known Marks in the Person of *D. Sebastian*. He talks of Ambassadors which he sent to the Republick; he cites the Answers he had received; and all he says is found conformable to the Truth. He answers without Hesitation to all that is objected; which makes several of the Senate believe him to be really the King, and others take him for a Witch.

But, in fine, this Prince, right or wrong, is led away to Prison, at the Solicitation of the *Spanish* Ambassador, where having long lain, he is set at Liberty, under an Obligation to leave the *Venetian* Countries in three Days time.

Some *Portuguese*, moved with Compassion, disguised him in a Derviss's Habit, and conducted him secretly to *Florence*, to transport him afterwards to *Rome*; but the Great Duke of *Tuscany* caused him to be apprehended, and sent him to the Vice-Roy of *Naples*. He presented himself before him with his usual Confidence, and surprized all that saw him and heard him speak; and

and seeing the Vice-Roy uncovered, he said unto him with great Assurance and Gravity, *Be covered, Count de Lemnos: Which obliged this Minister to ask him, By what Authority he took on him this Boldness? To which he answered, That this Authority was born with him, and that he feigned not to know him; and yet he ought to remember that King Philip his Uncle had sent him twice to him, and that the Sword, which he then wore by his Side, was that which he then gave him.*

The Sentence which the Vice-Roy gave of him was, That he was an Impostor, who deserved to be sent to the Gallies, and should not be long from them; and wherein, it is said, he died some time after.

Yet the *Portugueses* have been persuaded he was their real King, and do still continue of that Opinion, there being nothing which is able to make them change it. Some Persons in the World will have him to be a Magician; others an Impostor, and the most Ignorant will have him to be a Devil, or really the King himself.

This is not the first Example of the Boldness of an Impostor; *Rome* saw heretofore a Man that had the Audaciousness to publish he was the real *Pompey*, who was killed in *Egypt*, by the Cruelty of the young *Ptolemy*. The Queen *Artemisa* found one *Artemius*, who had so great a Resemblance with *Antiochus* her Husband whom she had caused to be murdered, that he was not known when he put himself into the Bed of the dead King, pretending to be this Prince sick; he recommended *Artemisa* to his Subjects, and did several Things in Favour of this Princess. Under the Reign of *Tiberius*, there was not Occasion to be surprized at the bold Answer which a Slave made to this Emperor: Who questioning him, *How he made himself Agrippa*, answered without Hesitation, *In the same Manner thou hast made thyself Cæsar.*

The *Don Sebastian* I mention has not been the only one in the World; there have been two others; one of which departing out of the Isle of *Terceres*, who had great Resemblance with this Prince, went into *Portugal* where he said he had miraculously escaped from the Battle.

Battle he lost in *Africk*, that he saved himself in Woods, and returned into his Kingdom, to give Peace to his People, and deliver them from the Tyranny of Strangers : But having been convicted of Imposture, he was put to Death.

It is said, that another being come disguised in the Habit of a Pilgrim to *Madrid* itself, and having had a long and secret Conference with King *Philip II.* (by whom it is suspected he was known for this unhappy Prince) was, by this King's Order, said to be poisoned in a Banquet given him by *Antonio Peres*.

I shall write several Things to the invincible Vizir, of which I deferred to give him Notice, because I would be certain of them, they being of Importance ; and it would have been great Lightness in me to have written them on the first Reports spread amongst the People.

Receive always with the same Goodness the Marks I give thee of my Obedience ; send me thy Orders and Counsels, which, I pray him that has created all Things, may be good and profitable to the Empire of those precious Ones, which he has enlightened with his Truth ; to the End they may arrive at the eternal Glory and Pleasures promised us from his Part by his Holy Prophet ; and I also pray him to preserve thy Life and Authority.

Paris, 24th of the 6th Moon,
of the Year 1642.

LETTER

LETTER XXIII.

*To the Venerable Mufti, Prince of the Religion
of the Turks.*

IT is not known whether it be the Recompence of a good or bad Action, which Cardinal Rich-lieu has sent with so great Secresy. Those that give an ill Interpretation to the best Things say, it is not to be supposed there could be sent, in a dark Night, a Mule laden with Gold to an unknown Person, but this must denote something very extraordinary; and those who pretend to know more than others are sometimes more Ignorant than those who pretend to know nothing. For who can penetrate into what so crafty a Minister does in the most retired Places of his Closet? His Actions are so mysterious, that when he looks towards the East, his Designs lie a direct contrary Way. He deceives those who watch him most narrowly. I cannot inform thee then of any thing certain: The Matter is variously related;—but thus I think it was: The Cardinal caused, some Days past, to be loaded on a Mule a great Sum of Money; he ordered him, to whom he entrusted the Conduct of him, to go into a Wood at such an Hour, telling him he should find a Man of such a Stature, such a coloured Hair, and in such a Habit, who was to say certain Words to him; whereupon he was to deliver the Mule with his Lading into his Custody. It is said this Person found the Party described, who would not receive the Present, it being not the full Sum agreed upon; that this being related to the Cardinal, he sent the same Person with the Supplement of what was wanting to the Sum he promised, the Night following, where the unknown Person received the full Payment. If this Story be true, as it is affirmed here to be, this is an odd kind of way of making Presents, or paying Debts.

But

But thou must be assured, that it is not the first Time the Cardinal has paid his Creditors in this sort.

I have been told for certain, that there being arrived at *Paris* a Stranger ill clad, of small Stature, and without any Attendance, he made him be paid down immediately upon his Arrival six hundred thousand Crowns, without any body's knowing what became of so happy a Creditor, nor from what Merit proceeded so high a Remcompence; though some People affirm, that so great a Sum is fallen into the Coffers of the *Swedish* General.

Receive charitably the Marks I give thee of my Obedience, and Desire which I have of giving thee Satisfaction; and intreat our Great Prophet, that I may be worthy in the other World to kiss thy Feet, and be acknowledged to be of the Number of those for whom he has written his holy *Alcoran*.

Paris, 25th of the 6th Moon,
of the Year 1642.

E E T T E R XXIV.

To Berber Mustapha, Aga at Constantinople.

I Cannot tell whether thou hast Knowledge of the Use of Defiances which are made amongst the *Christians*, when they are dissatisfied or offended with one another, which they term Acts of Honour, or the Marks of a gallant Spirit.

This Custom of Duels is become so common in *Italy*, and especially in the Kingdom of *Naples*, that the greatest Affairs, as well as the smallest, are therein decided by the Sword; and the Gentry affirm this to be the best Way of terminating their Disputes and Quarrels; which belonging only to them cannot be referred, nor so well determined by the grave and cool Proceedings of Courts of Justice.

This

This Invention of deciding these Differences by Arms, either with the Sword or Pistol alone, in a close or open Field, naked in their Shirts, so that one has no Treachery to fear, is a Way of drawing Satisfaction for the Injuries received, found out by Men of great Courage, who more esteem their Honour than their Lives. The offended Person sends a Challenge to him from whom he has received the Injury; this Note of Defiance is expressed in choice and elegant Words, which invite and press the Offender to fight, in such a Place, on Horseback or on Foot, Cloathed, or in their Shirts, single, or attended by an equal Number of Friends, which they call Seconds, with Sword and Dagger, or Sword alone, or Pistol. If the Challenge be received, he is civilly treated who brings it, and, it may be, has rich Presents given him. But before they fight, the Enemies embrace as if they were reconciled; and then, in an Instant following the Inclination of their Hatred and Revenge, they wound one another, they spill each other's Blood, and oftentimes their Souls go out furious, through the Wounds they have made.

Those that have the Honour of dying in these Combats do oft refuse their Lives, which a generous Enemy would give them, believing they cannot live without Shame, should they receive them from an Enemy.

But the *Roman* Church, as a Note of the Horror she conceives at these Combats, shuts Heav'n's Doors against the Souls of those who leave this Life without doing Penance, denying Burial to those who die in the Field of Battle; or yield them only that which is granted in some Parts of the *East-Indies* to certain Women, who prostitute themselves, whose Corps are thrown a Prey to the Birds of the Field, and other Animals, who live on Carrion.

It is not only in *Italy* People kill one another in single Combats; it is the same in *France* amongst the Nobility, who manage these Combats in a different Sort. The best Friends tear one another on the smallest Occasion, and they prepare for a Duel in such a Manner, as will appear to thee, without doubt, ridiculous.

These

These Enemies sup together the Night before the Combat, and often lie together in the same Bed. The Friends, which serve as Seconds, do the same; and when they are come to the Place where they be to fight, a Friend is forced by the Maxims of Honour to cut his own Throat with the Man's he perhaps most loves: Nothing happens more frequently in *Paris* than this Kind of Combats; and they produce several Adventures, of which I would give thee an Account, had not I a particular Story to tell thee on this Subject. It is of a Challenge of a *Spanish* Prince, sent to a King, whose Crown could not exempt him from a Letter of Defiance.

Thou hast, without doubt, heard of what has happened in *Lisbon*, where *Don Juan de Braganza* has been elected and proclaimed King of *Portugal*, as the true Heir of the Royal Race. Thou knowest also, he drove the *Spaniards* out of his Kingdom. The Duke of *Modina Sidonia*, a Grandee of *Spain*, and this new King's Brother-in-law, could not hinder him from being suspected of having under-hand assisted this Prince to ascend the Throne; whether it be true, or an Artifice of his Enemies, God only knows: But, however, it is certain, that the Count Duke *d'Olivarez*, the King of *Spain's* chief Minister, sent an Order to him to appear at Court, to justify himself from this Suspicion; he thought to clear himself perfectly from the Jealousies of the *Catholick* King, by sending a Challenge to *Don John of Braganza* to oblige him to fight with him; which Letter of Defiance was conceived in these Terms.

D. Gaspar Alonso Peres Gusman the Good, Duke of the Town of *Medina Sidonia*, Marquis, Count, and Lord of the Town of *St. Lucar of Barameda*, Captain-General of the Ocean, and Gentleman of his *Catholick Majesty's* Chamber. I say, that *John of Braganza*, who was never but a Duke, calls himself King of *Portugal*; that his Treason known to all the World is detestable, and in Abomination, for having thrown a Stain on the faithful House of *Gusman*, which has never failed in any Duty to her Sovereign; and for this Reason I defy and challenge to a single Combat, Body to Body, with Seconds or without Seconds,

this

this Don John, heretofore Duke of Braganza, leaving all this to his Choice, as also the Arms or Weapons, and Place of Combat. Written near Valencia d'Alcantara, where I shall expect fourscore Days News of him; and the last twenty Days I shall transport myself into the Place he shall appoint, accompanied, or alone, with such Arms as he shall prescribe.

Not only the Tyrant of Portugal shall be advertised of my Challenge, but all Europe, and the whole World. I pretend to make known in this Combat the infamous Action of Don John; and in Case he does not accept of this Defiance, and fails in the Duty of one who is born a Gentleman, I desire this King, who is only a Phantasm, may perish in some Sort or other: I promise to give my Town of St. Lucar, the principal Seat of the Duke of Medina, to him that shall kill him.

In the mean time, I entreat my Lord, the King of Spain, to give me no Command in his Armies, but to grant, I may only serve him as a Volunteer, with a thousand Horse, which I will maintain at my own Charge, till that, serving him in this Manner, I may help to recover the Kingdom of Portugal, and may bring along with me, and cast at his Majesty's Feet, the Duke of Braganza, if he will not fight with me in the Manner I proposed.

If thou shewest this Letter of Defiance to the Janizaries, that Militia which is terrible to all Nations, whom nothing can resist, when they execute the Grand Signior's Orders, they will tell thee what such a Challenge requires from Men of Courage, and explain to thee the Laws which People of Valour prescribe to themselves: For my part, who am ignorant of the Art of War, and the Maxims of such as make Profession of Arms, I shall not make any Judgment hereupon; only take the Liberty to ask of thee, if the King of Portugal accepted the Combat and killed the Duke of Medina, which of the two would have been declared infamous? Whether there be any Certainty in the Decisions made by Arms? I am willing to think, Justice is on the Side of the Conqueror: But if, on the contrary, the Event of the Duel be uncertain, I take
it

it to be a foolish Thing for the Duke to expose himself and thus affront the King his Brother-in-law. In short, the Duke's Prudence is not to be admired on this Occasion, and *Braganza* has had the Advantage on his Side, seeing he has shewed by his Conduct, that he is effectually King of *Portugal*.

I cannot but call those *Christian* Fools, who suffer such Customs amongst them, and yet adore a *Messias*, who is a God of Peace; and who call us *Barbarians*, when they are the only People that teach us, and all other Nations, the Art of single Combats, which is the most pernicious Custom that can be introduced amongst Men; who cut one another's Throats oftentimes on slight Occasions, and become Prodigals of that Treasure with which the Immortal has entrusted them. Neither can I any more approve of Kings and Princes of the same Belief making War with one another, as we see every Day amongst those who profess the *Christian* Religion; which yet, as far as I can find, scarcely permits any Wars, but such as are defensive.

Pardon this tedious Letter, excuse my Conjectures in it, and honour me with thy Commands, which will be respected by such as so many Obligations.

Paris, 25th of the 6th Moon,
of the Year 1642.

LETTER XXV.

To the Invincible Vizir Azem, at Constantinople.

WE hear of nothing now-a-days but Wars and Conspiracies, Seditions, Treasons, Infidelities, and Revolutions of State, and it is in the Kingdoms of Vice, wherein these Plagues of Heaven make these Disorders, I mean, in the *Christian* Countries. Infidelity reigns among the People of *Catalonia*, *England*, and *Portugal*; the Revolutions which have happened in *Barcelona* have no Example; the Defiance or the Challenge

sence of a Subject to a King, as is that of the Duke of *Sidonia* to the King of *Portugal*, as his Brother-in-Law, and his Enemy, does equally surprize all the World. We have reason to think, that God is angry with the *Christians*, when we consider *Flanders*, *Germany*, *Italy*, and the Frontiers of *Spain*, pestered with Wars which they make one against another. The Animosity of most of the great People of *France* against the Cardinal Favourite induces them to lay Plots against his Life; whence we may see, that great Places are good for nothing but to expose Men to great Dangers. The last Conspiracy discovered against the Life of *Don Juan IV.* of *Portugal*, raised to the Throne by the Nobility, and betrayed by the same Nobility; not by the whole Body of them, but by a small Number of those who had taken an Oath of Fidelity to him as well as the rest, does plainly shew, That there is nothing in this World whereon a Man may rely with any Certainty, and that here are many People who undertake just Actions, by the Motions of an unjust and turbulent Spirit, which cannot suffer Things to remain long in a quiet State, and aspire continually after Change, and to whom every Thing is good that is new. I shall relate to thee in few Words this last Event. Thou hast been informed of the others by the Letters I have written to thee, (invincible General of the *Ottoman* Armies, and Steward of the Emperor's Laws who is Sovereign of Sovereigns) and by those which the *Kaimacham* and the *Bassas* have received from me, who are obliged to give thee an Account of whatever comes to their Knowledge.

Some of the Great Ones in *Portugal*, and amongst them some of the new King's Kindred, hatch'd a Conspiracy against him, and resolv'd to put the Kingdom again into the *Spaniards* Hands, and entirely ruin the Family of *Braganza*. The principal Author of this Conspiracy was *Don Sebastian de Mattos*, Archbishop of *Brague*, the Count Duke d'*Olivarez*'s Creature, to whom he owed his Fortune. The Chiefs who conspired with the seditious Priests were the Marquis de *Ville Reale*, and the

the Count *d'Armamar*. These two Men of great Birth and Credit soon drew several others into their Party, some by the Hope of Recompences, and others through Weariness of obeying their new Sovereign, or weary with the new Form of State, which they thought might change to their Advantage. They long held a secret Intelligence with the *Catholick* King's Council, who promised them all possible Assistance for the Execution of their Design, and after that infinite Recompences.

This Conspiracy was to produce a dreadful Tragedy, wherein all the Blood of the Royal House and Family of *Braganza* was to be spilt. The King was to be the first Victim, with his Children, and the Queen his Wife. *D. Duarte* also was to be put to Death, who was kept close Prisoner in the Castle of *Milan*. A Domestick, affectionate to his Master, and who was attentive to what pass'd, delivered the King and Family of *Braganza* out of this Danger. He was ordinarily employed in secret Intrigues, and made frequent Courses into *Spain*, to discover the Designs of the Court of *Madrid*. He met by Chance in an Inn a Man who seem'd of a mean Condition, born in the Kingdom of *Bobemia*, with whom having entered into a strict Friendship, as it happens usually among Travellers, he came to discover he was often dispatched by the *Catholick* King's principal Minister, on Affairs of great Weight; and that he expected in a short Time to raise his Fortune to a considerable Pitch, being entrusted with Packets of Letters containing Things of the highest Importance to the State. The crafty *Portuguese*, soon discerning he might get out Secrets of great Concernment from this imprudent Man, for the good of his Master, resolv'd to kill him in a desert Place, where they were to pass; which he did, having first made him drunk with strong Wine. As soon as he had done his Work, he stript him, and found Letters and Instructions to the Conspirators, which he speedily carried to *D. John*, who thereby discovered the whole Conspiracy,

Others say, that *D. Alphonso* of *Portugal*, Count de *Vermiffa* (having been solicited by the Archbishop of *Brague*)

Brague) who thought he could easily bring him into the Conspiracy (being discontented at the King for taking away from him a great Office) went to his Sovereign, and freely discovered to him the Conspiracy; which had been made, to deprive him both of his Crown and Life. And 'tis added, that this Count appeared since one of the hottest of the Accomplices, till the very Instant wherein they were to execute their Project; at which Time they were apprehended and punished as they deserved.

Others say, the Duke of *Medina Sidonia*, the King's Brother-in-Law, who appeared to the Accomplices to be of the Plot, gave Notice of it to the King his Brother. In fine, the Conspirators were executed in several Places after different Manners, where the People assembled, detesting their Crime, shewing great Satisfaction in their Deaths, and blessed Heaven for preserving their Sovereign.

They were apprehended one Day, wherein the King declared he would appear in Publick; and all the Nobility being met, he caused the Guilty to be called one after another, who were all made Prisoners without any Disturbance. In the mean Time, as many Troops as were near *Lisbon* were in Arms; and the People also took Arms to defend their Prince, if Need required. The Inquisitor General was treated as guilty, for knowing of the Conspiracy, and not discovering it. The Great Treasurer, *Lawrence Pides*, who kept the Keys of the first Court of the Palace, was to enter in the Night with an hundred Men well armed, and begin the Tragedy. The Naval Army, which rode at Anchor in the Port of *Beleem*, was to be burnt; and there were them in each Vessel, who were to set them on Fire. The Four Corners of the City were also to be fired, to the End, that the People, the Soldiers, and Guards of the Palace, being busied to put it out, nothing might hinder the Execution of their Design; and the good Archbishop was in the mean time to appear in Publick, bearing about in his Hand what they call the Holy Sacrament, crying with a loud Voice, *Let the Law of Jesus flourish, and that of Moses die and come to an End.*

The

The Marquis *de Ville Reale*, and the Duke *de Camine*, his Son, near of Kin to the King, have lost their Heads on a Scaffold, with the Count *d'Armanar*, and *Don Augustin Manuel*; and the People beheld their Death without any Compassion, only shewed some 'Regret at the Loss of the young Duke of *Camine*, who, passing before the Body of his Father all bloody, threw himself on the Ground to kiss his Feet; asking him a thousand Times Pardon, though he was the Author of this Misfortune. There were others who suffered a more ignominious Death, who were not only hanged, but quartered, and those Parts of their Bodies set up in several Places for an Example, and to put the People in Mind, that such Attempts seldom escaped unpunished.

As to the Archbishop of *Brague*, and other Ecclesiasticks his Accomplices, they are kept with great Care in Prisons, in Expectation of Commissioners from *Rome*, without which Prelate's Consent they can do nothing farther to them. The King wore Mourning four Hours for the Marquis *de Ville Reale*, and the Duke *de Camine*, his Son, according to the Custom of the *Christians*, who are wont to apparel themselves in Black for the Death of their Kindred, to denote the Sorrow they conceive at their Loss; and this Ceremony is termed Mourning, which sometimes lasts a whole Year. I will write to thee the Particulars of what may happen in the War which is now carrying on between the *Spaniards* and *Portugueses*, who perceive already on the Frontiers *Castilian* Troops; and I shall not be wanting in any Thing which may mark my Zeal and Exactness.

An happy Slave will *Mabmut* think himself, if he can acceptably serve the Invincible Vizir, by whom the Great Emperor of the Faithful discovers his Will to all the People of the Universe, whom God has created to obey him.

Paris, 25th of the 6th Moon,
of the Year 1642.



The End of the First VOLUME.

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